

WORKS
OF
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER,

IN FOURTEEN VOLUMES:

WITH AN
INTRODUCTION AND EXPLANATORY NOTES,

BY
HENRY WEBER, Esq.

VOLUME THE SIXTH,

CONTAINING

BONDUCA.

THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

THE LOYAL SUBJECT.

MONSIEUR THOMAS.

EDINBURGH:

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BONDUCA



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BONDUCA.

THERE are no circumstances which can warrant us in deciding whether this tragedy, which first appeared in the folio of 1647, was produced by our two poets conjointly, or whether it was written after the death of Beaumont. As it appears that Burbage acted one of the characters, (probably Caratach,) it must have been produced before March 1618-19, when that distinguished performer died. The play is not mentioned in the commendatory verses of Fletcher's panegyrists, Gardiner and Hill, which would lead us to suppose that Beaumont had a share in its composition. There is one peculiarity remarkable in this play, which is, that the introduction of rhymes at the conclusion of speeches and scenes, is far more frequent than in most of those printed in these volumes, particularly in those written by Fletcher after the death of his friend and original associate. As the fashion alluded to was certainly on the decline in the period during which Fletcher wrote solely, or in conjunction with Massinger and Shirley, there seems to be some reason to believe that the tragedy of Bonduca was older than most of those collected in 1647, and that Beaumont participated with Fletcher in its composition.

In 1696, George Powell, the player, received a copy of the play, with alterations, (particularly in the two first acts,) from a friend, which he informs us was revised and studied in one fortnight. It was acted at the theatre royal, and printed in quarto in the same year. After this time, Bonduca seems to have slumbered on the shelf till 1778, when the late George Colman (an ardent admirer of our poets, and chief editor of the last edition) made considerable alterations (consisting, however, mostly of omissions) in the tragedy. In this state, it was acted at the little theatre in the Haymarket, and printed in the same year. Mr Reed, in his edition of the *Biographia Dramatica*, judiciously observes:—"We must do Mr Colman the justice to suppose that he would have re-

tained more of his authors, but that he was constrained to cut them down to the ability of his performers."

The historical subject of this tragedy is well calculated for the stage, and has been accordingly employed by several other poets. And first in a tragedy in rhyme, entitled *Boadicea, Queen of Britain*, by Charles Hopkins, which appeared in 1697, the year after the alteration of *Bonduca* was brought forward by George Powell. Hopkins's play was well received, and was printed in the same year, with a dedication to Congreve. In 1753, Glover's tragedy, with the same title, appeared, though it had been written many years before. The poetical beauties of the language and of the descriptions are such as might be expected from the author of *Leonidas*; but they are almost thrown away upon a plot which is frigid and uninteresting, formed far too strictly on the models of antiquity, and with their characteristic poverty of plot and want of character. Mason's *Caractacus*, which appeared in 1759, was professedly written for the closet, and not for the stage; and its beauties, as a poem, are too well known to require any encomium in this place.

Allowing all the applause to these several pieces which can be claimed for them by their most ardent admirers, it may with confidence be asserted, that *Bonduca*, as a play, is superior to them all; and that, considered in a poetical light, the diction and the images, though of a very different description, and not so uniformly excellent, need not fear a comparison even with those of Mason's drama. The want of due connection in some parts of the plot may be objected to, the introduction of some farcical low scenes may be reprobated and deplored; but, in point of character, of beautiful, picturesque, and frequently sublime diction, there are few plays deserve more praise. The characters of the different Roman captains are admirably distinguished, and yet every one of them is a true Roman. In opposition to Suetonius, Penius, and Petillius, appear the hardy and honest Caratach, and the savage, yet majestic queen of the Britons. The characters of her two daughters, though perhaps faithful portraits of the savage barbarity of the ancient Britons, are, however, repulsive to our ideas of the female mind. We can endure the unpolished heroism of the old queen; but the cool treachery of the daughters neither gains them our respect, nor interests us in their fate. The superiority of Hengo, over all characters that have ever been drawn of a similar description, can hardly be disputed. Arthur, in *King John*, is an exquisite portrait; but, in this one instance, the superiority of Fletcher may with confidence be asserted. No scenes can more strongly lay hold on the feelings than those between Caratach and Hengo in the last act. The tender solicitude of the former, and the affectionate manner in which the latter vainly struggles to dis-

guise his sufferings from hunger, have, perhaps, more pathetic effect than all the amorous scenes of parting lovers ever exhibited. It has been asserted that the character of Hengo forms the sole interest of the play; but surely with very little consideration or knowledge: For, were this prime jewel of the tragedy altogether removed, there is sufficient merit remaining to constitute a drama of high value. The character of Caratach throughout, the truly Roman death of Penius, and many other scenes, would ensure applause to any tragedy in any age or country.

To point out each individual passage to merited admiration, would be a needless encroachment on the reader's time; but there are a few which we cannot resist noticing. The glorious speech of Caratach on the duties of a people invaded by foreign foes, is infinitely superior to a similar one which saved the tragedy of Pizarro from the fate it so richly deserved. The soliloquy of the same character, at the beginning of the last act, breathes the very soul of poetry; and the following personification of Death, ranging over a field of battle, may be quoted as one of the most terribly grand that our language has produced, and yet as being only one in a drama containing many others of scarcely inferior splendour:

“ Death rides in triumph, Drusius, and Destruction
Lashes his fiery horse, and round about him
His many thousand ways to let out souls.”

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- ✓ Caratach, *general of the Britons, cousin to Bonduca.*
- ✓ Nennius, *a great soldier, a British commander.*
- ✓ Hengo, *a brave boy, nephew to Caratach and Bonduca.*
- ✓ Suetonius, *general to the Roman army in Britain.*
- ✓ Penius, *a brave Roman commander, but stubborn to the general.*
- ✓ Junius, *a Roman captain, in love with Bonduca's daughter.*
- ✓ Petillius, *a merry Roman captain, but somewhat wanton.*
- ✓ Demetrius, } *Roman commanders.*
- ✓ Decius, }
- ✓ Regulus, }
- ✓ Drusius, } *Roman officers.*
- ✓ Macer, }
- ✓ Curius, }
- ✓ Judas, *a corporal, a cowardly hungry knave.*
- Herald.
- Druids.
- Soldiers.
- Guides.

Bonduca, *queen of the Iceni, a brave virago.*
*Her two Daughters, by Prasutagus.**

SCENE,—Britain.

* *Bonduca, queen of the Iceni, a brave virago, by Prosutagus.*

Her two daughters.] Thus runs the folio of 1679, from which the editor of the octavo [1711] inconsiderately copied. The reader will see, by the course of the play, that the alteration made here is undoubtedly what the drawer-up of the *dramatis personæ* intended. Simpson.

It appears, from act III. sc. II., that the name of the youngest daughter was Bonvica; that of the eldest does not appear.

The principal Actors were,

Richard Burbage,	William Ostler,
Henry Condell,	John Lowin,
William Eglestone,	John Underwood,
Nich. Toolie,	Richard Robinson.

Fol. 1679.

BONDUCA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The British Camp.

Enter BONDUCA, *Daughters*, HENGÓ, NENNIUS,
and *Soldiers*.

Bond. The hardy Romans? Oh, ye gods of Britain,
The rust of arms, the blushing shame of soldiers!

Enter CARATACH.

Are these the men that conquer by inheritance?
The fortune-makers? these the Julians,
That with the sun measure the end of nature,
Making the world but one Rome, and one Cæsar?
Shame, how they flee! Cæsar's soft soul dwells
in 'em,
Their mothers got 'em sleeping, Pleasure nursed
'em;
Their bodies sweat with sweet oils, love's allurements,
Not lusty arms. Dare they send these to seek us,
These Roman girls? Is Britain grown so wanton?
Twice we have beat 'em, Nennius, scatter'd 'em:

And through their big-boned Germans, on whose
pikes

The honour of their actions sits in triumph,
Made themes for songs to shame 'em : And a wo-
man,

A woman beat 'em, Nennius ; a weak woman,

A woman, beat these Romans !

Car. So it seems ;

A man would shame to talk so.

Bond. Who's that ?

Car. I.

Bond. Cousin, do you grieve my fortunes ?

Car. No, Bonduca ;

If I grieve, 'tis the bearing of your fortunes :

You put too much wind to your sail ; discretion

And hardy valour are the twins of honour,

And, nursed together, make a conqueror ;

Divided, but a talker. 'Tis a truth,

That Rome has fled before us twice, and routed ;

A truth we ought to crown the gods for, lady,

And not our tongues ; a truth is none of ours,

Nor in our ends, more than the noble bearing ;

For then it leaves to be a virtue, lady,

And we, that have been victors, beat ourselves,

When we insult upon our honour's subject.

Bond. My valiant cousin, is it foul to say

What liberty and honour bid us do,

And what the gods allow us ?

Car. No, Bonduca ;

So what we say exceed not what we do.

You call the Romans " fearful, fleeing Romans,

And Roman girls, the lees of tainted pleasures : "

Does this become a doer ? are they such ?

Bond. They are no more.

Car. Where is your conquest then ?

Why are your altars crown'd with wreaths of
flowers ?

The beasts with gilt horns waiting for the fire ?

The holy Druides composing songs
Of everlasting life to victory?
Why are these triumphs, lady? for a May-game?
For hunting a poor herd of wretched Romans?
Is it no more? Shut up your temples, Britons,
And let the husbandman redeem his heifers,
Put out your holy fires, no timbrel ring,
Let's home and sleep; for such great overthrows,
A candle burns too bright a sacrifice,
A glow-worm's tail too full of flame.—Oh, Nen-
nius,

Thou hadst a noble uncle knew a Roman,
And how to speak him, how to give him weight
In both his fortunes.

Bond. By the gods,¹ I think
You dote upon these Romans, Caratach!

Car. Witness these wounds, I do; they were
fairly given:

I love an enemy; I was born a soldier;
And he that in the head on's troop defies me,
Bending my manly body with his sword,
I make a mistress. Yellow-tressed Hymen
Ne'er tied a longing virgin with more joy,
Than I am married to that man that wounds me:
And are not all these Roman? Ten struck battles
I suck'd these honour'd scars from, and all Ro-
man;

Ten years of bitter nights and heavy marches,
(When many a frozen storm sung through my
cuirass,

And made it doubtful whether that or I
Were the more stubborn metal) have I wrought
through,

And all to try these Romans. Ten times a-night

¹ By — I think.] So the folios discretely exhibit the passage.

I have swam the rivers, when the stars² of Rome
 Shot at me as I floated, and the billows
 Tumbled their watry ruins on my shoulders,
 Charging my batter'd sides with troops of agues;
 And still to try these Romans, whom I found
 (And, if I lie, my wounds be henceforth back-
 ward,

And be you witness, gods, and all my dangers)
 As ready, and as full of that I brought,
 (Which was not fear, nor flight) as valiant,
 As vigilant, as wise, to do and suffer,
 Ever advanced as forward as the Britons,
 Their sleeps as short, their hopes as high as ours,
 Ay, and as subtle, lady. 'Tis dishonour,
 And, follow'd, will be impudence, Bonduca,
 And grow to no belief, to taint these Romans.
 Have not I seen the Britons——

Bond. What?

Car. Dishearten'd,

Run, run, Bonduca! not the quick rack³ swifter;
 The virgin from the hated ravisher
 Not half so fearful; not a flight⁴ drawn home,

² *When the stars of Rome.*] Mr Theobald, in his margin, gives us *shafts* or *darts*, as thinking the place corrupted. I have not, however, ventured to disturb the text, as thinking the passage right as it stands. *Simpson.*

We think Theobald's conjecture very plausible.—Ed. 1778.

For all this, the old text must be retained, as there is an evident allusion to the shooting of stars, and this metaphor is far more beautiful than the plain matter-of-fact reading of Theobald.

³ *The quick rack.*] i. e. The clouds driven along by the winds. See vol. IV. p. 131.

⁴ *Not a flight*] Here means *arrow*. So Shakspeare, in *Much ado about Nothing*, act I. sc. I. makes Beatrice say,

He (Benedick) challenged Cupid at the flight. *Simpson.*

Flight, as Mr Douce observes, does not, in this passage of Shakspeare (as well as in the text) mean an arrow, but a sort of

A round stone from a sling, a lover's wish,
 E'er made that haste that they have. By the gods,
 I have seen these Britons, that you magnify,
 Run as they would have out-run time, and roar-
 ing,

Basely for mercy roaring; the light shadows,
 That in a thought scur o'er the fields of corn,
 Halted on crutches to 'em.⁵

Bond. Oh, ye powers,
 What scandals do I suffer!

Car. Yes, Bonduca,
 I have seen thee run too; and thee, Nennius;
 Yea, run apace, both; then, when Penius
 (The Roman girl!) cut through your armed carts,
 And drove 'em headlong on ye, down the hill;
 Then, when he hunted ye like Britain foxes,
 More by the scent than sight; then did I see
 These valiant and approved men of Britain,
 Like boding owls, creep into tods of ivy,⁶
 And hoot their fears to one another nightly.

Nen. And what did you then, Caratach?

Car. I fled too,
 But not so fast; your jewel had been lost then,

shooting called *roving*, or shooting at long lengths. The arrows used at this sport are called *flight-arrows*, as were those used in battle for great distances. From a passage in Leland's Itinerary, it seems that a flight-shot would carry the length of London bridge.

⁵ ——— the light shadows,

That in a thought scur o'er the fields of corn,

Halted on crutches to 'em.] In the course of these notes, the text is not often interrupted with observations, on the beauty of particular passages; but the present simile is so exquisitely true and beautiful, that I could not let it pass without pointing it out to every observer of nature.

⁶ ——— tods of ivy.] i. e. Bushes. The word has occurred several times before. See vol. II. 81, 494.

Young Hengo there ; he trasht me, Nennius :⁷
 For, when your fears out-run him, then stept I,
 And in the head of all the Roman fury
 Took him, and, with my tough belt, to my back
 I buckled him ; behind him my sure shield ;
 And then I follow'd. If I say I fought
 Five times in bringing off this bud of Britain,
 I lie not, Nennius. Neither had you heard
 Me speak this, or ever seen the child more,
 But that the son of virtue, Penius,
 Seeing me steer through all these storms of danger,
 My helm still in my hand (my sword,) my prow
 Turn'd to my foe (my face,) he cried out nobly,
 " Go, Briton, bear thy lion's whelp off safely ;
 Thy manly sword has ransom'd thee ; grow strong,
 And let me meet thee once again in arms ;
 Then, if thou stand'st, thou'rt mine." I took his
 offer,
 And here I am to honour him.

Bond. Oh, cousin,
 From what a flight of honour hast thou check'd
 me !⁸

⁷ *He trasht me, Nennius.*] *Trasht*, Sympson, as might be expected, alters to *traced*. Mason, not satisfied with the technical meaning to *trash*, (to impede) explains it *to-follow*, confounding it with *thresh*. But there can be no doubt about the matter. Mr Malone, in his notes on the Puritan, (Supplement to Shakspeare) thus comments on the passage in the text—" That there may be no farther strife about this word, be it known that it is a term of dog-breakers. When an ancient leam-bound was disposed to range too fast and wide, a long piece of rope was fastened to his collar, which, dragging loose on the ground, impeded his movements, and lessened his impetuosity. The same thing is done to a modern pointer in similar circumstances, and is still called *trashing*. The impediment of the boy delayed Caratach's flight." See the next line but two.

⁸ *From what a flight of honour hast thou check'd me.*] A metaphor from the forgotten sport of falconry.

What wouldst thou make me, Caratach?

Car. See, lady,

The noble use of others in our losses.⁹

Does this afflict you? Had the Romans cried this,
And, as we have done theirs, sung out these fortunes,

Rail'd on our base condition, hooted at us,
Made marks as far as th' earth was ours, to shew us
Nothing but sea could stop our flights, despised us,
And held it equal whether banqueting
Or beating of the Britons were more business,
It would have gall'd you.

Bond. Let me think we conquer'd.

Car. Do; but so think, as we may be conquer'd;

And where we have found virtue, though in those
That came to make us slaves, let's cherish it.

There's not a blow we gave since Julius landed,
That was of strength and worth, but, like records,
They file to after-ages. Our registers

The Romans are, for noble deeds of honour;
And shall we burn their mentions with upbraid-
—ings?¹

Bond. No more; I see myself. Thou hast
made me, cousin,

More than my fortunes durst, for they abused me,
And wound me up so high, I swell'd with glory:
Thy temperance has cured that tympany,
And given me health again, nay, more, discretion.

⁹ ——— see, lady,

The noble use of others in our losses.] i. e. Observe the noble behaviour of the Romans when they conquer.—Ed. 1778.

¹ *And shall we burn their mentions.]* The alteration [of *burn* to *brand*] is made by Sympson, who urges, in support of it, a Latin phrase, *notam inserere*; but the more correct Latin phrase is *notam inurere*, which confirms the old reading. *Mason.*

Shall we have peace? for now I love these Romans.

Car. Thy love and hate are both unwise ones, lady.

Bond. Your reason?

Nen. Is not peace the end of arms?

Car. Not where the cause implies a general conquest:

Had we a difference with some petty isle,
Or with our neighbours, lady, for our land-marks,
The taking in of some rebellious lord,
Or making head against commotions,
After a day of blood, peace might be argued;
But where we grapple for the ground we live on,
The liberty we hold as dear as life,
The gods we worship, and, next those, our honours,

And with those swords that know no end of battle:
Those men, beside themselves, allow no neighbour;

Those minds that where the day is, claim inheritance,

And where the sun makes ripe the fruits, their harvest,

And where they march, but measure out more ground

To add to Rome, and here i' th' bowels on us;
It must not be. No, as they are our foes,
And those that must be so until we tire 'em,
Let's use the peace of honour, that's fair dealing,
But in our hands our swords.² That hardy Roman

² Ends *our swords*.] The sense seems to labour here—what I have offered [*hands for ends*] is clear and absolute. Let us use the peace of honour, but not tamely and submissively desire it: No, let us seek it with our swords in our *hands*, as though we

That hopes to graft himself into my stock,
Must first begin his kindred under-ground,
And be allied in ashes.

Bond. Caratach,
As thou hast nobly spoken, shall be done ;
And Hengo to thy charge I here deliver :
The Romans shall have worthy wars.

Car. They shall :
And, little sir, when your young bones grow
stiffer,

And when I see you able in a morning
To beat a dozen boys, and then to breakfast,
I'll tie you to a sword.

Hengo. And what then, uncle ?

Car. Then you must kill, sir, the next valiant
Roman

That calls you knave.

Hengo. And must I kill but one ?

Car. An hundred, boy, I hope.

Hengo. I hope five hundred.

Car. That is a noble boy !—Come, worthy lady,

could carve it out for ourselves, if the conditions offered are not
honourable.

Sympton.

Ends here means *purposes*: “ We may deal honourably, but
our *end* must be war.” This is the sum of the whole speech ; and
the propriety of this interpretation is confirmed by Bonduca after-
wards saying,

The Romans shall have WORTHY WARS.

Ed. 1778.

Notwithstanding the present editor is fully as anxious to pre-
serve the old text as Mr Colman and his helpers, he has adopted
Sympton's variation in this place, as it greatly improves the plain
sense of the speech. Caratach does not mean to say that war is
the sole and absolute purpose which the Britons should aim at,
but “ the peace of honour,” to be guarded with sword in hand :
As the Romans, however, intended a complete subjugation and
disarming of the Britons, it became the latter to make no propo-
sitions for concluding a “ peace of dishonour.”

Let's to our several charges, and henceforth
Allow an enemy both weight and worth.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Roman Camp.

Enter JUNIUS and PETILLIUS.

Pet. What ail'st thou, man? dost thou want
meat?

Jun. No.

Pet. Clothes?

Jun. Neither. For Heaven's love, leave me!

Pet. Drink?

Jun. You tire me.

Pet. Come, it is drink; I know 'tis drink.

Jun. 'Tis no drink.

Pet. I say 'tis drink; for what affliction
Can light so heavy on a soldier,
To dry him up as thou art, but no drink?
Thou shalt have drink.

Jun. Pr'ythee, Petillius——

Pet. And, by mine honour, much drink, valiant
drink:

Never tell me, thou shalt have drink. I see,
Like a true friend, into thy wants; 'tis drink;
And when I leave thee to a desolation,
Especially of that dry nature, hang me.

Jun. Why do you do this to me?

Pet. For I see,
Although your modesty would fain conceal it,
Which sits as sweetly on a soldier

As an old side-saddle——

Jun. What do you see?

Pet. I see as fair as day,³ that thou want'st drink.

Did I not find thee gaping like an oyster
For a new tide? Thy very thoughts lie bare,
Like a low ebb; thy soul, that rid in sack,
Lies moor'd for want of liquor. Do but see
Into thyself; for, by the gods, I do;
For all thy body's chapt and crack'd like timber,
For want of moisture: What is't thou want'st
there, Junius,

An if it be not drink?

Jun. You have too much on't.

Pet. It may be a whore too; say it be; come,
meecher,⁴

Thou shalt have both; a pretty valiant fellow,
Die for a little lap and lechery?
No, it shall ne'er be said in our country,
Thou diedst o' th' chin-cough. Hear, thou noble
Roman,

The son of her that loves a soldier,
Hear what I promised for thee! thus I said:
"Lady, I take thy son to my companion;
Lady, I love thy son, thy son loves war,
The war loves danger, danger drink, drink discipline,

Which is society and lechery;
These two beget commanders: Fear not, lady;
Thy son shall lead."

³ *As far as day.*] Amended in 1750.

⁴ *Meecher.*] A *micher* was a term for a petty, lurking, cowardly thief, also for a loiterer. Falstaff, speaking of Prince Henry, says, "Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a *micher*, and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked." See the Scornful Lady, vol. II. pp. 171, 236.

Jun. 'Tis a strange thing, Petillius,
That so ridiculous and loose a mirth
Can master your affections.

Pet. Any mirth,
And any way, of any subject, Junius,
Is better than unmanly mustiness.
What harm's in drink? in a good wholesome
wench?

I do beseech you, sir, what error? Yet
It cannot out of my head handsomely,
But thou wouldst fain be drunk; come, no more
fooling;

The general has new wine, new come over.

Jun. He must have new acquaintance for it too,
For I will none, I thank ye.

Pet. "None, I thank you?"
A short and touchy answer! "None, I thank
you?"

You do not scorn it, do you?

Jun. Gods defend, sir!
I owe him still more honour.

Pet. "None, I thank you?"
No company, no drink, no wench, "I thank you?"
You shall be worse entreated, sir.

Jun. Petillius,
As thou art honest, leave me!

Pet. "None, I thank you?"
A modest and a decent resolution,
And well put on. Yes; I will leave you, Junius,
And leave you to the boys, that very shortly
Shall all salute you, by your new sirname
Of "Junius None-I-thank-you." I would starve
now,

Hang, drown, despair, deserve the forks,^s lie open
To all the dangerous passes of a wench,

^s Forks.] i. e. The gallows.

Bound to believe her tears, and wed her aches,
Ere I would own thy follies. I have found you,
Your lays, and out-leaps, Junius, haunts, and
lodges ;

I have viewed you, and I have found you by my
skill

To be a fool o' th' first head, Junius,⁶

And I will hunt you : You are in love, I know it ;

You are an ass, and all the camp shall know it ;

A peevish idle boy, your dame shall know it ;

A wronger of my care, yourself shall know it.

Enter JUDAS and four Soldiers.

Judas. A bean ? a princely diet, a full banquet,
To what we compass.

1 *Sold.* Fight like hogs for acorns ?

2 *Sold.* Venture our lives for pig-nuts ?

Pet. What ail these rascals ?

3 *Sold.* If this hold, we are starved.

Judas. For my part, friends,
Which is but twenty beans a-day, (a hard world
For officers, and men of action !)
And those so clipt by Master Mouse, and rotten—
(For understand 'em French beans, where the
fruits

Are ripen'd like the people, in old tubs)⁷
For mine own part, I say, I am starved already,

⁶ — a fool o' th' first head, Junius,

And I will hunt ye.] This is evidently a phrase from deer-hunting.

⁷ *For understand 'em French beans, where the fruits*

Are ripen'd like the people, in old tubs.] Persons afflicted with the French disease, whilst under a course of *gugiacum*, or mercury, were rigorously sweated every day in a tub, called Cornelius' tub. The patients were, at the same time, put under the most meagre regimen, which will explain more fully the allusion of Judas.

Not worth another bean, consumed to nothing,
 Nothing but flesh⁸ and bones left, miserable :
 Now if this musty provender can prick me
 To honourable matters of atchievement, gentle-
 men,

Why, there's the point.

⁴ *Sold.* I'll fight no more.

Pet. You'll hang then !

A sovereign help for hunger. Ye eating rascals,
 Whose gods are beef and brewis!⁹ whose brave
 angers

Do execution upon these, and chibbals !¹

⁸ *Flesh and bones left.*] This is really a merry description of a man hunger-starved ; he was reduced to flesh and bones ! Why, what would he be at ? Would he be more than so ? Modes of speech are strangely altered, if we should not read, and the poets have wrote,

Skin and bones.

Sympton.

It is meant to be a merry description, as the rest of the scene proves.—Ed. 1778.

It is singular that Sympton could not recollect that *fat* is also the produce of good eating and drinking.

⁹ — ye eating rascals,

Whose gods are beef and brewis.] It has been before observed that the term *brewis* for broth, was not confined to the Scotch idiom in the days of Fletcher.

¹ *Chibbals.*] A sort of onions. So Ben Jonson, in his *Gipsies Metamorphosed* :

“ Where the cacklers, but no grunterns,
 Shall uncased be for the hunters :
 Those we still must keep alive ;
 Aye, and put them out to thrive
 In the parks, and in the chases,
 And the finer walled places ;
 As Saint James's, Greenwich, Tibbals,
 Where the acorns, plump as *chibbals*,
 Soon shall change both kind and name,
 And proclaim 'em the king's game.”

Sympton.

Cotgrave explains “ *ciboule*, a chiball, or hollow leeke.”

Ye dog's head in the porridge-pot ! ye fight no more ?

Does Rome depend upon your resolution
For eating mouldy pic-crust ?

3 Sold. 'Would we had it !

Judas. I may do service, captain.

Pet. In a fish-market.

You, corporal Curry-comb, what will your fighting
Profit the commonwealth ? Do you hope to triumph ?

Or dare your vamping valour, goodman Cobler,
Clap a new sole to th' kingdom ? 'Sdeath, ye dog-whelps,

You fight, or not fight !

Judas. Captain !

Pet. Out, ye flesh-flies !

Nothing but noise and nastiness !

Judas. Give us meat,

Whereby we may do.

Pet. Whereby hangs your valour ?

Judas. Good bits afford good blows.

Pet. A good position :

How long is't since thou eat'st last ? Wipe thy mouth,

And then tell truth.

Judas. I have not eat to th' purpose——

Pet. "To th' purpose ?" what's that ? half a cow and garlick ?

Ye rogues, my company eat turf, and talk not ;
Timber they can digest, and fight upon't ;
Old mats, and mud with spoons, rare meats. Your shoes, slaves ;

Dare ye cry out for hunger,² and those extant ?

² *Dare ye cry out of hunger.*] So the original folio reads. The text is from the second, but the alteration was not absolutely requisite.

Suck your sword-hilts, ye slaves ; if ye be valiant,
Honour will make 'em marchpane.³ "To the
purpose?"

A grievous penance ! Dost thou see that gentle-
man,

That melancholy monsieur ?

Jun. Pray you, Petillius !

Pet. He has not eat these three weeks.

² *Sold.* He has drunk the more then.

³ *Sold.* And that's all one.

Pet. Nor drunk nor slept these two months.

Judas. Captain, we do beseech you, as poor sol-
diers,

Men that have seen good days, whose mortal
stomachs

May sometimes feel afflictions—— [To JUNIUS.

Jun. This, Petillius,

Is not so nobly done.

Pet. 'Tis common profit ;

Urge him to th' point, he'll find you out a food
That needs no teeth nor stomach ; a strange fur-
mity⁴

Will feed you up as fat as hens i' th' foreheads,
And make ye fight like fitchoks ;⁵ to him.

Judas. Captain——

Jun. Do you long to have your throats cut ?

Pet. See what mettle

It makes in him : Two meals more of this melan-
choly,

³ *Marchpane.*] The nature of this favourite confection has been already explained, vol. II. p. 116.

⁴ *A strange furmity.*] Furmenty is still a usual dish in some parts of the country, made by boiling wheat in milk.

⁵ —— *make ye fight like fitchoks.*] A *fitchock* is a small animal of the weazel kind, remarkably irascible.—*Mason.* See vol. II. p. 241.

And there lies Caratach.

Judas. We do beseech you——

2 *Sold.* Humbly beseech your valour——

Jun. Am I only

Become your sport, Petillius?

Judas. But to render

In way of general good, in preservation——

Jun. Out of my thoughts, ye slaves!

4 *Sold.* Or rather pity——

3 *Sold.* Your warlike remedy against the maw-worms.

Judas. Or notable receipt to live by nothing.

Pet. Out with your table-books!⁶

Jun. Is this true friendship?

And must my killing griefs make others' May-games? [Draws.

Stand from my sword's point, slaves! your poor starved spirits

Can make me no oblations; else, oh, Love,
Thou proudly-blind destruction, I would send thee
Whole hecatombs of hearts, to bleed my sorrows.

[Exit JUNIUS.

Judas. Alas, he lives by love, sir.

Pet. So he does, sir;

And cannot you do so too? All my company
Are now in love; ne'er think of meat, nor talk

⁶ *Out with your table-books.*] These were very fashionable articles amongst our ancestors, and served the same use as our memorandum-books. As Mr Douce observes, they were sometimes made of slate, in the form of a small portable book, with leaves and clasps. That commentator laments that our museums furnish no specimens of these table-books, but gives a specimen of one "fortunately engraved in Gesner's Treatise *De rerum fossilium figuris*, &c. Tigur. 1565, 12mo." But slate-books, exactly like the one there engraved, are very common in Germany, and are sold at most of the fairs.

Of what provant is :⁷ *Ay-mes*, and hearty *hey-hoes*
 Are sallads fit for soldiers. Live by meat?
 By larding up your bodies? 'tis lewd, and lazy,
 And shews ye merely mortal, dull, and drives ye
 To fight, like camels, with baskets at your noses.
 Get ye in love! Ye can whore well enough,
 That all the world knows; fast ye into famine,
 Yet ye can crawl like crabs to wenches; hand-
 somely

Fall but in love now, as ye see example,
 And follow it but with all your thoughts, *proba-
 tum*,

There's so much charge saved, and your hunger's
 ended. [*Drum afar off.*]

Away! I hear the general. Get ye in love all,
 Up to the ears in love, that I may hear
 No more of these rude murmurings; and dis-
 cretely

Carry your stomachs, or I prophesy
 A pickled rope will choke ye. Jog, and talk not!
 [*Exeunt.*]

Enter SÜETONIUS, DEMETRIUS, DECIUS, *Drum
 and Colours.*

Suet. Demetrius, is the messenger dispatch'd
 To Penius, to command him to bring up
 The Volans regiment?

Dem. He's there by this time.

Suet. And are the horse well view'd we brought
 from Mona?⁸

Dec. The troops are full and lusty.

Suet. Good Petillius,

⁷ *What provant is.*] *Provant* was a usual term for *provisions*,
 and is still usual abroad for the provisions of armies.

⁸ *Mona.*] *i. e.* The Isle of Anglesea.—Ed. 1778.

Look to those eating rogues, that bawl for victuals,
And stop their throats a day or two: Provision
Waits but the wind to reach us.

Pet. Sir, already

I have been tampering with their stomachs, which
I find

As deaf as adders to delays: Your clemency
Hath made their murmurs, mutinies; nay, rebel-
lions;

Now, an they want but mustard, they are in up-
roars!

No oil but Candy, Lusitanian figs,
And wine from Lesbos, now can satisfy 'em;
The British waters are grown dull and muddy,
The fruit disgustful; Orontes⁹ must be sought for,
And apples from the Happy Isles; the truth is,
They are more curious² now in having nothing,
Than if the sea and land turned up their treasures.
This lost the colonies, and gave Bonduca
(With shame we must record it) time and strength
To look into our fortunes; great discretion
To follow offer'd victory; and last, full pride
To brave us to our teeth, and scorn our ruins.

Suet. Nay, chide not, good Petillius! I confess
My will to conquer Mona, and long stay
To execute that will, let in these losses:
All shall be right again, and, as a pine,
Rent from Oëta by a sweeping tempest,

⁹ *Orontes.*] Our poets are sadly out here in their choice of pleasant waters for drinking. Mr Maundrell says, the waters of this river are thick and turbid, as unfit to be drunk, as its fish to be eaten. *Choaspes* was undoubtedly what they would have said; but, trusting to memory, they made this mistake. The waters of this river were famous for their fineness, &c.; and, as *Ælian* tells us, were drunk by the Persian monarchs, let them be in what part of their dominions they would.

Sympson.

² *Curious.*] Precise, particular.

And worthy of a soldier's care, most worthy,
 To weigh with most deliberate circumstance
 The ends of accidents, above their offers;
 How to go on, and yet³ to save a Roman,
 Whose one life is more worth in way of doing,
 Than millions of these painted wasps; how, view-
 ing,

To find advantage out; how, found, to follow it
 With counsel and discretion, lest mere fortune
 Should claim the victory.

Suet. 'Tis true, Petillius,
 And worthily remember'd: The rule is certain,
 The uses no less excellent;⁴ but where time
 Cuts off occasions, danger, time and all
 Tend to a present peril,⁵ 'tis required

³ *Go on and get.*] *To go on and get* is a little savouring of tautology; for, if a man *goes on*, in the sense of this passage, he cannot chuse but *get*. But *to go on, and yet not lose a Roman*, is an expression which the words immediately following would induce us to believe the poets wrote here. I have not, however, disturbed the text, and only humbly offer this innovation to the judgment of the reader.

Sympton.

To go on and get is, we think, right, and means simply *to proceed with advantage*.—Ed. 1778.

Sympton, in the present case, is clearly right; the propriety of his alteration being plainly proved by the following lines, as well as by the general purport of the speech of Petillius.

* — *The rule is certain,*

Their uses no less excellent.] Whose uses? The word *their* has no correlative. We should read—*The uses no less excellent*; instead of *their*, Suetonius means to say that the rule was just, and the application of it excellent.

Mason.

Though I have adopted this amendment, I much suspect that the inaccuracy was produced by the inadvertency of the poet. Perhaps it would be better to read—

— *The rules are certain,*

Their uses [*i. e.* the inferences drawn from those rules] *no less excellent.*

⁵ — *danger, time and all*

Tend to a present peril.] Seward, not understanding this pass-

Our swords and manhoods be best counsellors,
 Our expeditions, precedents. To win is nothing,
 Where Reason, Time, and Counsel are our camp-
 masters :

But there to bear the field, then to be conquerors,
 Where pale Destruction takes us, takes us beaten,
 In wants and mutinies, ourselves but handfuls,
 And to ourselves⁶ our own fears, needs a new
 way,

A sudden and a desperate execution :
 Here, how to save, is loss ; to be wise, dangerous ;
 Only a present well-united strength,
 And minds made up for all attempts, dispatch it :
 Disputing and delay here cool the courage ;
 Necessity gives [no] time for doubts ;⁷ things in-
 finite,

According to the spirit they are preach'd to ;
 Rewards like them,⁸ and names for after-ages,

age, proposes the reading of *present evil*, instead of peril, supposing that danger and peril are synonymous terms : But *peril* does not here mean danger ; it means trial, or hazard. *Periculum*, in Latin, from which *peril* is derived, has the same signification. The whole of Suetonius's speech tends to prove the necessity of hazard-ing an action, even on disadvantage. *Mason.*

⁶ *To ourselves.*] *i. e.* In addition to the circumstance that ourselves are but handfuls, our fears, the fears or dangers of our situation.

⁷ *Necessity gives time for doubts.*] The whole context seems to require *gives no time for doubts* :

DISPUTING and DELAY here cool the courage.

See the whole speech.—Ed. 1778. It is strange that the last editors did not adopt an emendation so really and absolutely necessary.

⁸ *Rewards LIKE THEM.*] The editors having obscured the sense by putting the words—

— things infinite,
 According to the spirit they are preached to—

Must steel the soldier, his own shame help to arm
him :

And having forced his spirit, ere he cools,
Fling him upon his enemies ; sudden and swift,
Like tigers amongst foxes, we must fight for't :
Fury must be our fortune ; shame we have lost,
Spurs ever in our sides to prick us forward :
There is no other wisdom nor discretion
Due to this day of ruin, but destruction ;
The soldier's order first, and then his anger.

Dem. No doubt they dare redeem all.

Suet. Then no doubt

The day must needs be ours. That the proud
woman

Is infinite in number better likes me,
Than if we dealt with squadrons ; half her army
Shall choke themselves, their own swords dig
their graves.

I'll tell ye all my fears ; one single valour,
The virtues of the valiant Caratach,
More doubts me than all Britain.⁹ He's a soldier
So forged out, and so temper'd for great fortunes,
So much man thrust into him, so old in dangers,
So fortunate in all attempts, that his mere name
Fights in a thousand men, himself in millions,
To make him Roman : But no more.—Petillius,
How stands your charge ?

Pet. Ready for all employments,
To be commanded too, sir.

Suet. 'Tis well govern'd ;
To-morrow we'll draw out, and view the cohorts ;

into parentheses, conclude that the text is either corrupt, or that a line is lost. But nothing can be plainer. *Rewards like THEM*, means *infinite rewards* ; *them* referring to *things infinite*, in the preceding line but one.

⁹ *More doubts me.*] That is, inspires me with greater doubts.

I th' mean time, all apply their offices.
Where's Junius?

Pet. In's cabin, sick o' th' mumps, sir.

Suet. How?

Pet. In love, indeed in love, most lamentably
loving,

To the tune of Queen Dido.*

Dec. Alas poor gentleman!

Suet. 'Twill make him fight the nobler. With
what lady?

I'll be a spokesman for him.

Pet. You'll scant speed, sir.

Suet. Who is't?

Pet. The devil's dam, Bonduca's daughter,
Her youngest, crack'd i' th' ring.†

Suet. I am sorry for him:

But sure his own discretion will reclaim him;
He must deserve our anger else. Good captains,
Apply yourselves in all the pleasing forms
Ye can, unto the soldiers; fire their spirits,
And set 'em fit to run this action;
Mine own provisions shall be shared amongst 'em,
Till more come in; tell 'em, if now they conquer,
The fat of all the kingdom lies before 'em.
Their shames forgot, their honours infinite,
And want for ever banish'd. Two days hence,
Our fortunes, and our swords, and gods be for us!

[*Exeunt.*]

* *To the tune of Queen Dido.*] This may refer to the old ballad of Queen Dido, or Æneas, Wandering Prince of Troy, printed in Percy, (ed. 1794, III. 193.)

† *Her youngest, crackt i' th' ring.*] Bonduca had been ravished by a Roman.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same. The Tent of Penius.

Enter PENIUS, REGULUS, MACER, and DRUSIUS.

Pen. I *must* come?

Macer. So the general commands, sir.

Pen. I *must* bring up my regiment?

Macer. Believe, sir,

I bring no lie.

Pen. But did he say, I *must* come?

Macer. So delivered.

Pen. How long is't, Regulus, since I commanded

In Britain here?

Reg. About five years, great Penius.

Pen. The general some five months. Are all my actions

So poor and lost, my services so barren,

That I am remember'd in no nobler language

But *must* come up?

Macer. I do beseech you, sir,

Watch but the time's estate.

Yes, good lieutenant,

I do, and his that sways it. *Must* come up?

Am I turn'd bare centurion? *Must*, and *shall*,

Fit embassies to court my honour?

Macer. Sir——

Pen. Set me to lead a handful of my men
Against an hundred thousand barbarous slaves,

That have march'd name by name with Rome's
best doers?

Serve 'em up some other meat; I'll bring no food
To stop the jaws of all those hungry wolves;
My regiment's mine own. *I must*, my language?³

Enter CURIUS.

Cur. Penius, where lies the host?

Pen. Where Fate may find 'em.

Cur. Are they ingirt?

Pen. The battle's lost.

Cur. So soon?

Pen. No; but 'tis lost, because it must be won;
The Britons must be victors. Whoe'er saw
A troop of bloody vultures hovering
About a few corrupted carcasses,
Let him behold the silly Roman host,
Girded with millions of fierce Britain swains,
With deaths as many as they have had hopes;
And then go thither, he that loves his shame!
I scorn my life, yet dare not lose my name.

Cur. Do not you hold it a most famous end,
When both our names and lives are sacrificed
For Rome's increase?

Pen. Yes, Curius; but mark this too:
What glory is there, or what lasting fame
Can be to Rome or us, what full example,
When one is smother'd with a multitude,
And crowded in amongst a nameless press?
Honour got out of flint, and on their heads
Whose virtues, like the sun, exhaled all valours,⁴

³ *I must*, my language.] That is, language to be used to me.

Mason.

⁴ *Like the sun*, exhaled all valours.] The simile and the argument both seem to require us to read *vapours*.—Ed. 1778.

The text does not stand in need of any alteration. Our au-

Must not be lost in mists and fogs of people,
Noteless and not of name, but rude and naked :⁵
Nor can Rome task us with impossibilities,
Or bid us fight against a flood ; we serve her,
That she may proudly say she has good soldiers,
Not slaves, to choke all hazards. Who but fools,
That make no difference betwixt certain dying,
And dying well, would fling their fames and for-
tunes

Into this Britain gulf, this quicksand ruin,
That, sinking, swallows us? what noble hand
Can find a subject fit for blood there? or what
sword

Room for his execution? what air to cool us,
But poison'd with their blasting breaths and curses,
Where we lie buried quick above the ground,
And are with labouring sweat, and breathless
pain,

Kill'd like to slaves, and cannot kill again?

Drus. Penius, mark ancient wars, and know
that then

A captain weigh'd an hundred thousand men.⁶

thors are very frequently liable to similar objections, on the score of inaccuracy of metaphor, if, indeed, any such inaccuracy is exhibited in this passage.

⁵ *Noteless, and out of name, but rude and naked.*] This line absolutely requires amendment. That adopted in the text was proposed by Mason, and is better than that of Sympson, who substitutes *both* for *but*.

6 _____ that then

Captains weigh'd.] The corruption here is very evident, but little trouble will set all right. We may read thus,

— that then
Ten captains weigh'd.

Or thus, ——— that ten
Captains out-weigh'd.—The number has either been

Pen. Drusius, mark ancient wisdom, and you'll find then,
He gave the overthrow that saved his men.
I must not go.

Reg. The soldiers are desirous,
Their eagles all drawn out, sir.

Pen. Who drew up, Regulus?
Ha? speak! did you? whose bold will durst attempt this?
Drawn out? why, who commands, sir? on whose warrant
Durst they advance?

Reg. I keep mine own obedience.

Drus. 'Tis like the general cause, their love of honour,
Relieving of their wants——

Pen. Without my knowledge?
Am I no more? my place but at their pleasures?
Come, who did this?

Drus. By Heaven, sir, I am ignorant.

[*Drum softly within, then enter Soldiers, with drum and colours.*]

Pen. What! am I grown a shadow?—Hark!
they march.
I'll know, and will be myself.—Stand! Disobedience?

He that advances one foot higher, dies for't.
Run through the regiment, upon your duties,
And charge 'em, on command, beat back again;
By Heaven, I'll tithe 'em⁷ all else!

dropt upon us, or the verb suffered a mutilation of its first syllable: I am for the first, and have altered the text accordingly.

Sympton.

We do not like either of these conjectures, and hope our reading will meet with approbation.—Ed. 1778.

⁷ *Tithe 'em.*] That is, decimate the regiment.

Reg. We'll do our best.

[*Exeunt DRUSIUS and REGULUS.*]

Pen. Back ! cease your bawling drums there,
I'll beat the tubs about your brains else. Back !
Do I speak with less fear than thunder to ye ?
Must I stand to beseech ye ? Home, home !—Ha !
Do ye stare upon me ? Are those minds I moulded,
Those honest valiant tempers I was proud
To be a fellow to, those great discretions
Made your names fear'd and honour'd, turn'd to
wildfires ?

Oh, gods, to disobedience ? Command, farewell !
And be ye witness with me, all things sacred,
I have no share in these men's shames ! March,
soldiers,

And seek your own sad ruins ; your old Penius
Dares not behold your murders.

1 *Sold.* Captain !

2 *Sold.* Captain !

3 *Sold.* Dear, honour'd captain !

Pen. Too, too dear-loved soldiers,
Which made ye weary of me, and Heaven yet
knows,

Though in your mutinies, I dare not hate you ;
Take your own wills ! 'tis fit your long experience
Should now know how to rule yourselves ; I wrong
ye,

In wishing ye to save your lives and credits,
To keep your necks whole from the axe hangs
o'er ye :

Alas, I much dishonour'd ye ; go, seek the Bri-
tons,

And say ye come to glut their sacrifices ;
But do not say I sent ye. What ye have been,
How excellent in all parts, good and govern'd,
Is only left of my command, for story ;

What now ye are, for pity. Fare ye well!

[*Going.*]

Enter DRUSIUS and REGULUS.

Drus. Oh, turn again, great Penius! see the
soldier

In all points apt for duty.

Reg. See his sorrow

For his disobedience, which he says was haste,
And haste, he thought, to please you with. See,
captain,

The toughness of his courage turn'd to water;
See how his manly heart melts.

Pen. Go; beat homeward;

There learn to eat your little with obedience;
And henceforth strive to do as I direct ye.

[*Exeunt Sold s.*]

Macer. My answer, sir.

Pen. Tell the great general,

My companies are no faggots to fill breaches;

Myself no man that *must*, or *shall*, can carry:

Bid him be wise, and where he is, he's safe then;

And when he finds out possibilities,

He may command me. Commend me to the cap-
tains.

Macer. All this I shall deliver.

Pen. Farewell, Macer!

[*Exit.*]

Cur. Pray gods this breed no mischief!

Reg. It must needs,

If stout Suetonius win; for then his anger,
Besides the soldiers' loss of due and honour,
Will break together on him.

Drus. He's a brave fellow;
And but a little hide his haughtiness,
(Which is but sometimes neither, on some causes)
He shews the worthiest Roman this day living.

You may, good Curius, to the general
Make all things seem the best.

Cur. I shall endeavour.

Pray for our fortunes, gentlemen ; if we fall,
This one farewell serves for a funeral.

The gods make sharp our swords, and steel our
hearts !

Reg. We dare, alas, but cannot fight our parts.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Tent of Junius.

Enter JUNIUS, PETILLIUS, and a Herald.

Pet. Let him go on. Stay ; now he talks.

Jun. Why,

Why should I love mine enemy ? what is beauty ?
Of what strange violence, that, like the plague,
It works upon our spirits ? Blind they feign him ;
I am sure, I find it so——

Pet. A dog shall lead you.

Jun. His fond affections blinder——

Pet. Hold you there still !

Jun. It takes away my sleep——

Pet. Alas, poor chicken !

* *We dare, alas, &c.*] This has hitherto been made a continuation of *Curius's* speech ; but it is impossible that this line, and that which precedes it, should belong to any one person. *Curius* is going to the engagement, therefore properly speaks the former ; but the latter must be spoke by either *Drusius* or *Regulus*, (who are subordinate to *Penius*) and is expressive of their discontent at being kept from the field.—Ed. 1778.

Jun. My company, content, almost my fashion——

Pet. Yes, and your weight too, if you follow it.*

Jun. 'Tis sure the plague, for no man dare come near me

Without an antidote; 'tis far worse, hell.

Pet. Thou art damn'd without redemption then.

Jun. The way to't

Strew'd with fair western smiles, and April blushes,
Led by the brightest constellations; eyes,
And sweet proportions, envying Heaven;† but
from thence

No way to guide, no path, no wisdom brings us.

Pet. Yes, a smart water, Junius.

Jun. Do I fool?

Know all this, and fool still? Do I know further,
That when we have enjoy'd our ends we lose 'em,
And all our appetites are but as dreams
We laugh at in our ages?——

Pet. Sweet philosopher!

Jun. Do I know on still, and yet know nothing?
Mercy, gods!

Why am I thus ridiculous?

Pet. Motley on thee!‡

Thou art an arrant ass.

Jun. Can red and white,

* *Jun. My company, content, almost my fashion——*

Pet. Yes, and your weight too.] The value of any articles made of gold and silver depends upon both the fashion and the weight; to this Petillius alludes. *Mason.*

† *Envying Heaven.]* That is, emulating Heaven. *Mason.*

I believe Mason is not correct in this explanation. *Envying Heaven* probably means—*causing Heaven to envy*. Innumerable verbs were used in those days with a latitude of sense which they do not bear in ours.

‡ *Motley on thee !]* That is, “ You deserve to wear a fool's habit,” which was composed of various colours.

An eye, a nose, a cheek——

Pet. But one cheek, Junius?
An half-faced mistress?

Jun. With a little trim,³
That wanton fools call fashion, thus abuse me?
Take me beyond my reason? Why should not I
Dote on my horse well trapt, my sword well
hatch'd?

They are as handsome things, to me more useful,
And possible to rule too. Did I but love,
Yet 'twere excusable, my youth would bear it;
But to love there, and that no time can give me,
Mine honour dare not ask (she has been ravish'd,)
My nature must not know (she hates our nation,)
Thus to dispose of my spirit!

Pet. Stay a little; he will declaim again.

Jun. I will not love! I am a man, have reason,
And I will use it; I'll no more tormenting,
Nor whining for a wench; there are a thousand—

Pet. Hold thee there, boy!

Jun. A thousand will entreat me.

Pet. Ten thousand, Junius.

Jun. I am young and lusty,
And to my fashion valiant; can please nightly.

Pet. I'll swear thy back's *probatum*, for I have
known thee

Leap at sixteen like a strong stallion.

Jun. I will be man again.

Pet. Now mark the working!
The devil and the spirit tug for't: Twenty pound
Upon the devil's head!

Jun. I must be wretched!

³ *A little trim.*] Trim and dress were anciently synonymous.—
So in Massinger's *Emperor of the East*:

“Our Eastern Queens, at their full height, bow to thee,
And are, in their best *trim*, thy foils and shadows.”

Pet. I knew I had won.

Jun. Nor have I so much power
To shun my fortune.

Pet. I will hunt thy fortune
With all the shapes imagination breeds,
But I will fright thy devil. Stay, he sings now.

[*Song by JUNIUS, and PETILLIUS after him
in mockage.*]

Jun. Must I be thus abused?

Pet. Yes, marry must you.

Let's follow him close: Oh, there he is; now read it.

Herald. [*Reads.*] *It is the general's command,
that all sick persons, old and unable, retire within
the trenches; he that fears, has liberty to leave the
field:⁴ Fools, boys, and cowards,⁵ must not come near
the regiments, for fear of their infections; especially
those cowards they call lovers.*

Jun. Ha?

Pet. Read on.

Herald. [*Reads.*] *If any common soldier love an
enemy, he's whipp'd and made a slave: If any cap-
tain, cast, with loss of honours, flung out o' th' army,
and made unable ever after to bear the name of a
soldier.*

Jun. The pox consume ye all, rogues! [*Exit.*]

Pet. Let this work;

He has something now to chew upon. He's gone;
Come, shake no more.

Herald. Well, sir, you may command me,
But not to do the like again for Europe;
I would have given my life for a bent two-pence.
If I e'er read to lovers whilst I live again,
Or come within their confines—

⁴ *He that fears his liberty.*] Amended by Symphon.

⁵ *Fools, boys, and lovers.*] Symphon, to avoid the repetition of
lovers, reads cowards.—Ed. 1778.

Pet. There's your payment,
And keep this private.

Herald. I am school'd for talking. [Exit.

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Pet. How now, Demetrius? are we drawn?

Dem. 'Tis doing;
Your company stands fair. But pray you, where's
Junius?

Half his command are wanting, with some forty
That Decius leads.

Pet. Hunting for victuals.
Upon my life, free-booting rogues! their stomachs
Are like a widow's lust, ne'er satisfied.

Dem. I wonder how they dare stir, knowing
the enemy
Master of all the country.

Pet. Resolute hungers
Know neither fears nor faiths; they tread on lad-
ders,
Ropes, gallows, and overdo all dangers.⁶

Dem. They may be hang'd though.

Pet. There's their joyful supper;
And no doubt they are at it.

Dem. But, for Heaven's sake,
How does young Junius?

Pet. Drawing on, poor gentleman.

Dem. What, to his end?

Pet. To the end of all flesh, woman.

Dem. This love has made him a stout soldier.

Pet. Oh, a great one,

⁶ *Ropes, gallows, and overdo all dangers.*] Sympson reads, *ropes, gallows's, and overlook all danger.* To *OVERDO all danger*, is to *run more risks than the occasion requires.* We see no need of altering the old text.—Ed. 1778.

Fit to command young goslings. But what news?

Dem. I think the messenger's come back from
Penius

By this time; let's go know.

Pet. What will you say now

If he deny to come, and take exceptions

At some half syllable, or sound deliver'd

With an ill accent, or some style left out?

Dem. I cannot think he dare.

Pet. He dare speak treason,

Dare say what no man dares believe, dares do——

But that's all one: I'll lay you my black armour

To twenty crowns, he comes not.

Dem. Done.

Pet. You'll pay?

Dem. I will.

Pet. Then keep thine old use, Penius!

Be stubborn and vain-glorious, and I thank thee.

Come, let's go pray for six hours; most of us

I fear will trouble Heaven no more: Two good
blows

Struck home at two commanders of the Britons,

And my part's done.

Dem. I do not think of dying.

Pet. 'Tis possible we may live; but, Demetrius,
With what strange legs, and arms, and eyes, and
noses,

Let carpenters and copper-smiths consider.

If I can keep my heart whole, and my windpipe,

That I may drink yet like a soldier——

Dem. Come, let's have better thoughts; mine's
on your armour.

Pet. Mine's in your purse, sir; let's go try the
wager!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The British Camp. In the back-ground, the Tent of Bonduca, with a raised Platform.

Enter Soldiers, bringing in JUDAS and his four companions, (haltered about their necks) BONDUCA, her Daughters, and NENNIUS following.

Bond. Come, hang 'em presently.

Nen. What made your rogueships
Harrying⁷ for victuals here? are we your friends?
Or do you come for spies? Tell me directly,
Would you not willingly be hang'd now? Don't
ye long for't?

Judas. What say ye? shall we hang in this
vein? Hang we must,
And 'tis as good to dispatch it merrily,
As pull an arse like dogs to't.

1 Sold. Any way,
So it be handsome.

3 Sold. I had as lieve 'twere toothsome too:
But all agree, and I'll not [stick] out, boys.⁸

4 Sold. Let us hang pleasantly.

Judas. Then pleasantly be it:
Captain, the truth is,
We had as lieve hang with meat in our mouths,

⁷ *Harrying.*] That is, pillaging, plundering.

⁸ *I'll not out, boys.*] The word in brackets was inserted by Sympton, and seems requisite to the sense.

As ask your pardon empty.

Bond. These are brave hungers.—

What say you to a leg of beef now, sirrah?

Judas. Bring me acquainted with it, and I'll tell ye.

Bond. Torment 'em, wenches, (I must back)
then hang 'em. [Exit.

Judas. We humbly thank your grace!

1 *Daugh.* The rogues laugh at us.

2 *Daugh.* Sirrah, what think you of a wench now?

Judas. A wench, lady?

I do beseech your ladyship, retire;

I'll tell you presently: You see the time's short;
One crash, even to the settling of my conscience.

Nen. Why, is't no more but up, boys?

Judas. Yes, ride too, captain;
Will you but see my seat?

1 *Daugh.* Ye shall be set, sir,
Upon a jade shall shake ye.

Judas. Sheets, good madam,
Will do it ten times better.⁹

1 *Daugh.* Whips, good soldier,
Which you shall taste before you hang, to mortify you;

'Tis pity you should die thus desperate.

2 *Daugh.* These are the merry Romans, the
brave madcaps:

'Tis ten to one we'll cool your resolutions.
Bring out the whips.

Judas. 'Would your good ladyships
Would exercise 'em too!

⁹ 1 *Daugh.* Ye shall be set, sir,
Upon a jade shall shake ye.

Judas. Sheets, good madam,

Will do it ten times better.] The shaking of the sheets was a favourite dance, and is repeatedly alluded to in old plays.

4 *Sold.* Surely, ladies,
We'll shew you a strange patience.

Nen. Hang 'em, rascals!
They'll talk thus on the wheel.

Enter CARATACH.

Car. Now, what's the matter?
What are these fellows? what's the crime committed,

That they wear necklaces?

Nen. They are Roman rogues,
Taken a-foraging.

Car. Is that all, Nennius?

Judas. 'Would I were fairly hang'd! This is the
devil,

The kill-cow Caratach.*

Car. And you would hang em?

Nen. Are they not enemies?

1 *Sold.* My breech makes buttons.

1 *Daugh.* Are they not our tormentors?

Car. Tormentors? flea-traps!—

Pluck off your halters, fellows.

Nen. Take heed, Caratach;

Taint not your wisdom.

Car. Wisdom, Nennius?

Why, who shall fight against us, make our honours,

And give a glorious day into our hands,

If we dispatch our foes thus? What's their offence?

Stealing a loaf or two to keep out hunger?

* *The kill-cow Caratach.*] In this place the poet evidently alludes, in spite of the anachronism, to the redoubted Guy of Warwick, whose destruction of the Dun Cow of Dunsmore heath was not one of the least perilous adventures achieved by knights-errant.

A piece of greasy bacon, or a pudding?
Do these deserve the gallows? They are hungry,
Poor hungry knaves, no meat at home left, starved:
Art thou not hungry?

Judas. Monstrous hungry.

Car. He looks like Hunger's self. Get 'em
some victuals,
And wine to cheer their hearts; quick! Hang up
poor pilchers?²

2 Sold. This is the bravest captain——

Nen. Caratach,
I'll leave you to your will.

Car. I'll answer all, sir.

2 Daugh. Let's up and view his entertainment
of 'em!
I am glad they are shifted any way; their tongues
else

Would still have murder'd us.

1 Daugh. Let's up and see it! [Exeunt.]

Enter HENGO.

Car. Sit down, poor knaves! Why, where's this
wine and victuals?

Who waits there?

Serv. [Within.] Sir, 'tis coming.

Hengo. Who are these, uncle?

Car. They are Romans, boy.

Hengo. Are these they
That vex mine aunt so? can these fight? they
look

Like empty scabbards all, no mettle in 'em;

² *Hang up poor pilchers?*] This confirms the explanations given in vol. II. p. 69, and vol. III. p. 179, in opposition to that of Mr Reed, from Warburton's Notes on Shakspeare. A *pilcher*, or *pilchard*, is a small fish resembling a herring.

Like men of clouts, set to keep crows from orchards :

Why, I dare fight with these.

Enter Servants with victuals and wine, and set out a table.

Car. That's my good chicken!—And how do ye?

How do ye feel your stomachs?

Judas. Wond'rous apt, sir;

As shall appear when time calls.

Car. That's well; down with't.

A little grace will serve your turns. Eat softly!
You'll choke, ye knaves, else.—Give 'em wine!

Judas. Not yet, sir;

We are even a little busy.

Hengo. Can that fellow

Do any thing but eat?—Thou fellow!

Judas. Away, boy;

Away; this is no boy's play.

Hengo. By Heaven, uncle,

If his valour lie in's teeth, he's the most valiant.

Car. I am glad to hear you talk, sir.

Hengo. Good uncle, tell me,

What's the price of a couple of cramm'd Romans?

Car. Some twenty Britons, boy; these are good soldiers.

Hengo. Do not the cowards eat hard too?

Car. No more, boy.—

Come, I'll sit with you too.—Sit down by me, boy.

Judas. Pray bring your dish then.

Car. Hearty knaves!—More meat there.

1 Sold. That's a good hearing.

Car. Stay now, and pledge me.

Judas. This little piece, sir.

Car. By Heaven,³ square eaters!—
More meat, I say!—Upon my conscience,
The poor rogues have not eat this month! how
terribly
They charge upon their victuals!—Dare ye fight
thus?

Judas. Believe it, sir, like devils.

Car. Well said, Famine!

Here's to thy general.

[*Drinks.*

Judas. Most excellent captain,

I will now pledge thee.

Car. And to-morrow night, say to him,
His head is mine.

Judas. I can assure you, captain,
He will not give it for this washing.

Car. Well said.

Enter the Daughters on the Platform.

1 *Daugh.* Here's a strange entertainment: How
the thieves drink!

2 *Daugh.* Danger is dry; they look'd for colder
liquor.

Car. Fill 'em more wine; give 'em full bowls.—
Which of you all now,

In recompence of this good, dare but give me
A sound knock in the battle?

Judas. Delicate captain,
To do thee a sufficient recompence,
I'll knock thy brains out.

Car. Do it.

Hengo. Thou darest as well be damn'd! Thou
knock his brains out?

³ *By Heaven, square eaters!* Like most other asseverations in this play, this is only indicated by a dash in the folios. *Square*, in the sense of strong, stout, is still used in the common phrase—
a square fellow.

Thou skin of man?—Uncle, I will not hear this.

Judas. Tie up your whelp.

Hengo. Thou kill my uncle? Would I
Had but a sword for thy sake, thou dried dog!

Car. What a mettle
This little vermin carries!

Hengo. Kill mine uncle?

Car. He shall not, child.

Hengo. He cannot; he's a rogue,
An only eating rogue! kill my sweet uncle?
Oh, that I were a man!

Judas. By this wine, which I
Will drink to Captain Junius, who loves
The queen's most excellent majesty's little daugh-
ter

Most sweetly, and most fearfully, I will do it.

Hengo. Uncle, I'll kill him with a great pin.

Car. No more, boy!—

I'll pledge thy captain. To ye all, good fellows!
[*Drinks.*

2 *Daugh.* In love with me? that love shall cost
your lives all.—

Come, sister, and advise me; I have here
A way to make an easy conquest of 'em,
If fortune favour me. [*Exeunt Daughters.*

Car. Let's see you sweat
To-morrow blood and spirit, boys, this wine
Turn'd to stern valour.

1 *Sold.* Hark you, Judas;
If he should hang us after all this?

Judas. Let him:

I'll hang like a gentleman, and a Roman.

Car. Take away there;
They have enough. [*The table removed.*

Judas. Captain, we thank you heartily
For your good cheer; and if we meet to-morrow,

One of us pays for't.

Car. Get 'em guides; their wine
Has over-master'd 'em.

Enter Second Daughter with a letter, and a Servant.

2 *Daugh.* That hungry fellow
With the red beard⁴ there, give it him, and this,
To see it well deliver'd.

Car. Farewell, knaves!
Speak nobly of us; keep your words to-morrow,
And do something worthy your meat.—

Enter a Guide.

Go, guide 'em.
And see 'em fairly onward.

Judas. Meaning me, sir?

Serv. The same.

The youngest daughter to the queen entreats you
To give this privately to Captain Junius;
This for your pains!

Judas. I rest her humble servant;
Commend me to thy lady.—Keep your files, boys.

Serv. I must instruct you further.

Judas. Keep your files there!

Order, sweet friends; faces about now.⁵

Guide. Here, sir;

Here lies your way.

Judas. Bless the founders, I say!⁶
Fairly, good soldiers, fairly march now; close,
boys!

[*Exeunt.*

⁴ *With the red beard.*] Judas, in old paintings, was generally exhibited with a red beard.

⁵ *Faces about.*] See vol. II. p. 262.

⁶ *Bless the founders, I say.*] See vol. II. p. 8, 259.

SCENE IV.

The Roman Camp.

*Enter Suetonius, Petillius, Demetrius,
Decius, and Macer.*

Suet. Bid me be wise, and keep me where I am,
And so be safe? not come, because commanded?
Was it not thus?

Macer. It was, sir.

Pet. What now think you?

Suet. *Must* come so heinous to him, so distasteful?

Pet. Give me my money.

Dem. I confess 'tis due, sir,
And presently I'll pay it.

Suet. His obedience
So blind at his years and experience,
It cannot find where to be tender'd?

Macer. Sir,
The regiment was willing, and advanced too,
The captains at all points steel'd up; their preparations

Full of resolve and confidence; youth and fire,
Like the fair breaking of a glorious day,
Gilded their phalanx; when the angry Penius
Stept like a stormy cloud 'twixt them and hopes.

Suet. And stopt their resolutions?

Macer. True; his reason
To them was odds, and odds so infinite,
Discretion durst not look upon.

Suet. Well, Penius,

I cannot think thee coward yet; and treacherous
I dare not think; thou hast lopt a limb off from
me;

And let it be thy glory, thou wast stubborn,
Thy wisdom, that thou left'st thy general naked!
Yet, ere the sun set, I shall make thee see
All valour dwells not in thee, all command
In one experience. Thou wilt too late repent
this,
And wish "I *must* come up" had been thy blessing.

Pet. Let's force him.

Suet. No, by no means; he's a torrent
We cannot easily stem.

Pet. I think, a traitor.

Suet. No ill words! let his own shame first re-
vile him.—

That wine I have, see it, Demetrius,
Distributed amongst the soldiers,
To make 'em high and lusty; when that's done,
Petillius, give the word through, that the eagles
May presently advance; no man discover,
Upon his life, the enemies' full strength,
But make it of no value. Decius,
Are your starved people yet come home?

Dec. I hope so.

Suet. Keep 'em in more obedience: This is no
time

To chide, I could be angry else, and say more to
you;

But come, let's order all. Whose sword is sharpest,
And valour equal to his sword this day,
Shall be my saint.

Pet. We shall be holy all then.

[*Exeunt all but DECIVS.*]

Enter JUDAS and his Company.

Judas. Captain, captain, I have brought 'em off again;

The drunkenest slaves!

Dec. Pox confound your rogueships!

I'll call the general, and have ye hang'd all.

Judas. Pray who will you command then?

Dec. For you, sirrah,

That are the ringleader to these devices,

Whose maw is never cramm'd, I'll have an engine—

Judas. A wench, sweet captain.

Dec. Sweet Judas, even the forks,

Where you shall have two lictors with two whips
Hammer your hide.

Judas. Captain, good words, fair words,
Sweet words, good captain; if you like not us,
Farewell! we have employment.

Dec. Where hast thou been?

Judas. There where you dare not be, with all
your valour.

Dec. Where's that?

Judas. With the best good fellow living.

1 Sold. The king of all good fellows.

Dec. Who's that?

Judas. Caratach.

Shake now, and say, we have done something
worthy!

Mark me, with Caratach; by this light,⁷ Caratach!
Do you as much now, an you dare.—Sweet Caratach!

⁷ By this — Caratach.] The modern editors fill up the gap with *Heaven*; but as I do not recollect the phrase—*by this heaven* I have substituted an asseveration more common.

You talk of a good fellow, of true drinking;
Well, go thy ways, old Caratach!—Besides the
drink, captain,

The bravest running banquet of black puddings,
Pieces of glorious beef——

Dec. How 'scaped ye hanging?

Judas. Hanging's a dog's death, we are gentlemen;

And I say still, old Caratach!

Dec. Belike then,

You are turn'd rebels all.

Judas. We are Roman boys all,
And boys of mettle. I must do that, captain,
This day, this very day——

Dec. Away, ye rascal!

Judas. Fair words, I say again!

Dec. What must you do, sir?

Judas. I must do that my heart-strings yearn to
do;

But my word's past.

Dec. What is it?

Judas. Why, kill Caratach.
That's all he ask'd us for our entertainment.

Dec. More than you'll pay.

Judas. 'Would I had sold myself
Unto the skin I had not promised it!
For such another Caratach——

Dec. Come, fool,

Have you done your country service?

Judas. I have brought that
To captain Junius——

Dec. How?

Judas. I think will do all;
I cannot tell; I think so

Dec. How! to Junius?

I'll more enquire of this.—You'll fight now?

Judas. Promise,

Take heed of promise, captain !

Dec. Away, and rank then.

Judas. But, hark you, captain ; there is wine
distributing ;

I would fain know what share I have.

Dec. Be gone ;

You have too much.

Judas. Captain, no wine, no fighting :
There's one called Caratach that has wine.

Dec. Well, sir,

If you'll be ruled now, and do well——

Judas. Do excellent.

Dec. You shall have wine, or any thing. Go
file ;

I'll see you have your share. Drag out your dormice,

And stow 'em somewhere, where they may sleep
handsomely ;

They'll hear a hunts-up shortly.*

Judas. Now I love thee ;

But no more forks nor whips !

Dec. Deserve 'em not then.

Up with your men ; I'll meet you presently ;

And get 'em sober quickly. *[Exit.*

Judas. Arm, arm, bullies !

All's right again and straight ; and, which is more,
More wine, more wine. Awake, ye men of Memphis,

Be sober and discreet ; we have much to do, boys.

[Exeunt.]

* A hunts-up.] See vol. V. p. 37.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Temple of the Druids.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare there for the sacrifice ! the queen comes.

Music. Enter in solemnity the Druids singing,⁹ the second Daughter strewing flowers ; then BONDUCA, CARATACH, NENNIUS, and others.

Bond. Ye powerful gods of Britain, hear our prayers ;
Hear us, ye great revengers ; and this day

⁹ In Mr Colman's alteration of the present tragedy, he introduces in this place the following song, which, though probably very unlike to that which was sung at the original representation, is here subjoined :

*Hear us, great Ruguith, hear our prayers !
Defend, defend thy British isle,
Revive our hopes, disperse our fears,
Nor let thy altars be the Roman spoil !*

*Descend, ye powers divine, descend
In chariots of etherial flame,
And touch the altars you defend !
Oh save our nation and our name !*

*Hear us, ye gods of Britain, hear us this day :
Let us not fall the Roman eagle's prey !
Clip, clip their wings, or chase them home,
And check the towering pride of Rome.*

Take pity from our swords, doubt from our valours ;

Double the sad remembrance of our wrongs
In every breast ; the vengeance due to those
Make infinite and endless ! On our pikes
This day pale Terror sit, horrors and ruins
Upon our executions ; claps of thunder
Hang on our armed carts ; and 'fore our troops
Despair and Death ; Shame beyond these attend
'em !

Rise from the dust, ye relics of the dead,
Whose noble deeds our holy Druids sing ;
Oh, rise, ye valiant bones ! let not base earth
Oppress your honours, whilst the pride of Rome
Treads on your stocks, and wipes out all your
stories !

Nen. Thou great Tiranes,^{*} whom our sacred
priests,

Armed with dreadful thunder, place on high
Above the rest of the immortal gods,
Send thy consuming fires and deadly bolts,
And shoot 'em home ; stick in each Roman heart
A fear fit for confusion ; blast their spirits,
Dwell in 'em to destruction ; through their phalanx

Strike, as thou strikest a proud tree ; shake their
bodies,

^{*} *Thou great Tiranes.*] Thus wrote our authors, though the antiquarians of latter days have not followed their example.

Mr Sammes, in his *Britannia Antiqua Illustrata*, calls this god *Taramis* : Toland, in his *Remains*, *Taramis* or *Taranis*, but Mr Baxter allows neither the one or the other. *Jupiter Tonans verò sive Tanarus Lucano Taranis Gallorum lingua dicitur. Nam vitiosum esse Taramis, Britannorum hodierna lingua clarissimo est argumento, cui Tonitrua dicuntur Taranæ, ut sit singulari numero Taran. Vid. Glossar. Antiq. Britannic. in voc. Tanarus.* From so great a choice of names as I have here served up, the reader may take which pleases him best. *Simpson.*

Make their strengths totter, and their topless*
fortunes

Unroot, and reel to ruin!

1 *Daugh.* Oh, thou god,
Thou feared god, if ever to thy justice
Insulting wrongs, and ravishments of women,
(Women derived from thee) their shames, the
sufferings

Of those that daily fill'd thy sacrifice
With virgin incense, have access, now hear me!
Now snatch thy thunder up, now on these Ro-
mans,

Despisers of thy power, of us defacers,
Revenge thyself; take to thy killing anger,
To make thy great work full, thy justice spoken,
An utter rooting from this blessed isle
Of what Rome is or has been!

Bond. Give me more incense!

The gods are deaf and drowsy, no happy flame
Rises to raise our thoughts. Pour on.

2 *Daugh.* See, Heaven,
And all you powers that guide us, see and shame,
We kneel so long for pity. O'er your altars,
Since 'tis no light oblation that you look for,
No incense-offering, will I hang mine eyes;
And as I wear these stones with hourly weeping,
So will I melt your powers into compassion.
This tear for Prosutagus my brave father;

* *Their topless fortunes.*] This epithet is by no means agreeable to the context; probably we should read *sapless*.—Ed. 1778.

Topless is perfectly right, and means supreme, having nothing superior. For instance, in Marlow's Doctor Faustus, speaking of Helen, who appears to the magician by the magic contrivances of the devil Mephistophilus:

"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burnt the *topless* towers of Ilium?"

(Ye gods, now think on Rome!) this for my mother,
 And all her miseries; yet see, and save us!
 But now ye must be open-eyed. See, Heaven,
 Oh, see thy showers stolen from thee; our disho-
 hours,

Oh, sister, our dishonours! Can ye be gods,
 And these sins smother'd?

[*A smoke from the Altar.*

Bond. The fire takes.

Car. It does so,

But no flame rises. Cease your fretful prayers,
 Your whinings, and your tame petitions;
 The gods love courage arm'd with confidence,
 And prayers fit to pull them down: Weak tears
 And troubled hearts, the dull twins of cold spirits,
 They sit and smile at. Hear how I salute 'em:—

[*Kneels.*

Divine Andate,³ thou who hold'st the reins
 Of furious battles, and disorder'd war,
 And proudly roll'st thy swarty⁴ chariot-wheels
 Over the heaps of wounds and carcasses,
 Sailing through seas of blood; thou sure-steel'd
 sternness,

³ *Divine Andate.*] The real name of this goddess, says Mr Baxter, from Xiphilin, is not *Andate*, but *Andrasta*; and so I have ventured to alter the text.

Simpson.

Whether the real name of the goddess was *Andate* or *Andrasta*, there can be little doubt but that the authors wrote *Andate*; and therefore it is scarce warrantable to alter it. We cannot but observe, that Mr Gloyer, who wrote a tragedy on this story, follows the authors in their name of the goddess, act I. scene I.—

“May stern *Andate*, war's victorious goddess,
 Again resign me to your impious rage,
 If e'er I blot my sufferings from remembrance.” *Reed.*

Dr Fisher, in his pedantic tragedy, entitled *Fuimus Troes*, calls the goddess by the same name as Fletcher.

⁴ *Swarty.*] That is, black; not brown inclining to black, as Steevens explains *swart*.

Give us this day good hearts, good enemies,
Good blows o' both sides, wounds that fear or
flight

Can claim no share in; steel us both with angers
And warlike executions fit thy viewing;
Let Rome put on her best strength, and thy Bri-
tain,

Thy little Britain, but as great in fortune,
Meet her as strong as she, as proud, as daring!
And then look on, thou red-eyed god;⁵ who does
best,

Reward with honour; who despair makes fly,
Unarm for ever, and brand with infamy!
Grant this, divine Andate! 'tis but justice;
And my first blow thus on thy holy altar
I sacrifice unto thee.

[*A flame arises.*

Bond. It flames out.

[*Music.*

Car. Now sing, ye Druides.⁶

[*Song.*⁷

⁵ *Thou red-eyed god.*] As the Greeks use *Θεός*, and the Latins *Deus*, both for god and goddess; so our poets here have taken the same liberty, and call *Andrasta red-eyed god*, though she was really a goddess.

Sympson.

Caratach does not address *Andate* any where as a goddess, but alludes to a god in a very distinct manner three several times.—
“*He has given us leave to fight.*”—“*Tempt him no more.*”—
“*His hidden meaning.*”—This makes it more than probable that *Fletcher* was not very accurately skilled in the British mythology.

⁶ *Druides.*] The poets uniformly pronounce and spell this as a trisyllable.

⁷ The following is the song *Mr Colman* here introduces, which, it must be confessed, is very unhappily conceived: The allusion to a modern song in the penultimate line is even ludicrous:

Duet—*To arms, to arms! your ensigns strait display;
Now, now, now, set the battle in array.*

*The oracle for war declares;
Success depends upon our hearts and spears.*

Chorus—*Britons, strike home! revenge your country's wrongs;
Fight, and record yourselves in Druids' songs.*

Bond. 'Tis out again.

Car. He has given us leave to fight yet ; we ask
no more ;

The rest hangs in our resolutions :

Tempt him no more.

Bond. I would know further, cousin.

Car. His hidden meaning dwells in our endeavours,

Our valours are our best gods. Chear the soldier,
And let him eat.

Mess. He's at it, sir.

Car. Away then ;

When he has done, let's march.—Come, fear not,
lady ;

This day the Roman gains no more ground here,
But what his body lies in.

Bond. Now I'm confident.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Recorders*^s playing.]

SCENE II.

The Roman Camp.

Enter JUNIUS, CURIUS, and DECIUS.

Dec. We dare not hazard it ; beside our lives,
It forfeits all our understandings.

Jun. Gentlemen,

^s *Recorders.*] It has been already noticed, that a recorder, though properly an instrument similar to a flageolet, was often confounded with a flute.

Can ye forsake me in so just a service,
 A service for the commonwealth, for honour?
 Read but the letter; you may love too.

Dec. Read it.

If there be any safety in the circumstance,
 Or likelihood 'tis love, we will not fail you:
 Read it, good Curius.

Cur. Willingly.

Jun. Now mark it.

Cur. [*Reading.*] "Health to thy heart, my honour'd Junius,

And all thy love requited! I am thine,
 Thine everlastingly; thy love has won me;
 And let it breed no doubt, our new acquaintance
 Compels this; 'tis the gods' decree to bless us.
 The times are dangerous to meet, yet fail not;
 By all the love thou bear'st me I conjure thee,
 Without distrust of danger, to come to me!
 For I have purposed a delivery
 Both of myself and fortune this bless'd day
 Into thy hands, if thou think'st good. To shew
 thee

How infinite my love is, even my mother
 Shall be thy prisoner, the day yours without hazard;

For I beheld your danger like a lover,
 A just affecter of thy faith: Thy goodness,
 I know, will use us nobly; and our marriage,
 If not redeem,⁹ yet lessen Rome's ambition;

⁹ *Redeem*.] Probably we should read, *reclaim*. In this place, *redeem* is hardly sense.—Ed. 1778.

The old text does not require alteration, as it affords the following sufficiently simple meaning—"Our marriage may lessen, if not *redeem*, the evils which would fall upon Britain by the ambition of Rome."

I am weary of these miseries. Use my mother
(If you intend to take her) with all honour;
And let this disobedience to my parent
Be laid on love, not me. Bring with thee, Junius,
Spirits resolved to fetch me off, the noblest,
Forty will serve the turn, just at the joining
Of both the battles; we will be weakly guarded,
And for a guide, within this hour, shall reach
thee

A faithful friend of mine. The gods, my Junius,
Keep thee, and me to serve thee! Young Bon-
vica."——

This letter carries much belief, and most objec-
tions

Answer'd,⁹ we must have doubted.

Dec. Is that fellow

Come to you for a guide yet?

Jun. Yes.

Dec. And examined?

Jun. Far more than that; he has felt tortures,
yet

He vows he knows no more than this truth.

Dec. Strange!

Cur. If she mean what she writes, as it may be
probable,

'Twill be the happiest vantage we can lean to.

Jun. I'll pawn my soul she means truth.

⁹ ——— and most objections

Answer'd, we must have doubted.] After all the superfluous conjectures offered by Seward and the last editors, the passage has the precise meaning which the latter wished to produce by inserting the word *that* before *we must have doubted*. This monosyllable, as well as *are*, is understood, and these ellipses are so common in all old writers, that instances are needless. What would become of Milton's metre, were every word supplied which he expected his readers to understand without putting it down?

Dec. Think an hour more;
Then, if your confidence grow stronger on you,
We'll set in with you.

Jun. Nobly done! I thank ye.
Ye know the time.

Cur. We will be either ready
To give you present counsel, or join with you.

*Enter Suetonius, Petillius, Demetrius, and
Macer.*

Jun. No more, as ye are gentlemen. The general!

Suet. Draw out apace; the enemy waits for us.
Are ye all ready?

Jun. All our troops attend, sir,

Suet. I am glad to hear you say so, Junius:
I hope you are dispossest'd.

Jun. I hope so too, sir.

Suet. Continue so. And, gentlemen, to you now!

To bid you fight is needless; ye are Romans,
The name will fight itself: To tell ye who
You go to fight against, his power, and nature,
But loss of time; ye know it,* know it poor,

* Yet *know it.*] Mr Theobald, Mr Seward, and myself, all concurred in this slight alteration of the text: Not that I should have taken notice of so small a matter, but out of a desire that the world should know the very minutest thing that Mr Theobald had done in his intended edition of our authors. *Sympton.*

Very kind to Mr Theobald's memory indeed! and very honourable to themselves! since the word *YE* is not an "alteration of the text," but the lection of the old books. For an account of other falsehoods in the annotations on this play, see page 74.—Ed. 1778.

The oldest folio reads as in the text, the corruption so ingeniously corrected occurs in the second.

And oft have made it so : To tell ye further,
 His body shews more dreadful than it has done,
 To him that fears less possible to deal with,
 Is but to stick more honour on your actions,
 Load ye with virtuous names, and to your me-
 mories

Tie never-dying Time and Fortune constant.
 Go on in full assurance ! draw your swords
 As daring and as confident as justice ;
 The gods of Rome fight for ye ; loud Fame calls ye,
 Pitch'd on the topless Apennine,² and blows

* ——— loud fame calls ye,

Pitch'd on the topless Apennine, and blows

To all the under-world, all nations,

The seas, and unfrequented deserts, where the snow dwells ;

Wakens the ruin'd monuments, and there

Where nothing but eternal death and sleep is,

Informs again the dead bones. With your virtues,

Go on, I say : Valiant and wise, rule Heaven,

And all the great aspects attend 'em. Do but blow

Upon this enemy, who, but that we want foes, &c.] So run the former editions.—The words, *where the snow dwells*, seem by some accident to have got out of their place. Their transposition, the new arrangement of the verses, and punctuation, we hope will be allowed to throw new beauties on the passage. The abolition of the period after the word *dead bones* is also recommended by Mr Seward in his preface.—Ed. 1778.

Amongst the other beautiful alterations in this speech claimed by the last editors, they thus amend this passage :—

“ Valiant and wise rule Heaven, and all the great

Aspects ; attend 'em, do but,” &c.

Surely the old regulation of the pointing is sufficiently plain,—
 “ The valiant and wise rule heaven, and all the great aspects attend them,” i. e. the valiant and wise.

The first folio reads, *Perinine*. I must own that I cannot see any improvement in the poetical beauties of this speech, by removing the words, *where the snow dwells*, from their present position, and placing them after *the topless Apennine*. Did not the editors know, or recollect, that eternal snow dwells on “ unfre-

To all the under-world, all nations,
The seas and unfrequented deserts, where the
snow dwells ;

Wakens the ruin'd monuments ; and there,
Where nothing but eternal death and sleep is,
Informs again the dead bones with your virtues.
Go on, I say : Valiant and wise rule Heaven,
And all the great aspects³ attend 'em : Do but
blow

Upon this enemy, who, but that we want foes,
Cannot deserve that name ; and like a mist,
A lazy fog, before your burning valours
You'll find him fly to nothing. This is all,
We have swords, and are the sons of ancient Ro-
mans,

Heirs to their endless valours ; fight and conquer !

Dec. Dem. 'Tis done.

Pet. That man that loves not this day,
And hugs not in his arms the noble danger,
May he die fameless and forgot !

Suet. Sufficient !

Up to your troops, and let your drums beat
thunder ;

March close and sudden, like a tempest : All
executions [*March.*

Done without sparkling⁴ of the body ; keep your
phalanx

quented deserts" in Lapland and Siberia ? As to the improve-
ment of the metre, the reader is referred back to their edition ;
but one line may serve as a specimen—

" But eternal death and sleep is, informs again.

³ *Aspects.*] This is an allusion to judicial astronomy. In all
the old plays the accent on the word *aspect* is laid on the last
syllable. *Mason.*

⁴ *Sparkling.*] i. e. *Scattering.* See vol. III. p. 374.

Sure lined, and pieced together, your pikes forward,
And so march like a moving fort. Ere this day
run,
We shall have ground to add to Rome, well won.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The open Country between the Camps.

Enter CARATACH and NENNIUS.

Nen. The Roman is advanced ; from yond' hill's
brow

We may behold him, Caratach.

Car. Let's thither ;

[*Drums within at one place afar off.*

I see the dust fly. Now I see the body.

Observe 'em, Nennius ; by Heaven, a handsome
body,

And, of a few, strongly and wisely jointed !
Suetonius is a soldier.

Nen. As I take it,
That's he that gallops by the regiments,
Viewing their preparations.

Car. Very likely ;

He shews no less than general. See how bravely
The body moves, and in the head how proudly
The captains stick like plumes ; he comes apace on.
Good Nennius, go, and bid my stout lieutenant
Bring on the first square body to oppose 'em,
And, as he charges, open to enclose 'em ;

The queen move next with hers, and wheel about,
To gain their backs, in which I'll lead the van-
guard.

We shall have bloody crowns this day, I see by't.
Haste thee, good Nennius ; I'll follow instantly.

[Exit NENNIUS.

How close they march, as if they grew together,
[March.

No place but lined alike, sure from oppression !
They will not change this figure ; we must charge
'em,

And charge 'em home at both ends, van and rear ;
[Drums in another place afar off.

They never totter else. I hear our music,
And must attend it. Hold, good sword, but this
day,

And bite hard where I hound thee ! and hereafter
I'll make a relic of thee, for young soldiers
To come like pilgrims to, and kiss for conquests.
[Exit.

SCENE IV.

In front of the Roman Camp.

Enter JUNIUS, CURIUS, and DECIUS.

Jun. Now is the time ; the fellow stays.

Dec. What think ye ?

Cur. I think 'tis true.

Jun. Alas, if 'twere a question,
If any doubt or hazard fell into't,
Do ye think mine own discretion so self-blind,
My care of ye so naked, to run headlong ?

Dec. Let's take Petillius with us !

Jun. By no means ;

He's never wise but to himself, nor courteous,
But where the end's his own : We are strong
enough,

If not too many. Behind yonder hill,
The fellow tells me, she attends, weak guarded ;
Her mother and her sister.

Cur. I would venture.

Jun. We shall not strike five blows for't.

Weigh the good,
The general good may come.

Dec. Away ! I'll with ye ;

But with what doubt——

Jun. Fear not ! my soul for all !

[*Exeunt. Alarms, drums and trumpets in several places afar off, as at a main battle.*]

SCENE V.

*Near the Field of Battle. In the Back-ground the
Tent of Penius, with a Platform.⁵*

Enter DRUSIUS and PENIUS above.

Drus. Here you may see them all, sir ; from
this hill

The country shews off level.

Pen. Gods*defend me,

⁵ This stage-direction appears very awkward ; but it is evident that Drusius and Penius stood, during the whole scene, upon a raised platform, either at the back or on one of the sides of the stage.

Excellent valours! oh, Rome, where's thy wisdom?

Drus. They are gone indeed, sir.

Pen. Look out toward the army;
I am heavy with these slaughters.

Drus. 'Tis the same still,
Cover'd with dust and fury.

*Enter the two Daughters, with JUNIUS, CURIUS,
DECIUS, Soldiers, and Servants.*

2 Daugh. Bring 'em in;
Tie 'em, and then unarm 'em.

1 Daugh. Valiant Romans,
Ye are welcome to your loves!

2 Daugh. Your death, fools!

Dec. We deserve 'em;
And, women, do your worst.

1 Daugh. Ye need not beg it.

2 Daugh. Which is kind Junius?

Serv. This.

2 Daugh. Are you my sweetheart?
It looks ill on't! How long is't, pretty soul,
Since you and I first loved? Had we not reason
To dote extremely upon one another?
How does my love? This is not he; my chicken
Could prate finely, sing a love-song.

Jun. Monster——

2 Daugh. Oh, now it courts!

Jun. Arm'd with more malice
Than he that got thee has, the devil.

2 Daugh. Good!
Proceed, sweet chick.

Jun. I hate thee; that's my last.

2 Daugh. Nay, an you love me, forward!—

No?—Come, sister,
Let's prick our answers on our arrows' points,

And make 'em laugh a little. Ye damn'd lechers,
Ye proud improvident fools, have we now caught
ye?

Are ye i'th' noose? Since ye are such loving crea-
tures,

We'll be your Cupids: Do ye see these arrows?
We'll send them to your wanton livers, goats.

1 *Daugh.* Oh, how I'll trample on your hearts,
ye villains,

Ambitious salt-itch'd slaves, Rome's master-sins!
The mountain-rams tupt your hot mothers.

2 *Daugh.* Dogs,
To whose brave founders a salt whore gave suck!
Thieves, honour's hangmen, do ye grin? Perdition
Take me for ever, if in my fell anger,⁶
I do not out-do all example.

Enter CARATACH.

Car. Where,
Where are these ladies?—Ye keep noble quarter!
Your mother thinks you dead or taken, upon which
She will not move her battle.—Sure these faces
I have beheld and known; they are Roman lead-
ers!

⁶ *My self-anger.] Fell*, as I have corrected the text, and as
Mr Seward likewise reads, is undoubtedly the genuine lection.

Sympton.

Sympton may be credited in the assertion that *FELL* is "undoubtedly the genuine lection," though not in the other, that he has "corrected the text;" since the first folio reads *FELL*, not *SELF*!—In the same style, he tells us, that he and Seward joined in making Suetonius (p. 77, line 20,) speak of *Honour's golden FACE*, instead of *FATE*, when the first folio exhibits *FACE*!—And also, that "the other copies" make Caratach say to Hengo, (p. 80, line 17,) *THE fortune's mine*, and he and Seward "agreed in correcting the place," by altering *THE* to *THY*; though the first folio reads *THY*!—Ed. 1778.

How came they here?

2 *Daugh.* A trick, sir, that we used ;
A certain policy conducted 'em
Unto our snare: We have done you no small service.

These used as we intend, we are for the battle.

Car. As you intend? Taken by treachery?

1 *Daugh.* Is't not allow'd?

Car. Those that should gild our conquest,
Make up a battle worthy of our winning,
Catch'd up by craft?

2 *Daugh.* By any means that's lawful.

Car. A woman's wisdom in our triumphs? Out!
Out, [out,] ye sluts,⁹ ye follies! From our swords
Filch our revenges basely?—Arm again, gentlemen!—

Soldiers, I charge ye help 'em.

2 *Daugh.* By Heaven, uncle,
We will have vengeance for our rapes!

Car. By Heaven,
Ye should have kept your legs close then.—Dispatch there!

1 *Daugh.* I will not off thus!

Car. He that stirs to execute,
Or she, though it be yourselves, by him that got me,
Shall quickly feel mine anger! One great day
given us,
Not to be snatch'd out of our hands but basely,
And must we shame the gods from whence we
have it,
With setting snares for soldiers? I'll run away
first,

⁹ Out, ye sluts.] We have added the word *out* here, which we have no doubt was dropt by the compositor or transcriber.—Ed.
1778.

Be hooted at, and children call me coward,
Before I set up stales for victories.¹
Give 'em their swords.

2 *Daugh.* Oh, Gods !

Car. Bear off the women
Unto their mother !

2 *Daugh.* One shot, gentle uncle !

Car. One cut her fiddle-string !—Bear 'em off, I
say.

1 *Daugh.* The devil take this fortune !

Car. Learn to spin, [*Exeunt Daughters.*]
And curse your knotted hemp !—Go, gentlemen,
Safely go off, up to your troops ; be wiser ;
There thank me like tall soldiers : I shall seek ye.
[*Exit with Soldiers, &c.*]

Cur. A noble worth !

Dec. Well, Junius ?

Jun. Pray ye, no more !

Cur. He blushes ; do not load him.

Dec. Where's your love now ?

[*Drums loud again.*]

Jun. Puff ! there it flies. Come, let's redeem
our follies.

[*Exeunt JUNIUS, CURIUS, and DECIUS.*]

Drus. Awake, sir ; yet the Roman body's whole ;
I see 'em clear again.

Pen. Whole ? 'tis not possible ;
Drusius, they must be lost.

Drus. By Heaven, they are whole, sir,
And in brave doing ; see, they wheel about
To gain more ground.

Pen. But see there, Drusius, see,
See that huge battle moving from the mountains !
Their gilt coats shine like dragons' scales, their
march

¹ *Set up scales for victories.*] Amended in 1750.

Like a rough tumbling storm; see 'em, and view
'em,

And then see Rome no more. Say they fail, look,
Look where the armed carts stand; a new army!
Look how they hang like falling rocks, as murder-
ing!

Death rides in triumph, Drusius, fell Destruction
Lashes his fiery horse, and round about him
His many thousand ways to let out souls.

Move me again when they charge, when the
mountain

Melts under their hot wheels, and from their
ax'trees

Huge claps of thunder plough the ground before
'em!

Till then, I'll dream what Rome was.

*Enter Suetonius, Petillius, Demetrius,
Macer, and Soldiers.*

Suet. Oh, bravely fought!
Honour 'till now ne'er shew'd her golden face
I'the field: Like lions, gentlemen, you have held
Your heads up this day. Where's young Junius,
Curius, and Decius?

Pet. Gone to heaven, I think, sir.

Suet. Their worths go with 'em! Breathe a while.
How do ye?

Pet. Well; some few scurvy wounds; my
heart's whole yet.

Dem. 'Would they would give us more ground!

Suet. Give? we'll have it.

Pet. Have it? and hold it too, despite the devil.

Enter JUNIUS, DECIUS, and CURIUS.

Jun. Lead up to th' head, and line sure! The
queen's battle
Begins to charge like wildfire. Where's the ge-
neral?

Suet. Oh, they are living yet.—Come, my brave
soldiers,
Come, let me pour Rome's blessing on ye: Live,
Live, and lead armies all! Ye bleed hard.

Jun. Best;
We shall appear the sterner to the foe.

Dec. More wounds, more honour.

Pet. Lose no time.

Suet. Away then;
And stand this shock, ye have stood the world.

Pet. We'll grow to't.
Is not this better now than lousy loving?

Jun. I am myself, Petillius.

Pet. 'Tis I love thee.² [*Exeunt Romans.*]

*Enter BONDUCA, CARATACH, Daughters, NEN-
NIUS, and Soldiers.*

Car. Charge 'em i' th' flanks! Oh, you have
play'd the fool,
The fool extremely, the mad fool!

Bond. Why, cousin?

Car. The woman fool! Why did you give the
word

² 'Tis I love thee.] So the former copies. Mr Seward and my-
self agreed in filling up the deficiency of the sense by the insertion
of now into the present text. *Sympson.*

They read, 'Tis now I love thee; but the former copies are
right, as Petillius means to oppose his love to that of Bonvica.—
Ed. 1778.

Unto the carts to charge down, and our people,
In gross before the enemy? We pay for't;
Our own swords cut our throats! Why, pox on't!
Why do you offer to command? The devil,
The devil, and his dam too! who bid you
Meddle in men's affairs?

Bond. I'll help all. [*Exeunt all but CARATACH.*

Car. Home,

Home and spin, woman, spin, go spin! you trifle.
Open before there, or all's ruin'd!—How?

[*Shouts within.*

Now comes the tempest on ourselves, by Heaven!

Within. Victoria!

Car. Oh, woman, scurvy woman, beastly woman!
[*Exit.*

Drus. Victoria, victoria!

Pen. How's that, Drusius?

Drus. They win, they win, they win! Oh, look,
look, look, sir,

For Heaven's sake, look! The Britons fly, the
Britons fly! Victoria!

Enter SÜETONIUS, Soldiers, and Captains.

Suet. Soft, soft, pursue it soft, excellent soldiers!

Close, my brave fellows, honourable Romans!
Oh, cool thy mettle, Junius; they are ours,
The world cannot redeem 'em: Stern Petillius,
Govern the conquest nobly. Soft, good soldiers!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter BONDUCA, Daughters, and Britons flying.

Bond. Shame! whither fly ye, ye unlucky Britons?

Will ye creep into your mothers' wombs again?
Back, cowards!

Hares, fearful hares, doves in your angers! leave
me?

Leave your queen desolate? her hapless children
To Roman rape again, and fury?

Enter CARATACH and HENGO.

Car. Fly, ye buzzards!

Ye have wings enough, ye fear! Get thee gone,
woman, *[Loud shout within.]*

Shame tread upon thy heels! All's lost, all's lost!

Hark,

Hark how the Romans ring our knells!

[Exeunt BONDUCA, Daughters, &c.]

Hengo. Good uncle,

Let me go too.

Car. No, boy; thy fortune's mine;

I must not leave thee. Get behind me; shake not;
I'll breech you, if you do, boy.—

Enter PETILLIUS, JUNIUS, and DECIUS.

Come, brave Romans!

All is not lost yet.

Jun. Now I'll thank thee, Caratach.

[Fight. Drums.]

Car. Thou art a soldier; strike home, home!
have at you!

Pen. His blows fall like huge sledges on an
anvil.

Dec. I am weary.

Pet. So am I.

Car. Send more swords to me.

[Exeunt Britons.]

Jun. Let's sit and rest

[They sit down.]

Drus. What think you now ?

Pen. Oh, Drusius,

I have lost mine honour, lost my name,
Lost all that was my light: These are true Romans,
And I a Briton coward, a base coward !
Guide me where nothing is but desolation,
That I may never more behold the face
Of man, or mankind know me ! Oh, blind Fortune,
Hast thou abused me thus ?

Drus. Good sir, be comforted ;

It was your wisdom ruled you. Pray you go home ;
Your day is yet to come, when this great fortune
Shall be but foil unto it. [*Retreat.*

Pen. Fool, fool, coward !

[*Exeunt PENIUS and DRUSIUS into the Tent.*

Enter SUETONIUS, DEMETRIUS, Soldiers, drum and colours.

Suet. Draw in, draw in !—Well have you fought,
and worthy

Rome's noble recompense. Look to your wounds ;
The ground is cold and hurtful. The proud queen
Has got a fort, and there she and her daughters
Defy us once again : To-morrow morning
We'll seek her out, and make her know our for-
tunes

Stop at no stubborn walls.—Come, sons of Honour,
True Virtue's heirs, thus hatch'd with Britain
blood,

Let's march to rest, and set in gules like suns.³
Beat a soft march, and each one ease his neigh-
bours ! [*Exeunt.*

³ ——— *Thus hatch'd with Britain blood,*

Let's march to rest, and set in gules like suns.] The word *hatch'd* has already received sufficient explanation, (vol. II. 400, III. 370.) *Gules* is the heraldic term for *red*.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Roman Camp. The Tent of Junius.

*Enter PETILLIUS, JUNIUS, DECIUS, and
DEMETRIUS, singing.*

Pet. Smooth was his cheek,

Dec. And his chin it was sleek,

Jun. With, whoop, he has done wooing !

*Dem. Junius was this captain's name,
A lad for a lass's viewing.*

Pet. Full black his eye, and plump his thigh,

Dec. Made up for love's pursuing.

Dem. Smooth was his cheek,

Pet. And his chin it was sleek,

Jun. With, whoop, he has done wooing !

*Pet. Oh, my vex'd thief, art thou come home
again?*

Are thy brains perfect?

Jun. Sound as bells.

Pet. Thy back-worm

Quiet, and cast his sting, boy?

Jun. Dead, Petillius,

Dead to all folly, and now my anger only——

*Pet. Why, that's well said; hang Cupid and his
quiver,*

*A drunken brawling boy ! Thy honour'd saint
Be thy ten shillings, Junius; there's the money,*

And there's the ware ; square dealing : This but
sweats thee

Like a nesh nag,⁴ and makes thee look pin-but-
tock'd ;

The other runs thee whining up and down
Like a pig in a storm, fills thy brains full of ballads,
And shews thee like a long Lent, thy brave body
Turn'd to a tail of green fish without butter.

Dec. When thou lovest next, love a good cup of
wine,

A mistress for a king ! she leaps to kiss thee,
Her red and white's her own, she makes good blood,
Takes none away ; what she heats sleep can help,
Without a groping surgeon.

Jun. I am counsel'd ;
And henceforth, when I dote again——

Dem. Take heed ;
Ye had almost paid for't.

Pet. Love no more great ladies ;
Thou canst not step amiss then ; there's no delight
in 'em :

All's in the whistling of their snatcht-up silks ;
They're only made for handsome view, not hand-
ling ;

Their bodies of so weak and wash a temper,⁵
A rough-paced bed will shake them all to pieces ;
A tough hen pulls their teeth out, tires their souls ;
Plenæ rimarum sunt, they are full of rinnet,
And take the skin off where they're tasted : Shun
'em ;

⁴ *Like a nesh nag.*] *Nesh*, i. e. *tender, delicate*, from the *A. S.* *nesc, mollis, delicatus.*—*Sympson.*

⁵ *Their bodies of so weak and wash a temper.*] So in *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*—"Tis a *wash* knave, he will not keep his flesh well."

They live in cullisses,⁶ like rotten cocks,
Stew'd to a tenderness that holds no tack;
Give me a thing I may crush.

Jun. Thou speak'st truly:
The wars shall be my mistress now.

Pet. Well chosen!
For she's a bouncing lass; she'll kiss thee at night,
boy,
And break thy pate i' th' morning.

Jun. Yesterday
I found those favours infinite.

Dem. Wench good enough,
But that she talks too loud.

Pet. She talks to the purpose,
Which never woman did yet. She'll hold grapp-
ling,
And he that lays on best is her best servant;
All other loves are mere catching of dottrels,⁷
Stretching of legs out only, and trim laziness.
Here comes the general.

Enter SUTONIUS, CURIUS, and MACER.

Suet. I'm glad I have found ye:
Are those come in yet that pursued bold Caratach?

Pet. Not yet, sir, for I think they mean to lodge
him;
Take him I know they dare not, 'twill be danger-
ous.

⁶ *Cullisses.*] Cotgrave explains *coulis*, and *cullis*, or broth of boiled meat strained, "fit for a sicke or weake bodie."

⁷ *Mere catching of dottrels, stretching of legs out only.*] The dottrel is a foolish bird which apes the actions of the fowler; when he stretches out a leg, the bird does the same, and is therefore easily caught. See vol. II. p. 226.

Suet. Then haste, Petillius, haste to Penius :
I fear the strong conceit of what disgrace
He has pull'd upon himself, will be his ruin ;
I fear his soldiers' fury too : Haste presently ;
I would not lose him for all Britain. Give him,
Petillius——

Pet. That that shall choke him. [Aside.

Suet. All the noble counsel,
His fault forgiven too, his place, his honour——

Pet. For me, I think, as handsome—— [Aside.

Suet. All the comfort ;
And tell the soldier, 'twas on our command
He drew not to the battle.

Pet. I conceive, sir,
And will do that shall cure all.

Suet. Bring him with you
Before the queen's fort, and his forces with him ;
There you shall find us following of our conquest.
Make haste !

Pet. The best I may. [Exit.

Suet. And, noble gentlemen,
Up to your companies ! we'll presently
Upon the queen's pursuit. There's nothing done
Till she be seiz'd ; without her, nothing won.
[Exeunt. Short flourish.

SCENE II.

Open Country between the Camps.

Enter CARATACH and HENGO.

Car. How does my boy ?

Hengo. I would do well ; my heart's well ;
I do not fear.

Car. My good boy !

Hengo. I know, uncle,
We must all die ; my little brother died,
I saw him die, and he died smiling ; sure
There's no great pain in't, uncle. But pray tell me,
Whither must we go when we are dead ?

Car. Strange questions !—
Why, to the blesseddest place, boy—Ever-sweetness
And happiness dwells there.

Hengo. Will you come to me ?

Car. Yes, my sweet boy.

Hengo. Mine aunt too, and my cousins ?

Car. All, my good child.

Hengo. No Romans, uncle ?

Car. No, boy.

Hengo. I should be loth to meet them there.

Car. No ill men,
That live by violence, and strong oppression,
Come thither ; 'tis for those the gods love, good
men.

Hengo. Why, then, I care not when I go, for
surely
I am persuaded they love me : I never
Blasphemed 'em, uncle, nor transgressed my pa-
rents ;⁸
I always said my prayers.

Car. Thou shalt go then,
Indeed thou shalt.

⁸ Transgress'd *my parents*.] The sense here is clear, though the phrase be unusual : However we find it occur again in *Women Pleas'd*, act iii. sc. i. Belvidere says to her mother the Duchess,

— *You are too royal to me,
To me that have so foolishly transgress'd you.*—*Sympon.*

Hengo. When they please.

Car. That's my good boy!

Art thou not weary, Hengo?

Hengo. Weary, uncle?

I have heard you say you have march'd all day in
armour.

Car. I have, boy.

Hengo. Am not I your kinsman?

Car. Yes.

Hengo. And am not I as fully allied unto you,
In those brave things as blood?

Car. Thou art too tender.

Hengo. To go upon my legs? they were made
to bear me.

I can play twenty mile a-day; I see no reason,
But to preserve my country and myself,
I should march forty.

Car. What wouldst thou be, living
To wear a man's strength!

Hengo. Why, a Caratach,
A Roman-hater, a scourge sent from Heaven
To whip these proud thieves from our kingdom.

Hark, [Drum.
Hark, uncle, hark! I hear a drum.

Enter JUDAS and his Soldiers, and stand on one side
of the Stage.

Judas. Beat softly,
Softly, I say; they are here. Who dare charge?

1 *Sold.* He
That dares be knock'd o' th' head: I'll not come
near him.

Judas. Retire again, and watch then. How he
stares!

He has eyes would kill a dragon. Mark the boy
well;

If we could take or kill him—A pox on ye,
How fierce ye look! See, how he broods the boy!⁹
The devil dwells in's scabbard. Back, I say!
Apace, apace! he has found us. [*They retire.*]

Car. Do ye hunt us?

Hengo. Uncle, good uncle, see! the thin starved
rascal,

The eating Roman, see where he thrids the thickets:
Kill him, dear uncle, kill him! one good blow
To knock his brains into his breech; strike's head
off,

That I may piss in's face.

Car. Do ye make us foxes?—

Here, hold my charging-staff, and keep the place,
boy!

I am at bay, and like a bull I'll bear me.—

Stand, stand, ye rogues, ye squirrels! [*Exit.*]

Hengo. Now he pays 'em;

Oh, that I had a man's strength!

Enter JUDAS.

Judas. Here's the boy;

Mine own, I thank my fortune.

Hengo. Uncle, uncle!

Famine² is fallen upon me, uncle.

⁹ See *how he broods the boy!*] That is, guards him with vigilance, as birds with a brood of unfledged young ones under their protection. (See vol. V. p. 264.) This confirms the old reading in the following lines of King John, where Pope reads *broad-eyed*:

— In despite of *brooded* watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.

² *Famine.*] Meaning Judas, whom he before calls, *the thin starved rascal*, and afterwards, *Hunger*.—Ed. 1778.

Judas. Come, sir,
Yield willingly, (your uncle's out of hearing.)
I'll tickle your young tail else.

Hengo. I defy thee,
Thou mock-mademan of mat! Charge home, sirrah!
Hang thee, base slave, thou shakest.

Judas. Upon my conscience,
The boy will beat me! how it looks, how bravely,
How confident the worm is! a scabb'd boy
To handle me thus!—Yield, or I cut thy head off.

Hengo. Thou dardest not cut my finger; here 'tis,
touch it.

Judas. The boy speaks sword and buckler!
Pr'ythee yield, boy;
Come, here's an apple, yield.

Hengo. By Heaven, he fears me!
I'll give you sharper language:—When, ye coward,
When come ye up?

Judas. If he should beat me——

Hengo. When, sir?
I long to kill thee! Come, thou canst not'scape me;
I have twenty ways to charge thee, twenty deaths
Attend my bloody staff.

Judas. Sure 'tis the devil,
A dwarf devil in a doublet!

Hengo. I have killed
A captain, sirrah, a brave captain, and when I have
done,
I have kicked him thus. Look here; see how I
charge

This staff! [*Kicks and beats him with the truncheon*
of CARATACH.

Judas. Most certain this boy will cut my throat
yet.

Enter two Soldiers running.

1 *Sold.* Flee, flee! he kills us.

2 *Sold.* He comes, he comes!

Judas. The devil take the hindmost!

[*Exeunt JUDAS and Soldiers.*]

Hengo. Run, run, ye rogues, ye precious rogues,
ye rank rogues!

'A comes, 'a comes, 'a comes, 'a comes! that's he,
boys!

What a brave cry they make!

Enter CARATACH with a Head.

Car. How does my chicken?

Hengo. 'Faith, uncle, grown a soldier, a great
soldier;

For, by the virtue of your charging-staff,
And a strange fighting face I put upon't,
I have out-brav'd Hunger.

Car. That's my boy, my sweet boy!
Here, here's a Roman's head for thee.

Hengo. Good provision!
Before I starve, my sweet-faced gentleman,
I'll try your favour.²

Car. A right complete soldier!
Come, chicken, let's go seek some place of strength
(The country's full of scouts) to rest a while in;
Thou wilt not else be able to endure
The journey to my country. Fruits and water
Must be your food a while, boy.

² *I'll try your favour.*] *Favour* is used frequently for *face*, *countenance*.

Hengo. Any thing;
I can eat moss, nay, I can live on anger,
To vex these Romans. Let's be wary, uncle.
Car. I warrant thee; come cheerfully.
Hengo. And boldly! [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The Tent of Penius.

Enter PENIUS, DRUSIUS, and REGULUS.

Reg. The soldier shall not grieve you.

Pen. Pray ye forsake me;
Look not upon me, as ye love your honours!
I am so cold a coward, my infection
Will choke your virtues like a damp else.

Drus. Dear captain!

Reg. Most honoured sir!

Pen. Most hated, most abhorred!
Say so, and then ye know me, nay, ye please me.
Oh, my dear credit, my dear credit!

Reg. Sure
His mind is dangerous.

Drus. The good gods cure it!

Pen. My honour got through fire, through stubborn breaches,
Through battles that have been as hard to win as heaven,
Through Death himself, in all his horrid trims,
Is gone for ever, ever, ever, gentlemen!
And now I am left to scornful tales and laughter,
To hootings at, pointing with fingers, 'That's he,

That's the brave gentleman forsook the battle,
The most wise Penius, the disputing coward.'
Oh, my good sword, break from my side, and kill
me;

Cut out the coward from my heart!

Reg. You are none.

Pen. He lies that says so; by Heaven, he lies,
lies basely,

Baser than I have done! Come, soldiers, seek me;
I have robb'd ye of your virtues! Justice seek me;
I have broke my fair obedience!³ lost! Shame take
me,

Take me, and swallow me, make ballads of me,
Shame, endless shame! and pray do you forsake me!

Drus. What shall we do?

Pen. Good gentlemen, forsake me;
You were not wont to be commanded. Friends,
pray do it,

And do not fear; for, as I am a coward,
I will not hurt myself, (when that mind takes me,
I'll call to you, and ask your help,) I dare not.

[Throws himself upon the ground.]

Enter PETILLIUS.

Pet. Good-morrow, gentlemen! Where's the tri-
bune?

Reg. There.

Drus. Whence come you, good Petillius?

Pet. From the general.

Drus. With what, for Heaven's sake?

Pet. With good counsel, Drusius,
And love, to comfort him.

³ *Obedience, lost: shame take me.]* The last editors read *last*; but surely without the least necessity.

Drus. Good Regulus,
Step to the soldier and allay his anger ;
For he is wild as winter.

[*Exeunt DRUSIUS and REGULUS.*

Pet. Oh, are you there? have at you!—Sure he's
dead, [Half aside.

It cannot be he dare out-live this fortune ;
He must die, 'tis most necessary ; men expect it,
And thought of life in him goes beyond coward.
Forsake the field so basely? Fy upon't!
So poorly to betray his worth? So coldly
To cut all credit from the soldier? Sure
If this man mean to live, (as I should think it
Beyond belief,) he must retire where never
The name of Rome, the voice of arms, or honour,
Was known or heard of yet. He's certain dead,
Or strongly means it ; he's no soldier else,
No Roman in him ; all he has done but outside,
Fought either drunk or desperate. Now he rises.—
How does lord Penius?

Pen. As you see.

Pet. I am glad on't ;
Continue so still. The lord general,
The valiant general, great Suetonius—

Pen. No more of me is spoken ; my name's
perished.

Pet. He that commanded fortune and the day,
By his own valour and discretion,
(When, as some say, Penius refused to come,
But I believe 'em not,) sent me to see you.

Pen. Ye are welcome ; and pray see me, see me
well ;

You shall not see me long.

Pet. I hope so, Penius.— [Aside.
The gods defend, sir !

Pen. See me and understand me : This is he,

Left to fill up your triumph ; he that basely
Whistled his honour off to th' wind, that coldly
Shrunk in his politic head, when Rome, like reapers,

Sweat blood and spirit for a glorious harvest,
And bound it up, and brought it off ; that fool,
That having gold and copper offered him,
Refused the wealth, and took the waste ; that soldier,

That being courted by loud Fame and Fortune,
Labour in one hand that propounds us gods,
And in the other Glory that creates us,
Yet durst doubt and be damned !

Pet. It was an error

Pen. A foul one, and a black one.

Pet. Yet the blackest
May be washed white again.

Pen. Never.

Pet. Your leave, sir ;
And I beseech you note me, for I love you,
And bring along all comfort : Are we gods,
Allied to no infirmities ? are our natures
More than men's natures ? When we slip a little
Out of the way of virtue, are we lost ?
Is there no medicine called sweet mercy ?

Pen. None, Petillius ;
There is no mercy in mankind can reach me,
Nor is it fit it should ; I have sinned beyond it.

Pet. Forgiveness meets with all faults.

Pen. 'Tis all faults,
All sins I can commit, to be forgiven ;
'Tis loss of whole man in me, my discretion,
To be so stupid, to arrive at pardon !

Pet. Oh, but the general——

Pen. He is a brave gentleman,
A valiant, and a loving ; and I dare say .

He would, as far as honour durst direct him,
Make even with my fault; but 'tis not honest,
Nor in his power: Examples that may nourish
Neglect and disobedience in whole bodies,
And totter the estates and faiths of armies,
Must not be played withal; nor out of pity
Make a general forget his duty;
Nor dare I hope more from him than is worthy.

Pet. What would you do?

Pen. Die.

Pet. So would sullen children,
Women that want their wills, slaves disobedient,
That fear the law. Die? Fy, great captain! you
A man to rule men, to have thousand lives
Under your regiment, and let your passion
Betray your reason? I bring you all forgiveness,
The noblest kind commends, your place, your honour——

Pen. Pr'ythee no more; 'tis foolish. Didst not
thou

(By Heaven, thou didst; I overheard thee, there,
There where thou stand'st now) deliver me for rascal,

Poor, dead, cold, coward, miserable, wretched,
If I out-lived this ruin?

Pet. I?

Pen. And thou didst it nobly,
Like a true man, a soldier; and I thank thee,
I thank thee, good Petillius, thus I thank thee!

Pet. Since you are so justly made up, let me tell
you,

'Tis fit you die indeed.

Pen. Oh, how thou lovest me!

Pet. For say he had forgiven you, say the people's whispers
Were tame again, the time run out for wonder,

What must your own command think, from whose
swords

You have taken off the edges, from whose valours
The due and recompense of arms ; nay, made it
doubtful

Whether they knew obedience ? must not these
kill you ?

Say they are won to pardon you, by mere miracle
Brought to forgive you, what old valiant soldier,
What man that loves to fight, and fight for Rome,
Will ever follow you more ? Dare you know these
ventures ?

If so, I bring you comfort ; dare you take it ?

Pen. No, no, Petillius, no.

Pet. If your mind serve you,
You may live still ; but how ?—yet pardon me :
You may out-wear all too ;—but when ?—and cer-
tain

There is a mercy for each fault, if tamely
A man will take't upon conditions.

Pen. No, by no means : I am only thinking now,
sir,

(For I am resolved to go) of a most base death,
Fitting the baseness of my fault. I'll hang.

Pet. You shall not : you are a gentleman I ho-
nour,

I would else flatter you, and force you live,
Which is far baser. Hanging ? 'tis a dog's death,
An end for slaves.

Pen. The fitter for my baseness.

Pet. Besides, the man that's hanged preaches his
end,

And sits a sign for all the world to gape at.

Pen. That's true ; I'll take a fitter ; poison.

Pet. No,

'Tis equal ill ; the death of rats and women,

Lovers, and lazy boys, that fear correction ;
Die like a man.

Pen. Why, my sword, then.

Pet. Ay, if your sword be sharp, sir.
There's nothing under heaven that's like your
sword ;

Your sword's a death indeed !

Pen. It shall be sharp, sir.

Pet. Why, Mithridates was an arrant ass
To die by poison,* if all Bosphorus
Could lend him swords: Your sword must do the
deed :

'Tis shame to die choak'd, fame to die and bleed.

Pen. Thou hast confirm'd me ; and, my good
Petillius,

Tell me no more I may live.

Pet. 'Twas my commission ;
But now I see you in a nobler way,
A way to make all even.

Pen. Farewell, captain !
Be a good man, and fight well ; be obedient ;
Command thyself, and then thy men. Why shakest
thou ?

Pet. I do not, sir.

Pen. I would thou hadst, Petillius !

* *Mithridates was an arrant ass*

To die by poison, if all Bosphorus

Could lend him swords.] The assertion in this passage is a manifest contradiction to the truth of history. For Mithridates did not end his days by poison, but by the sword. Another instance of this inattention in our authors, or trusting too much to an *uninfallible* memory.—*Sympson.*

It is true, as *Sympson* says, that Mithridates did not die by poison ; but it was the kind of death that he always preferred, and was always prepared for, though it was not his fate.—*Mason.*

After all, the poets must certainly plead guilty to the accusation of inadvertency brought forward by *Sympson.*

I would find something to forsake the world with,
Worthy the man that dies : A kind of earthquake
Through all stern valours but mine own.

Pet. I feel now
A kind of trembling in me.

Pen. Keep it still ;
As thou lovest virtue, keep it.

Pet. And, brave captain,
The great and honour'd Penius !——

Pen. That again !
Oh, how it heightens me ! again, Petillius !

Pet. Most excellent commander !——
Pen. Those were mine !

Mine, only mine !
Pet. They are still.

Pen. Then, to keep 'em
For ever falling more, have at ye !—Heavens,
Ye everlasting powers, I am yours :
The work is done, [Falls upon his sword.
That neither fire, nor age, nor melting envy,⁵
Shall ever conquer. Carry my last words
To the great general : Kiss his hands, and say,
My soul I give to Heaven, my fault to justice,
Which I have done upon myself ; my virtue,

⁵ Melting *envy*.] This epithet seems a little stiff and obscure. It was a custom of the Romans to deface the marble, and melt down the brazen statues of those who were become detestable to them ; and to the melting of these brazen ones this epithet must refer.—*Seward*.

We do not enter into *Seward*'s explanation of this epithet. The poets seem to refer to *Ovid*'s,

——*quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.*—Ed. 1778.

Seward quarrels with the epithet *melting*, applied to *envy* ; but it alludes to the general propensity of malice, to deface and obliterate the fame of superior merit.—*Mason*.

If ever there was any in poor Penius,
 Made more, and happier, light on him!—I faint—
 And where there is a foe, I wish him fortune.
 I die: Lie lightly on my ashes,⁶ gentle earth!

[Dies.

Pet. And on my sin! Farewell, great Penius!—
 The soldier is in fury; now I am glad [Noise within.
 'Tis done before he comes. This way for me,
 The way of toil;—for thee, the way of honour!

[Exit.

DRUSIUS, REGULUS, and Soldiers are heard without.

Sold. Kill him, kill him, kill him!

Drus. What will ye do?

Reg. Good soldiers, honest soldiers——

Sold. Kill him, kill him, kill him!

Drus. Kill us first; we command too.

Reg. Valiant soldiers,

Consider but whose life ye seek.—Oh, Drusius,

⁶ *Lie lightly on my ashes, gentle earth.*] In the beautiful Ode to the Memory of Col. George Villiers, drowned in the river Pia-va, in the county of Friuli, 1703, the author, Mr Prior, seems to have been indebted to this line for the thought in the following:

“ Lay the dead hero graceful in a grave;

(The only honour he can now receive)

And fragrant mould upon his body throw;

And plant the warrior laurel o'er his brow:

Light lie the earth, and flourish green the bough.”

So also Mr Pope, in the Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady:

“ What though no sacred earth allow thee room,

Nor hallow'd dirge be muttered o'er thy tomb,

Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be drest,

And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast.”—*Reed.*

I do not suppose that either Prior or Pope imitated our poets in these passages. The thought is so natural, that its being found in more than one author is not to be wondered at.

Bid him be gone ; he dies else.—[*DRUSTIUS enters.*]

—Shall Rome say,

Ye most approved soldiers, her dear children
Devoured the fathers of the fights ? shall rage
And stubborn fury guide those swords to slaughter,
To slaughter of their own, to civil ruin ?

Drus. Oh, let 'em in ; all's done, all's ended,
Regulus ;

Penius has found his last eclipse. Come, soldiers,
Come, and behold your miseries ; come bravely,
Fall of your mutinous and bloody angers,
And here bestow your darts.—Oh, only Roman,
Oh, father of the wars !

Enter REGULUS and Soldiers.

Reg. Why stand ye stupid ?
Where be your killing furies ? whose sword now
Shall first be sheathed in Penius ? Do ye weep ?
Howl out, ye wretches, ye have cause ; howl ever !
Who shall now lead ye fortunate ? whose valour
Preserve ye to the glory of your country ?
Who shall march out before ye, coyed and courted,
By all the mistresses of war, care, counsel,
Quick-eyed experience, and victory twined to him ?
Who shall beget ye deeds beyond inheritance
To speak your names, and keep your honours living,
When children fail, and Time, that takes all with
him,

Build houses for ye to oblivion ?

Drus. Oh, ye poor desperate fools, no more now
soldiers,

Go home, and hang your arms up ; let rust rot 'em ;
And humble your stern valours to soft prayers !
For ye have sunk the frame of all your virtues ;
The sun that warmed your bloods is set for ever.—
I'll kiss thy honoured cheek. Farewell, great
Penius,

Thou thunderbolt, farewell!—Take up the body:
To-morrow morning to the camp convey it,
There to receive due ceremonies. That eye,
That blinds himself with weeping, gets most glory.
[*Exeunt, bearing out the body. A dead march.*]

SCENE IV.

Before the Fort of Bonduca.

*Enter Suetonius, Junius, Decius, Demetrius,
Curius, and Soldiers: Bonduca, two Daughters,
and Nennius on the ramparts. Drums and colours.*

Suet. Bring up the catapults, and shake the wall;
We will not be out-braved thus.

Nen. Shake the earth,
Ye cannot shake our souls. Bring up your rams,
And with their armed heads make the fort totter,
Ye do but rock us into death. [Exit.

Jun. See, sir,
See the Icenian queen in all her glory,
From the strong battlements proudly appearing,
As if she meant to give us lashes!

Dec. Yield, queen.

Bond. I am unacquainted with that language,
Roman.

Suet. Yield, honour'd lady, and expect our
mercy;
We love thy nobleness. [Exit DECIVS.

Bond. I thank ye! ye say well;
But mercy and love are sins in Rome and hell.

Suet. You cannot 'scape our strength ; you must
yield, lady ;
You must adore and fear the power of Rome.

Bond. If Rome be earthly, why should any knee
With bending adoration worship her ?
She's vicious ; and, your partial selves confess,
Aspires the height of all impiety ;
Therefore 'tis fitter I should reverence
The thatched houses where the Britons dwell
In careless mirth ; where the bless'd household gods
See nought but chaste and simple purity.
'Tis not high power that makes a place divine,
Nor that the men from gods derive their line ;
But sacred thoughts, in holy bosoms stored,
Make people noble, and the place adored.

Suet. Beat the wall deeper !

Bond. Beat it to the centre,
We will not sink one thought.

Suet. I'll make ye.

Bond. No.

Enter PETILLIUS, who whispers SUTONIUS.

2 *Daugh.* O mother, these are fearful hours ;
speak gently
To these fierce men, they will afford ye pity.

Bond. Pity ? Thou fearful girl, 'tis for those
wretches

That misery makes tame. Wouldst thou live less ?
Wast not thou born a princess ? Can my blood,
And thy brave father's spirit, suffer in thee
So base a separation from thyself,
As mercy from these tyrants ? Thou lovest lust sure,
And long'st to prostitute thy youth and beauty
To common slaves for bread. Say they had mercy,
The devil a relenting conscience,
The lives of kings rest in their diadems,

Which to their bodies lively souls do give,
And, ceasing to be kings, they cease to live.
Shew such another fear, and, by the Gods,⁷
I'll fling thee to their fury.—

Suet. He is dead then?

Pet. I think so certainly; yet all my means, sir,
Even to the hazard of my life——

Suet. No more:

We must not seem to mourn here.

Enter DECIUS.

Dec. There is a breach made;
Is it your will we charge, sir?

Suet. Once more, mercy,
Mercy to all that yield!

Bond. I scorn to answer:—
Speak to him, girl,—and hear thy sister.⁸

1 Daugh. General,
Hear me, and mark me well, and look upon me,
Directly in my face, my woman's face,
Whose only beauty is the hate it bears ye;
See with thy narrowest eyes, thy sharpest wishes,
Into my soul, and see what there inhabits;
See if one fear, one shadow of a terror,
One paleness dare appear but from my anger,
To lay hold on your mercies. No, ye fools,
Poor fortune's fools, we were not born for triumphs,
To follow your gay sports, and fill your slaves
With hoots and acclamations.

Pet. Brave behaviour!

⁷ *By the Gods.]* So precise were the licensers of the stage, or of the press, that they would not suffer this exclamation to stand; for it is only indicated by a long bar in the folios.

⁸ *Speak to him, girl,—and hear thy sister.]* The first part of this line is addressed to the eldest, the latter part to the second daughter. She desires the first to speak, the second to listen,—*Mason.*

1 *Daugh.* The children of as great as Rome, as noble,
Our names before her, and our deeds her envy,
Must we gild o'er your conquest, make your state,
That is not fairly strong, but fortunate?
No, no, ye Romans, we have ways to 'scape ye,
To make ye poor again, indeed our prisoners,
And stick our triumphs full.

Pet. 'Sdeath, I shall love her!

1 *Daugh.* To torture ye with suffering, like our slaves;
To make ye curse our patience, wish the world
Were lost again, to win us only, and esteem [it]⁹
The end of all ambitions.

Bond. Do ye wonder?

We'll make our monuments in spite of fortune;
In spite of all your eagles' wings, we'll work
A pitch above you; and from our height we'll
stoop

As fearless of your bloody soars, and fortunate,
As if we prey'd on heartless doves.

Suet. Strange stiffness!

Decius, go charge the breach. [Exit DECIVS.]

Bond. Charge it home, Roman;
We shall deceive thee else.—Where's Nennius?

Enter NENNIUS.

Nen. They have made a mighty breach.

Bond. Stick in thy body,
And make it good but half an hour.

Nen. I'll do it.

1 *Daugh.* And then be sure to die.

Nen. It shall go hard else.

⁹ *And esteem.*] The insertion of the word in brackets is recommended by Mason, and seems absolutely requisite.

Bond. Farewell, with all my heart! We shall meet
yonder,
Where few of these must come.

Nen. Gods take thee, lady! [*Exit.*]

Bond. Bring up the swords and poison.

Enter one with Swords and a great Cup of Poison.

2 Daugh. Oh, my fortune!

Bond. How, how, ye whore?

2 Daugh. Good mother, nothing to offend you.

Bond. Here, wench.—

Behold us, Romans!

Suet. Mercy yet.

Bond. No talking!

Puff! there goes all your pity.—Come, short prayers,
And let's dispatch the business! You begin;
Shrink not, I'll see you do't.

2 Daugh. Oh, gentle mother!

Oh, Romans! oh, my heart! I dare not.

Suet. Woman, woman,

Unnatural woman!

2 Daugh. Oh, persuade her, Romans!

Alas, I am young, and would live.—Noble mother,
Can ye kill that ye gave life? Are my years
Fit for destruction?

Suet. Yield, and be a queen still,
A mother, and a friend.

Bond. Ye talk!—Come, hold it,
And put it home.

1 Daugh. Fy, sister, fy!

What would you live to be?

Bond. A whore still?

2 Daugh. Mercy!

Suet. Hear her, thou wretched woman!

2 Daugh. Mercy, mother! [*Kneels.*]

Oh, whither will you send me? I was once

Your darling, your delight.

Bond. Oh, gods ! fear in my family ?—Do it, and nobly.

2 Daugh. Oh, do not frown then.

1 Daugh. Do it, worthy sister ;

'Tis nothing ; 'tis a pleasure : We'll go with you.

2 Daugh. Oh, if I knew but whither !

1 Daugh. To the blessed ;

Where we shall meet our father——

Suet. Woman !

Bond. Talk not.

1 Daugh. Where nothing but true joy is——

Bond. That's a good wench ! [*2 Daugh. drinks.*

Mine own sweet girl ! put it close to thee.

2 Daugh. Oh,

Comfort me still, for Heaven's sake.

1 Daugh. Where eternal

Our youths are, and our beauties ; where no wars come,

Nor lustful slaves to ravish us.

2 Daugh. That steels me ;

A long farewell to this world !

[*Dies.*

Bond. Good ; I'll help thee.

1 Daugh. The next is mine.—

Shew me a Roman lady in all your stories,

Dare do this for her honour ; they are cowards,

Eat coals like compell'd cats :^{*} your great saint, Lucrece,

Died not for honour ; Tarquin tupt her well,

And, mad she could not hold him, bled.

^{*} *They are cowards,*

Eat coals like compell'd cats.] It was a vulgar notion, that cats, when angry, would eat coals. So in the Tamer Tamed, Tranio says to Moroso—

“I would learn to eat coals with an angry cat,
And spit fire at him.”—*Mason.*

Pet. By Heaven,
I am in love! I would give an hundred pound now
But to lie with this woman's behaviour. Oh, the
devil!

1 *Daugh.* Ye shall see me example: All your
Rome,

If I were proud and loved ambition,
If I were lustful, all your ways of pleasure,
If I were greedy, all the wealth ye conquer——

Bond. Make haste.

1 *Daugh.* I will.—[*Drinks.*]—Could not entice
to live,

But two short hours, this frailty. Would ye learn
How to die bravely, Romans, to fling off
This case of flesh, lose all your cares for ever?
Live, as we have done, well, and fear the gods;
Hunt honour, and not nations, with your swords;
Keep your minds humble, your devotions high;
So shall ye learn the noblest part, to die. [*Dies.*

Bond. I come, wench.—To ye all, Fate's hang-
men, you

That ease the aged destinies, and cut
The threads of kingdoms as they draw 'em! here,
Here is a draught would ask no less than Cæsar
To pledge it for the glory's sake!

Cur. Great lady!

Suet. Make up your own conditions.

Bond. So we will.

Suet. Stay!

Dem. Stay!

Suet. Be any thing.

Bond. A saint, Suetonius, [*Drinks.*

When thou shalt fear, and die like a slave. Ye
fools,

Ye should have tied up death first, when ye con-
quer'd;

Ye sweat for us in vain else : See him here !
He is ours still, and our friend ; laughs at your
pities ;

And we command him with as easy reins
As do our enemies.—I feel the poison.—
Poor vanquish'd Romans, with what matchless
tortures

Could I now rack ye ! But I pity ye,
Desiring to die quiet : Nay, so much
I hate to prosecute my victory,
That I will give ye counsel ere I die :
If you will keep your laws and empire whole,
Place in your Roman flesh a Briton soul. [*Dies.*
Suet. Desperate and strange !

Enter DECIVS.

Dec. 'Tis won, sir, and the Britons
All put to th' sword.

Suet. Give her fair funeral ;
She was truly noble, and a queen.

Pet. Pox take it,
A love-mange grown upon me ! What a spirit !

Jun. I am glad of this ! I have found you.

Pet. In my belly,
Oh, how it tumbles !

Jun. Ye good gods, I thank ye ! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A mountainous Country.

CARATACH *discovered upon the Rock in the Background, and HENGO by him sleeping.*

Car. Thus we afflicted Britons climb for safeties,
And, to avoid our dangers, seek destructions ;
Thus we awake to sorrows.—Oh, thou woman,
Thou agent for adversities, what curses
This day belong to thy improvidence !
To Britanie,² by thy means, what sad millions
Of widows' weeping eyes ! The strong man's valour
Thou hast betrayed to fury, the child's fortune
To fear, and want of friends ; whose pieties
Might wipe his mournings off, and build his sor-
rows

A house of rest by his bless'd ancestors :
The virgins thou hast robb'd of all their wishes,
Blasted their blowing hopes, turned their songs,
Their mirthful marriage-songs, to funerals ;
The land thou hast left a wilderness of wretches.—
The boy begins to stir ; thy safety made,
'Would my soul were in heaven !

Hengo. Oh, noble uncle,

² To Britanie.] So both the old folios, and it is necessary to retain the reading, as the metre is defective, if we read with the octavos of 1711 and 1778—*Britain*. England is frequently denominated *Britanie* in old authors.

Look out ; I dreamed we were betray'd.

Car. No harm, boy ;

'Tis but thy emptiness that breeds these fancies :
Thou shalt have meat anon.

[A soft dead march within.]

Hengo. A little, uncle,

And I shall hold out bravely.—What are those,
(Look, uncle, look !) those multitudes that march
there ?

They come upon us stealing by.

Car. I see 'em ;

And pr'ythee be not fearful.

Hengo. Now you hate me ;—

'Would I were dead !

Car. Thou knowest I love thee dearly.

Hengo. Did I e'er shrink yet, uncle ? Were I a
man now

I should be angry with you.

Enter DRUSIUS, REGULUS, and Soldiers, with PENIUS'S Hearse, Drums, and Colours.

Car. My sweet chicken !—

See, they have reached us ; and, as it seems, they
bear

Some soldier's body, by their solemn gestures,
And sad solemnities ; it well appears too
To be of eminence.—Most worthy soldiers,
Let me entreat your knowledge to inform me
What noble body that is, which you bear
With such a sad and ceremonious grief,
As if ye meant to woo the world and nature
To be in love with death ? Most honourable
Excellent Romans, by your ancient valours,
As ye love fame, resolve me !

Sold. 'Tis the body
Of the great captain Penius, by himself

Made cold and spiritless.

Car. Oh, stay, ye Romans,
By the religion which ye owe those gods
That lead ye on to victories! by those glories
Which made even pride a virtue in ye!

Drus. Stay.—

What's thy will, Caratach?

Car. Set down the body,
The body of the noblest of all Romans;
As ye expect an offering at your graves
From your friends' sorrows, set it down a-while,
That with your griefs an enemy may mingle,
(A noble enemy, that loves a soldier)
And lend a tear to virtue! Even your foes,
Your wild foes, as you called us, are yet stored
With fair affections, our hearts fresh, our spirits,
Though sometime stubborn, yet, when Virtue dies,
Soft and relenting as a virgin's prayers:
Oh, set it down!

Drus. Set down the body, soldiers.

Car. Thou hallowed relic, thou rich diamond,
Cut with thine own dust; thou, for whose wide
fame

The world appears too narrow, man's all thoughts,
Had they all tongues, too silent; thus I bow
To thy most honour'd ashes! Though an enemy,
Yet friend to all thy worths, sleep peaceably;
Happiness crown thy soul, and in thy earth
Some laurel fix his seat, there grow and flourish,
And make thy grave an everlasting triumph!
Farewell all glorious wars, now thou art gone,
And honest arms adieu! All noble battles,
Maintain'd in thirst of honour, not of blood,
Farewell for ever!

Hengo. Was this Roman, uncle,
So good a man?

Car. Thou never knewest thy father.

Hengo. He died before I was born.

Car. This worthy Roman
Was such another piece of endless honour,
Such a brave soul dwelt in him ; their proportions
And faces were not much unlike, boy.—Excellent
nature !

See how it works into his eyes !—mine own boy !

Hengo. The multitudes of these men, and their
fortunes,
Could never make me fear yet ; one man's good-
ness—

Car. Oh, now thou pleasest me ; weep still, my
child,

As if thou saw'st me dead ! with such a flux
Or flood of sorrow, still thou pleasest me.—
And, worthy soldiers, pray receive these pledges,
These hatchments of our griefs, and grace us so
much

To place 'em on his hearse.³ Now, if ye please,
Bear off the noble burden ; raise his pile
High as Olympus, making Heaven to wonder
To see a star upon earth out-shining theirs :
And ever-loved, ever-living be
Thy honour'd and most sacred memory !

Drus. Thou hast done honestly, good Caratach ;
And when thou diest, a thousand virtuous Romans
Shall sing thy soul to Heaven.—Now march on,
soldiers.

[*Exeunt Romans. A dead march.*]

Car. Now dry thine eyes, my boy.

Hengo. Are they all gone ?

I could have wept this hour yet.

³ — Pray receive these pledges,

These hatchments of our grief, and grace us so much

To place 'em on his hearse.] The nature of the hatchments
or insignia of mourning, which Caratach is supposed to throw from
the rock, does not appear from the text. A scarf from the boy,
and a plume from the helmet of the hero, may be supposed.

Car. Come, take cheer,
And raise thy spirit, child; if but this day
Thou canst bear out thy faintness, the night coming

I'll fashion our escape.

Hengo. Pray fear not me;
Indeed I am very hearty.

Car. Be so still;
His mischiefs lessen, that controls his ill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Roman Camp.

Enter PETILLIUS.

Pet. What do I ail, i' th' name of Heaven? I did
but see her,
And see her die; she stinks by this time strongly,
Abominably stinks. She was a woman,
A thing I never cared for; but to die so,
So confidently, bravely, strongly—Oh, the devil,
I have the bots!—By Heaven, she scorned us
strangely,
All we could do, or durst do; threaten'd us
With such a noble anger, and so govern'd
With such a fiery spirit—The plain bots! *
A pox upon the bots, the love-bots! Hang me,
Hang me even out o' th' way, directly hang me!
Oh, penny pipers, and most painful panners
Of bountiful new ballads, what a subject

* *Bots.*] A disease among horses, which makes them restive.
See vol. III. p. 469.

What a sweet subject for your silver sounds,⁵
Is crept upon ye!⁶

Enter JUNIUS.

Jun. Here he is ; have at him ! [Sings.
She set the sword unto her breast,
Great pity it was to see,
That three drops of her life-warm blood,
Run trickling down her knee.⁷

Art thou there, bonny boy ? And i'faith how dost thou ?

Pet. Well, gramercy ; how dost thou ?—He has found me,

Scented me out ; the shame the devil owed me,
He has kept his day with.—And what news, Junius ?

Jun. *It was an old tale ten thousand times told,*
Of a young lady was turn'd into mould,
Her life was lovely, her death it was bold.

⁵ *What a sweet subject for your silver sounds.*] This phrase occurs in *Romeo and Juliet*, and several other old plays, as also in Spenser. Perhaps the allusion in all is to a song of Edwards's, in the *Paradise of Dayntie Devises*, 1576 (ed. 1810. p. 55,) which was once very popular, and begins thus :

Where griping grief the heart would wound,
And dolfull dompes them oppresse ;
There musick with her *silver sound*,
Is wont with speed to give redresse.

The expression, however, occurs already in Ulpian Tutwell's *Flower of fame*, 1575, 4.

⁶ *Crept upon ye.*] Sympson calls this nonsense, and reads, *crept upon me* ; for, says he, “ Love was not crept upon *them*, but *himself*.” Petillius means, “ What a sweet subject is fallen in *your* way.”—Ed. 1778.

⁷ This stanza, with considerable variations, occurs in several old ballads ; the two last lines, for instance, in *Little Musgrave* and *Lady Barnard*.

Pet. A cruel rogue! now he has drawn pursuit
on me,^s

He hunts me like a devil.—No more singing!
Thou hast got a cold: Come, let's go drink some
sack, boy.

Jun. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Pet. Why dost thou laugh?

What mare's nest hast thou found?

Jun. Ha, ha, ha!

I cannot laugh alone:—Decius! Demetrius!

Curius!—oh, my sides! ha, ha, ha, ha!

The strangest jest!

Pet. Pr'ythee no more.

Jun. The admirablest fooling!

Pet. Thou art the prettiest fellow!

Jun. Sirs!

Pet. Why, Junius,

Pr'ythee away, sweet Junius!

Jun. Let me sing then.

Pet. Whoa, here's a stir now! *Sing a song o' six-*
pence!

By Heaven, if—pr'ythee—pox on't, Junius!

Jun. I must either sing or laugh.

Pet. And what's your reason?

Jun. What's that to you?

Pet. And I must whistle.

Jun. Do so.

Oh, I hear 'em coming.

Pet. I have a little business.

Jun. Thou shalt not go, believe it: What! a
gentleman

Of thy sweet conversation?

Pet. Captain Junius,

^s *H' has drawn pursue it on me.]* What strange stuff is this?
By a small change of letters and a comma, I hope I have restored
this place to its ancient purity.—*Seward.*

First folio says, *now h' has drawn pursue on me.*—Ed. 1778.

Sweet captain, let me go with all celerity !
Things are not always one ; and do not question,
Nor jeer, nor gibe : None of your doleful ditties,
Nor your sweet conversation ; you will find then
I may be angered.

Jun. By no means, Petillius ;
Anger a man that never knew passion ?
'Tis most impossible : A noble captain,
A wise and generous gentleman ?

Pet. Tom Puppy,
Leave this way to abuse me ! I have found you,
But, for your mother's sake, I will forgive you.
Your subtile understanding may discover,
As you think, some trim toy to make you merry,
Some straw to tickle you ; but do not trust to't ;
You are a young man, and may do well ; be sober,
Carry yourself discreetly.

Enter DECIVS, DEMETRIUS, and CURIUS.

Jun. Yes, forsooth.

Dem. How does the brave Petillius ?

Jun. Monstrous merry.

We two were talking what a kind of thing
I was when I was in love ; what a strange monster
For little boys and girls to wonder at ;
How like a fool I looked !

Dec. So they do, all,
Like great dull slaving fools.

Jun. Petillius saw too.

Pet. No more of this ; 'tis scurvy ; peace !

Jun. How nastily,
Indeed how beastly, all I did became me !
How I forgot to blow my nose ! There he stands,
An honest and a wise man ; if himself
(I dare avouch it boldly, for I know it)
Should find himself in love——

Pet. I am angry.

Jun. Surely his wise self would hang his beastly self;

His understanding self so mawl his ass self——

Dec. He's bound to do it; for he knows the follies,

The poverties, and baseness, that belongs to't;
He has read upon the reformations long.

Pet. He has so.

Jun. 'Tis true, and he must do't: Nor is it fit indeed

Any such coward——

Pet. You'll leave prating?

Jun. Should dare come near the regiments, especially

Those curious puppies (for believe there are such)
That only love behaviours: Those are dog-whelps,
Dwindle away because a woman dies well;
Commit with passions only; fornicate
With the free spirit merely. You, Petillius,
For you have long observed the world——

Pet. Dost thou hear?

I'll beat thee damnably within these three hours!
Go pray; may be I'll kill thee. Farewell, jack-
daws! *[Exit PETILLIUS.]*

Dec. What a strange thing he's grown!

Jun. I am glad he is so;

And stranger he shall be before I leave him.

Cur. Is't possible her mere death——

Jun. I observed him,

And found him taken, infinitely taken,
With her bravery; I have followed him,
And seen him kiss his sword since, court his scab-
bard,

Call *dying* dainty dear, her *brave mind* mistress;
Casting a thousand ways to give those forms,
That he might lie with 'em, and get old armours.

Just like a brace of bear-whelps, close, and crafty,
Sucking their fingers for their food.

Dec. Cut off then

All hope of that way ; take sufficient forces.

Jun. But use no foul play, on your lives ! that
man

That does him mischief by deceit, I'll kill him.

Macer. He shall have fair play ; he deserves it.

Judas. Hark ye !

What should I do there then ? You are brave cap-
tains,

Most valiant men : Go up yourselves ; use virtue ;
See what will come on't ; pray the gentleman
To come down, and be taken. Ye all know him,
I think ye have felt him too : There ye shall find
him,

His sword by his side, plums of a pound weight by
him,

Will make your chops ache : You'll find it a more
labour

To win him living, than climbing of a crow's nest.

Dec. Away, and compass him ; we shall come up,
I am sure, within these two hours. Watch him
close.

Macer. He shall flee through the air, if he escape
us.

Jun. What's this loud lamentation ?

[*A sad noise within.*]

Macer. The dead body
Of the great Penius is new come to th' camp, sir.

Dem. Dead ?

Macer. By himself, they say.

Jun. I fear'd that fortune.

Cur. Peace guide him up to Heaven !

Jun. Away, good Macer.

[*Exeunt MACER and JUDAS.*]

Enter SÜETONIUS, DRUSIUS, REGULUS, and PETILLIUS.

Suet. If thou be'st guilty,
Some sullen plague, thou hat'st most, light upon
thee!

The regiment return on Junius;
He well deserves it.

Pet. So!

Suet. Draw out three companies,
(Yours, Decius, Junius, and thou, Petillius,)
And make up instantly to Caratach;
He's in the wood before ye: We shall follow,
After due ceremony done to th' dead,
The noble dead. Come, let's go burn the body.
[*Exeunt all but PETILLIUS.*

Pet. The regiment given from me? disgraced
openly?

In love too with a trifle to abuse me?
A merry world, a fine world! served seven years
To be an ass o' both sides? sweet Petillius,
You have brought your hogs to a fine market! You
are wise, sir,

Your honourable brain-pan full of crotchets,
An understanding gentleman; your projects
Cast with assurance ever! Wouldst not thou now
Be bang'd about the pate, Petillius?
Answer to that, sweet soldier! surely, surely,
I think you would; pull'd by the nose, kick'd?

Hang thee,

Thou art the arrant'st rascal! Trust thy wisdom
With any thing of weight? the wind with feathers!
Out, you blind puppy! you command? you go-
vern?

Dig for a groat a-day, or serve a swine herd,
Too noble for thy nature too!—I must up;
But what I shall do there, let time discover.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The mountainous Country, with the Rock in the Back-ground.

Enter MACER and JUDAS, with meat and a bottle.

Macer. Hang it o' th' side o' th' rock, as though
the Britons
Stole hither to relieve him: Who first ventures
To fetch it off is ours. I cannot see him.

Judas. He lies close in a hole above, I know it,
Gnawing upon his anger.—Ha! no; 'tis not he.

Macer. 'Tis but the shaking of the boughs.

Judas. Pox shake 'em!

I am sure they shake me soundly.—There!

Macer. 'Tis nothing.

Judas. Make no noise; if he stir, a deadly
tempest

Of huge stones falls upon us. 'Tis done! away,
close!
[*Exeunt.*]

CARATACH appears on the Rock.

Car. Sleep still, sleep sweetly, child; 'tis all
thou feed'st on!

No gentle Briton near, no valiant charity,
To bring thee food? Poor knave, thou art sick,
extreme sick,

Almost grown wild for meat; and yet thy good-
ness

Will not confess, nor shew it. All the woods
Are double lined with soldiers; no way left us

To make a noble 'scape. I'll sit down by thee,
 And, when thou wak'st, either get meat to save
 thee,
 Or lose my life i' th' purchase;⁹ good Gods comfort
 thee! [Exit.]

*Enter below JUNIUS, DECIUS, PETILLIUS, and
 Guide.*

Guide. You are not far off now, sir.

Jun. Draw the companies
 The closest way through the woods; we'll keep on
 this way.

Guide. I will, sir: Half a furlong more you'll
 come
 Within the sight o' th' rock. Keep on the left
 side,
 You'll be discover'd else: I'll lodge your com-
 panies
 In the wild vines beyond ye.

Dec. Do you mark him?

[Pointing to PETILLIUS.]

Jun. Yes, and am sorry for him.

Pet. Junius,
 Pray let me speak two words with you.

Jun. Walk afore;
 I'll overtake you straight.

Dec. I will.

[Exit.]

Jun. Now, captain?

Pet. You have oft told me, you have loved me,
 Junius.

Jun. Most sure I told you truth then.

Pet. And that love
 Should not deny me any honest thing.

⁹ Or lose my life i' th' purchase.] That is, in the act of endeavouring to get food for thee. Purchase was used in the sense of acquired goods and property of any kind. See vol. VII. p. 21.

Jun. It shall not.

Pet. Dare you swear it?

I have forgot all passages between us
That have been ill, forgiven too, forgot.¹

Jun. What would this man have?—By the gods,

I do, sir,

So it be fit to grant you.

Pet. 'Tis most honest.

Jun. Why, then I'll do it.

Pet. Kill me.

Jun. How!

Pet. Pray kill me.

Jun. Kill you?

Pet. Ay, kill me quickly, suddenly;
Now kill me.

Jun. On what reason? You amaze me!

Pet. If you do love me, kill me; ask me not
why:

I would be kill'd, and by you.

Jun. Mercy on me!

What ails this man? Petillius!

Pet. Pray you dispatch me;

You are not safe whilst I live: I am dangerous,
Troubled extremely, even to mischief, Junius,
An enemy to all good men. Fear not; 'tis justice;
I shall kill you else.

Jun. Tell me but the cause,
And I will do it.

Pet. I am disgraced, my service
Slighted and unrewarded by the general,
My hopes left wild and naked; besides these,
I am grown ridiculous, an ass, a folly,

¹ *Forgot you.*] Sympson and the last editors read—*forget you*, which is a very awkward expression. A more simple amendment seems to be the omission of the pronoun at the end of the line.

I dare not trust myself with : Pr'ythee, kill me !

Jun. All these may be redeem'd as easily
As you would heal your finger.

Pet. Nay——

Jun. Stay, I'll do it ;
You shall not need your anger. But first, Petillius,
You shall unarm yourself ; I dare not trust
A man so bent to mischief.

Pet. There's my sword, [*Gives up his sword.*]
And do it handsomely.

Jun. Yes, I will kill you,
Believe that certain ; but first I'll lay before you
The most extreme fool you have play'd in this,
The honour purposed for you, the great honour
The general intended you.

Pet. How ?

Jun. And then I'll kill you,
Because you shall die miserable. Know, sir,
The regiment was given me, but till time
Call'd you to do some worthy deed, might stop
The people's ill thoughts of you for lord Penius,
I mean his death. How soon this time's come to
you,

And hasted by Suetonius ! “ Go, says he,
Junius and Decius, and go thou, Petillius,”
(Distinctly, *thou, Petillius,*) “ and draw up,
To take stout Caratach :” There's the deed pur-
posed,

A deed to take off all faults, of all natures :
“ And *thou, Petillius,*” mark it ! there's the honour ;
And that done, all made even.

Pet. Stay !

Jun. No, I'll kill you.
He knew thee absolute, and full in soldier,
Daring beyond all dangers, found thee out.
According to the boldness of thy spirit.
A subject, such a subject——

Pet. Hark you, Junius!

I will live now.

Jun. By no means.—Woo'd thy worth,
Held thee by the chin up, as thou sunk'st, and
shewed thee

How Honour held her arms out. Come, make
ready,

Since you will die an ass.

Pet. Thou wilt not kill me?

Jun. By Heaven, but I will, sir. I'll have no
man dangerous

Live to destroy me afterward. Besides, you have
gotten

Honour enough; let young men rise now. Nay,

I do perceive too by the general, (which is

One main cause you shall die, howe'er he carry it)

Such a strong doting on you, that I fear

You shall command in chief; how are we paid
then?

Come, if you'll pray, dispatch it.

Pet. Is there no way?

Jun. Not any way to live.

Pet. I will do any thing,

Redeem myself at any price: Good Junius,

Let me but die upon the rock, but offer

My life up like a soldier!

Jun. You will seek then

To outdo every man.

Pet. Believe it, Junius,

You shall go stroke by stroke with me.

Jun. You'll leave off too,

As you are noble, and a soldier,

For ever these mad fancies?

Pet. Dare you trust me?

By all that's good and honest——

Jun. There's your sword then;

And now, come on a new man: Virtue guide thee!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CARATACH and HENGO, on the rock.

Car. Courage, my boy! I have found meat;

Look, Hengo,

Look where some blessed Briton, to preserve thee,
Has hung a little food and drink: Cheer up, boy;
Do not forsake me now!

Hengo. Oh, uncle, uncle,
I feel I cannot stay long; yet I'll fetch it,
To keep your noble life. Uncle, I am heart-whole,
And would live.

Car. Thou shalt, long I hope.

Hengo. But my head, uncle!
Methinks the rock goes round.

Enter MACER and JUDAS below, and stand apart.

Macer. Mark 'em well, Judas.

Judas. Peace, as you love your life!

Hengo. Do not you hear
The noise of bells?

Car. Of bells, boy? 'Tis thy fancy;
Alas, thy body's full of wind.

Hengo. Methinks, sir,
They ring a strange sad knell, a preparation
To some near funeral of state: Nay, weep not,
Mine own sweet uncle! you will kill me sooner.

Car. Oh, my poor chicken!

Hengo. Fy, faint-hearted uncle!
Come, tie me in your belt, and let me down.

Car. I'll go myself, boy.

Hengo. No, as you love me, uncle!
I will not eat it, if I do not fetch it;
The danger only I desire; pray tie me!

Car. I will, and all my care hang o'er thee!
Come, child,

My valiant child ! [*Lets HENGO down by his belt.*

Hengo. Let me down apace, uncle,
And you shall see how like a daw I'll whip it
From all their policies ; for 'tis most certain
A Roman train : And you must hold me sure too,
You'll spoil all else. When I have brought it,
uncle,

We'll be as merry——

Car. Go, i' th' name of Heaven, boy !

Hengo. Quick, quick, uncle ! I have it.—Oh !

[*JUDAS shoots HENGO.*

Car. What ail'st thou ?

Hengo. Oh, my best uncle, I am slain !

Car. I see you,

[*CARATACH kills JUDAS with a stone, and
draws up HENGO.*

And Heaven direct my hand !—Destruction
Go with thy coward soul !—How dost thou, boy ?—
Oh, villain, pocky villain !

Hengo. Oh, uncle, uncle,
Oh, how it pricks me (am I preserved for this ?)
Extremely pricks me !

Car. Coward, rascal coward !
Dogs eat thy flesh !

Hengo. Oh, I bleed hard ; I faint too ; out
upon't,
How sick I am !—The lean rogue, uncle !

Car. Look, boy ;
I have laid him sure enough.

Hengo. Have you knock'd his brains out ?

Car. I warrant thee for stirring more : Cheer up,
child.

Hengo. Hold my sides hard ; stop, stop ; oh,
wretched fortune,

Must we part thus ? Still I grow sicker, uncle.

Car. Heaven look upon this noble child !

Hengo. I once hoped

I should have lived to have met these bloody
Romans

At my sword's point, to have revenged my father,
To have beaten 'em. Oh, hold me hard! But,
uncle—

Car. Thou shalt live still, I hope, boy. Shall I
draw it?

Hengo. You draw away my soul then; I would
live

A little longer, (spare me, Heavens!) but only
To thank you for your tender love! Good uncle,
Good noble uncle, weep not!

Car. Oh, my chicken,
My dear boy, what shall I lose?

Hengo. Why, a child,
That must have died however; had this 'scaped
me,

Fever or famine—I was born to die, sir.

Car. But thus unblown, my boy?

Hengo. I go the straighter
My journey to the gods. Sure I shall know you
When you come, uncle?

Car. Yes, boy.

Hengo. And I hope
We shall enjoy together that great blessedness
You told me of.

Car. Most certain, child.

Hengo. I grow cold;
Mine eyes are going.

Car. Lift 'em up!

Hengo. Pray for me;
And, noble uncle, when my bones are ashes,
Think of your little nephew! Mercy!

Car. Mercy!
You blessed angels, take him!

Hengo. Kiss me! so.
Farewell, farewell!

[*Dies.*]

Car. Farewell the hopes of Britain !
Thou royal graft, farewell for ever !—Time and
Death,
Ye have done your worst. Fortune, now see, now
proudly
Pluck off thy veil, and view thy triumph : Look,
Look what thou hast brought this land to.—Oh,
fair flower,
How lovely yet thy ruins shew, how sweetly
Even death embraces thee ! The peace of Heaven,
The fellowship of all great souls, be with thee !

Enter PETILLIUS and JUNIUS on the rock.

Ha ! Dare ye, Romans ? Ye shall win me bravely.
Thou'rt mine ! [*Fight.*]

Jun. Not yet, sir.

Car. Breathe ye, ye poor Romans,
And come up all, with all your ancient valours ;
Like a rough wind I'll shake your souls, and send
'em—

Enter SÜETONIUS, and all the Roman Captains.

Suet. Yield thee, bold Caratach ! By all the gods,
As I am soldier, as I envy thee,
I'll use thee like thyself, the valiant Briton.

Pet. Brave soldier, yield, thou stock of arms
and honour,
Thou filler of the world with fame and glory !

Jun. Most worthy man, we'll woo thee, be thy
prisoners.

Suet. Excellent Briton, do me but that honour,
That more to me than conquests, that true happi-
ness,
To be my friend !

Car. Oh, Romans, see what here is !

Had this boy lived——

Suet. For fame's sake, for thy sword's sake,
As thou desirest to build thy virtues greater!
By all that's excellent in man, and honest——

Car. I do believe. Ye have had me a brave foe;
Make me a noble friend, and from your goodness,
Give this boy honourable earth to lie in!

Suet. He shall have fitting funeral.

Car. I yield then;
Not to your blows, but your brave courtesies.

Pet. Thus we conduct then to the arms of
peace

The wonder of the world!

Suet. Thus I embrace thee; [Flourish.
And let it be no flattery that I tell thee,
Thou art the only soldier!

Car. How to thank ye,
I must hereafter find upon your usage.
I am for Rome?

Suet. You must.

Car. Then Rome shall know
The man that makes her spring of glory grow.

Suet. Petillius, you have shewn much worth this
day,

Redeem'd much error; you have my love again;
Preserve it.—Junius, with you I make him
Equal in the regiment.

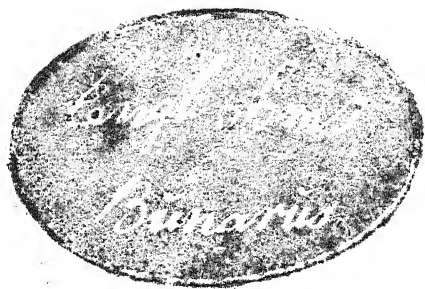
Jun. The elder and the nobler;
I will give place, sir.

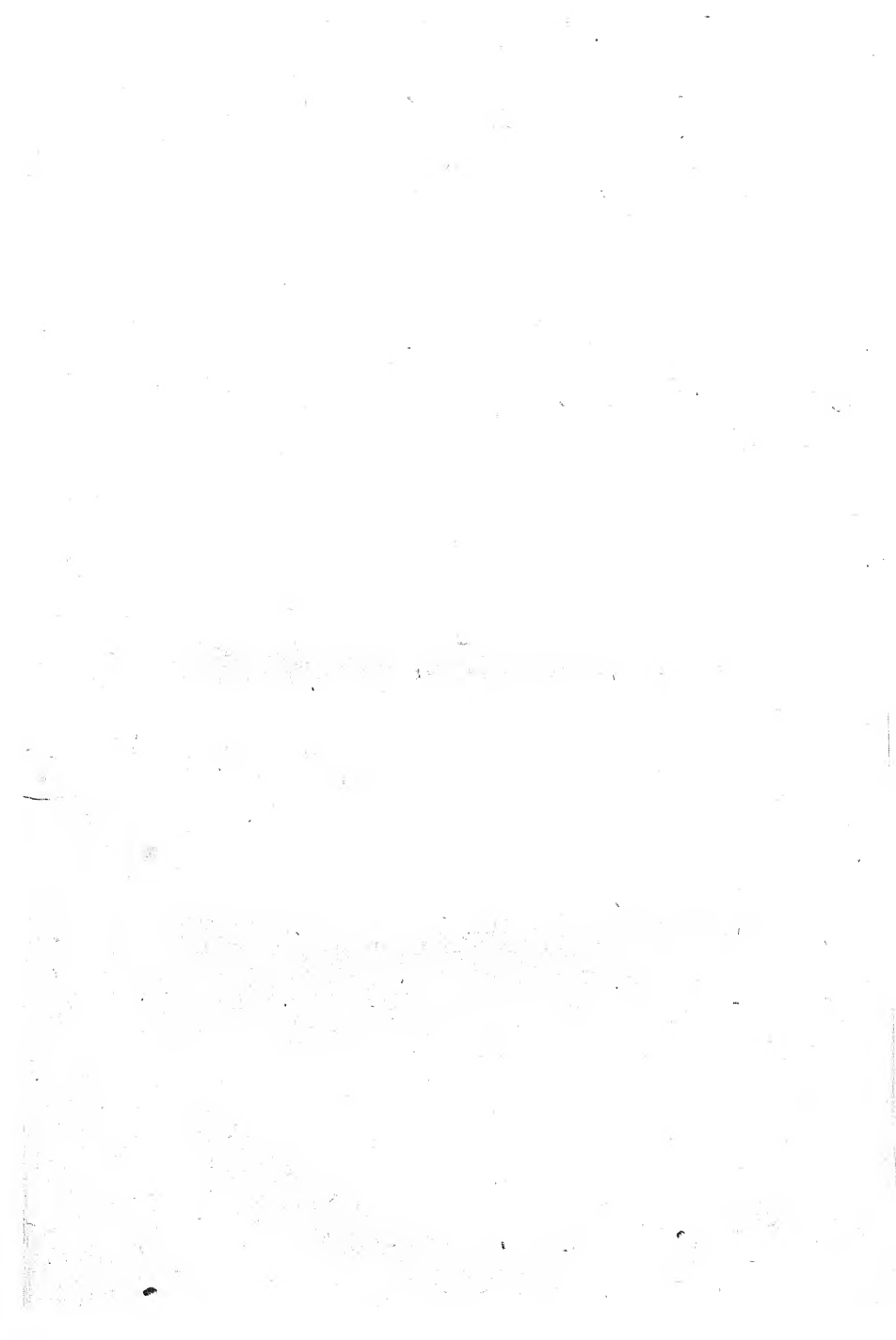
Suet. You shew a friend's soul.
March on, and through the camp, in every tongue,
The virtues of great Caratach be sung!

[*Exeunt.*

THE
ISLAND PRINCESS.

BY
JOHN FLETCHER.





THE

ISLAND PRINCESS.

THIS Tragi-Comedy, which was first printed in the folio of 1647, is the work of Fletcher alone, written after the death of Beaumont. This is sufficiently proved by its having been performed at court in 1621, at Christmas; and, as new plays were generally exhibited on these occasions, there is little room to doubt that the *Island Princess* was first acted and produced in that year. Whether its reception was favourable or not we cannot decide; but in 1687 Nahum Tate made some alterations in it, and in that state it was acted at the Theatre Royal, and printed in the same year, with a dedication to Lord Waldegrave. In 1699, Peter Motteux selected the principal parts, and fashioned them into the shape of an opera, which was performed and printed. The music was composed by Purcell, Clarke, and Leveridge. In the last century the play seems to have been entirely neglected.

Though this drama is by no means destitute of merit, it cannot claim a very high rank amongst the productions of its author. The attention is kept alive, more by bustle and unexpected incidents than by situations of peculiar interest; and the whole, with the aid of dresses and decorations, must have had more effect upon the stage than it can possibly have when perused in the closet. While some of the characters are exhibited with great spirit, and discriminated with profound skill, particularly those of Armusia and Piniero, we must regret the vacillation and uncertainty exhibited in others, though no doubt minds perfectly concordant with the delineations of these are sufficiently frequent in actual life. We cannot help wondering that the poet should first claim our admiration for the brave Ruy Dias, and the beautiful *Island Princess*, and subsequently prove the former to be irresolute, the latter changeable and wanton, and both meanly treacherous. It is true, that these imperfections were necessary to heighten the

interest we feel in the generous Armusia and the lively Piniero ; yet a reformation of characters completely evil, though not so natural, would have answered that purpose better. But let not these objections deter any reader from the perusal of a drama in which he will find situations full of interest, and passages which display all that unassuming eloquence which is so peculiarly the *forte* of Fletcher. When Armusia, after having expressed the most chivalrous devotion to the lady of his heart, is required to abjure his faith, he utters his detestation of such a change with a force and spirit which we did not expect from the mild, though manly firmness which he had exhibited previously, and this is artfully introduced to heighten the effect of such a denial, which, from a more boisterous character, had failed in impressing us with the same degree of veneration. At the same time, its effects obviate the objections which might otherwise have been started against Quisara's abandoning her engagements to Ruy Dias, and bestowing her hand upon his rival.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- King of Tidore.
 King of Bakam,
 Prince of Syana,
 Armusia, } *Suitors to Quisara.*
 Ruy Dias, } *Portuguese.*
 Governor of Ternata, *an ill man,*
 Piniero, *nephew to Ruy Dias, a merry Captain.*
 Soza, } *Companions to Armusia and his valiant*
 Emanuel, } *followers.*
 Christophero, } *Soldiers and Friends to Piniero.*
 Pedro,
 Keeper.
 Moors.
 Guard.
 Captain.
 Citizens and Townsmen.
- Quisara, *the Island Princess, sister to the King of Tidore.*
 Quisana, *aunt to the Princess.*
 Panura, *waiting woman to the Princess Quisara.*
 Citizens' Wives.

SCENE,—Tidore, excepting during the greater part of the second act, when it is Ternata.

The principal Actors were,—

John Lowin,	Joseph Taylor,
John Underwood,	Robert Benfield,
William Egglestone,	George Birch,
Rich. Sharpe,	Tho. Poleard.

Fol. 1679.



THE
ISLAND PRINCESS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Tidore. The Ramparts of the Portuguese Fort.
A bell rings.*

Enter PINIERO, CHRISTOPHERO, and PEDRO.

Piniero. Open the ports, and see the watch
reliev'd,
And let the guards be careful of their business,
Their vigilant eyes fix'd on these islanders!
They are false and desperate people; when they
find
The least occasion open to encouragement,
Cruel and crafty souls. Believe me, gentlemen,
Their late attempt, which is too fresh amongst us,
In which, against all arms and honesty,
The Governor of Ternata made surprise

Of our confederate,¹ the King of Tidore,
 (As for his recreation he was rowing
 Between both lands) bids us be wise and circum-
 spect.

Chris. It was a mischief suddenly imagined,
 And as soon done : That governor's a fierce knave,
 Unfaithful as he's fierce too ; there's no trusting.
 But I wonder much, how such poor and base
 pleasures

As tugging at an oar, or skill in steerage,
 Should become princes.

Pin. Base breedings love base pleasure :
 They take as much delight in a baratto,²
 (A little scurvy boat) to row her tithly,³
 And have the art to turn and wind her nimbly,
 Think it as noble too, (though it be slavish,
 And a dull labour that declines a gentleman⁴)
 As we Portugals, or the Spaniards, do in riding,
 In managing a great horse, (which is princely)
 The French in courtship, or the dancing English
 In carrying a fair presence.

Pedro. He was strangely taken ;
 But where no faith is, there's no trust ; he has
 paid for't.

His sister yet, the fair and great Quisara,
 Has shew'd a noble mind, and much love in't
 To her afflicted brother ; and the nobler
 Still it appears, and seasons of more tenderness,

¹ Governor of Ternata, &c.] Ternata (or Ternate, as Milton calls it), Tidore, and Bakan, or Bacham, are three of the Molucco islands.—Sympson.

² A baratto.] An Indian boat.

³ Tithly.] This word, as we have before observed, was equivalent to tightly, as the second folio and the modern editions read.

⁴ A dull labour that declines a gentleman.] That is, degrades, debases. See The False One, vol. V. p. 40.

Because his ruin styles her absolute,
 And his imprisonment adds to her profit.
 Feeling all this, which makes all men admire her,
 The warm beams of this fortune that fall on her,
 Yet has she made divers and noble treaties,
 And propositions for her brother's freedom,
 If wealth or honour——

Pin. Peace, peace! you are fool'd, sir :
 Things of these natures have strange outsides,
 Pedro,

And cunning shadows, set 'em far from us ;
 Draw 'em but near, they are gross, and they abuse
 us :

They that observe her close shall find her nature,
 Which, I doubt mainly, will not prove so excellent.
 She is a princess, and she must be fair,
 That's the prerogative of being royal ;
 Let her want eyes and nose, she must be beauteous,
 And she must know it too, and the use of it,
 And people must believe it, they are damn'd else :
 Why, all the neighbouring princes are mad for her.

Chris. Is she not fair then ?

Pin. But her hopes are fairer.

And there's a haughty master, the King of Bakam,
 That lofty sir, that speaks far more and louder,
 In his own commendations, than a cannon ;
 He is stricken dumb with her.

Pedro. Beshrew me, she is a sweet one !

Pin. And there's that hopeful man of Syana,
 That sprightly fellow, he that's wise and tem-
 perate,
 He is a lover too.

Chris. 'Would I were worth her looking !
 For, by my life, I hold her a complete one :

The very sun, I think, affects her sweetness,⁵
And dares not, as he does to all else, dye it
Into his tawny livery.

Pin. She dares not see him,
But keeps herself at distance from his kisses,
And wears her complexion in a case :⁶ Let him
but like it
A week,⁷ or two, or three, she would look like a
lion.

But the main sport on't is, or rather wonder,
The Governor of Ternata, her mortal enemy,
He that has catch'd her brother-king, is struck too,
And is arrived under safe conduct also,
And hostages of worth deliver'd for him ;
And he brought a letter from his prisoner,
(Whether compell'd, or willingly deliver'd)
From the poor king ; or what else dare be in't—

Chris. So it be honourable, any thing, 'tis all
one ;
For I dare think she'll do the best.

Pin. 'Tis certain
He has admittance, and solicits hourly.

⁵ *The very sun, I think, affects her sweetness.*] To affect and to love were frequently used in the same sense.

⁶ *And her complexion.*] So the folio of 1679, and the last octavo. The text is from the original copy.

⁷ *Let him but like it, &c.*] The editors of 1750 propose varying to, *let him but LICK it* ; or, *let him but KISS it* ; or, *let him but LOOK ON'T* : “ So (says Sympson) in Solomon's Song : *Look not upon me because I am black, because the sun hath look'd upon me.* ”—Ed. 1778.

Mason defends the ludicrous substitution of *lick* for *like*, and says the old text is nonsense. But if he had attended to the speech of Christophero, to which that of Piniero is a direct reply, he would have perceived no necessity of alteration. The former had said the very sun affects, *i. e.* loves her sweetness ; and Piniero rejoins, that if he (the sun) were to enjoy his love for a few weeks, he would soon mar her beauty.

Now if he have the trick——

Pedro. What trick?

Pin. The true one,
To take her too : If he be but skill'd in bat-fowl-
ing,

And lime his bush right——

Chris. I'll be hang'd when that hits :
For 'tis not a compell'd or forced affection
That must take her : I guess her stout and virtu-
ous.—

But where's your uncle, sir, our valiant captain,
The brave Ruy Dias, all this while ?

Pin. Ay, marry,
He is amongst 'em too.

Pedro. A lover?

Pin. Nay,
I know not that ; but sure he stands in favour,
Or would stand stifly ; he's no Portugal else.

Chris. The voice says, in good favour ; in the
list too

Of the privy wooers. How cunningly of late
(I have observed him) and how privately
He has stolen at all hours from us, and how readily
He has feign'd a business to bid the fort farewell
For five or six days, or a month together !
Sure there is something——

Pin. Yes, yes, there is a thing in't,
A thing would make the best on's all dance after it,
A dainty thing ! Lord, how this uncle of mine
Has read to me, and rated me for wenching,
And told me in what desperate case 'twould leave
me,

And how 'twould stew my bones——

Pedro. You cared not for it.

Pin. I faith, not much ; I ventured on still easily,
And took my chance ; danger's a soldier's honour.

But that this man, this herb of grace, Ruy Dias,
 This father of our faculties, should slip thus!
 (For sure he is a-ferreting) that he
 That would drink nothing, to depress the spirit,
 But milk and water, eat nothing but thin air,
 To make his blood obedient; that his youth,
 In spite of all his temperance, should tickle,
 And have a love-mange on him——

Chris. 'Tis in him, sir,
 But honourable courtship, and becomes his rank
 too.

Pin. In me it were abominable lechery, or would
 be;

For when our thoughts are on't, and miss their level,
 We must hit something.

Pedro. Well, he's a noble gentleman;
 And, if he be a suitor, may he speed in't!

Pin. Let him alone; our family ne'er fail'd yet.

Chris. Our mad lieutenant still, merry Piniero!
 Thus would he do, if the surgeon were searching
 of him.

Pedro. Especially if a warm wench had shot him.

Pin. But hark, Christophero; come hither, Pe-
 dro;

When saw you our brave countryman, Armusia,
 He that's arrived here lately, and his gallants?
 A goodly fellow, and a brave companion
 Methinks he is, and no doubt truly valiant;
 For he that dares come hither dares fight any where.

Chris. I saw him not of late. A sober gentleman
 I am sure he is; and no doubt bravely sprung,
 And promises much nobleness.

Pin. I love him,
 And by my troth would fain be inward with him,*

* —— *I love him,*
And by my troth would fain be inward with him. Inward means
 familiar, intimate.—*Mason.*

Pray-let's go seek him.

Pedro. We'll attend you, sir.

Pin. By that time, we shall hear the burst of business. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the House of Quisana.

Enter RUY DIAS, QUISARA, QUISANA, and PANURA.

Quisar. Aunt, I much thank you for your courtesy,

And the fair liberty you still allow me,
Both of your house and service. Though I be
A princess, and by that prerogative stand free
From the poor malice of opinion,
And no ways bound to render up my actions,
Because no power above me can examine me;
Yet, my dear brother being still a prisoner,
And many wandering eyes upon my ways,
Being left alone a sea-mark, it behoves me
To use a little caution, and be circumspect.

Quisan. You are wise and noble, lady.

Quisar. Often, aunt,

I resort hither, and privately to see you,
It may be to converse with some I favour:
I would not have it known as oft, nor construed;
It stands not with my care.

Quisan. You speak most fairly;

For even our pure devotions are examined.

Quisar. So mad are men's minds now.

Ruy. Or rather monstrous;

They are thick dreams bred in fogs, that know no fairness.

Quisan. Madam, the house is yours, I am yours,
(pray, use me)

And at your service all I have lies prostrate;
My care shall ever be to yield you honour,
And, when your fame falls here, 'tis my fault,
lady.

A poor and simple banquet I have provided,
Which if you please to honour with your presence—

Quisar. I thank you, aunt! I shall be with you
instantly.

A few words with this gentleman!

Quisan. I'll leave you;

And, when you please retire, I'll wait upon you.

[*Exeunt QUISANA and PANURA.*]

Quisar. Why, how now, captain? what, afraid
to speak to me?

A man of arms, and daunted with a lady?

Commanders have the power to parle with princes.

Ruy. Madam, the favours you have still shower'd
on me,

(Which are so high above my means of merit,

So infinite, that nought can value 'em

But their own goodness; no eyes look up to 'em

But those that are of equal light and lustre)

Strike me thus mute! You are my royal mistress,

And all my services, that aim at honour,

Take life from you, the saint of my devotions.

Pardon my wish! it is a fair ambition,

And well becomes the man that honours you:

I would I were of worth, of something near you,

Of such a royal piece!⁹ a king I would be,

⁹ *Of such a royal piece.*] Seward proposes, *royal PRICE*; but the old text is right, meaning, as Mason observes, *worthy of such a piece of royalty.*

A mighty king that might command affection,^{*}
 And bring a youth upon me might bewitch you,
 And you a sweet-soul'd Christian.

Quisar. Now you talk, sir!

You Portugals, though you be rugged soldiers,
 Yet, when you list to flatter, you are plain courtiers.

And could you wish me Christian, brave Ruy Dias?

Ruy. At all the danger of my life, great lady,
 At all my hopes, at all——

Quisar. Pray you stay a little;
 To what end runs your wish?

Ruy. Oh, glorious lady,
 That I might—But I dare not speak.

Quisar. I dare then;
 That you might hope to marry me: Nay, blush not;
 An honourable end needs no excuse.
 And would you love me then?

Ruy. My soul not dearer.

Quisar. Do some brave thing that may entice
 me that way,
 Something of such a meritorious goodness,
 Of such an unmatch'd nobleness, that I may know
 You have a power beyond ours that preserves you.
 'Tis not the person, nor the royal title,
 Nor wealth, nor glory, that I look upon;

^{*} —— command affection,

And bring a youth upon me might bewitch you.] Sympson would read,

—— a King I would be,

A mighty King that might command affection,

A spring of youth upon me might bewitch ye, &c.

But the old text is so plain, that an explanation is almost needless. The suitor wishes that he were a king of sufficient power to command affection, and of having controul over the ordinary course of nature, by conferring such youth upon himself as might bewitch and fascinate the lady.

That inward man I love that's lined with virtue,
 That well-deserving soul works out a favour.
 I have many princes suitors, many great ones,
 Yet above these I love you ; you are valiant,
 An active man, able to build a fortune ;
 I do not say I dote, nor mean to marry ;
 Only the hope is, something may be done
 That may compel my faith, and ask my freedom,
 And leave opinion fair.

Ruy. Command, dear lady !
 And let the danger be as deep as hell,
 As direful to attempt——

Quisar. You are too sudden ;
 I must be ruled by you : Find out a fortune,
 Wisely and handsomely ; examine Time,
 And court Occasion that she may be ready ;
 A thousand uses for your forward spirit
 You may find daily ; be sure you take a good one !
 A brave and worthy one, that may advance you !
 Forced smiles reward poor dangers : You're a sol-
 dier,

(I would not talk so else) and I love a soldier,
 And that that speaks him true and great, his valour :
 Yet for all these, which are but women's follies,
 You may do what you please ; I shall still know
 you,

And though you wear no sword——

Ruy. Excellent lady !
 When I grow so cold, and disgrace my nation,
 That from their hardy nurses suck adventures,
 'Twere fit I wore a tombstone. You have read to
 me

The story of your favour : If I mistake it,
 Or grow a truant² in the study of it,
 A great correction, lady——

² *A tenant.*] Corrected in 1679.

Quisar. Let's to th' banquet,
 And have some merrier talk, and then to court,
 Where I give audience to my general suitors!
 Pray Heaven my woman's wit hold! There, brave
 captain,
 You may perchance meet something that may
 startle you:
 I'll say no more: Come, be not sad! I love you.
 [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Hall in the Royal Castle.

*Enter PINIERO, ARMUSIA, SOZA, CHRISTOPHERO,
 and EMANUEL.*

Pin. You are welcome, gentlemen, most worthy
 welcome!
 And know, there's nothing in our power may serve
 ye,

But you may freely challenge.

Arm. Sir, we thank you,
 And rest your servants too.

Pin. Ye are worthy Portugals;
 You shew the bravery of your minds and spirits,
 The nature of our country too, that brings forth
 Stirring unwearied souls to seek adventures,
 Minds never satisfied with search of honour:
 Where time is, and the sun gives light, brave coun-
 trymen,
 Our names are known; new worlds disclose their
 riches,
 Their beauties and their prides, to our embraces,

And we the first of nations find these wonders.

Arm. These noble thoughts, sir, have enticed us forward,

And minds unapt for ease, to see these miracles,
In which we find report a poor relater :

We are arrived among the blessed islands,
Where every wind that rises blows perfumes,
And every breath of air is like an incense ;
The treasure of the sun dwells here ; each tree,
As if it envied the old Paradise,
Strives to bring forth immortal fruit ; the spices
Renewing nature, though not deifying ;
And when that falls by time, scorning the earth,
The sullen earth, should taint or suck their beauties,

But as we dreamed, for ever so preserve us :
Nothing we see, but breeds an admiration ;
The very rivers, as we float along,
Throw up their pearls, and curl their heads to court us ;

The bowels of the earth swell with the births
Of thousand unknown gems, and thousand riches ;
Nothing that bears a life, but brings a treasure.
The people they shew brave too, civil-manner'd,
Proportion'd like the masters of great minds ;
The women, which I wonder at——

Pin. You speak well.

Arm. Of delicate aspects, fair, clearly beauteous,
And, to that admiration, sweet and courteous.

Pin. And is not that a good thing? Brave Ar-
musia,

You never saw the court before?

Arm. No, certain ;

But that I see a wonder too, all excellent,
The government exact——

Chris. You shall see anon

That that will make you start indeed! such beauties,

Such riches, and such form——

Soza. We are fire already;
The wealthy magazine of Nature sure
Inhabits here.

Enter BAKAM, SYANA, and Governor of Ternata.

Arm. These sure are all islanders.

Pin. Yes, and great princes too, and lusty lovers.

Arm. They are goodly persons. What might he
be, signor,

That bears so proud a state?

Pin. King of Bakam,
A fellow that farts terror.

Eman. He looks highly;
Sure he was begot o' th' top of a steeple.

Chris. It may well be;
For you shall hear him ring anon.

Pin. That is Syana,
And a brave-temper'd fellow, and more valiant.

Soza. What rugged face is that?

Pin. That's the great governor,
The man surprised our friend; I told you of him.

Arm. He has dangerous eyes.

Pin. A perilous thief, and subtle!

Chris. And, to that subtilty, a heart of iron.

Pin. Yet the young lady makes it melt.

Arm. They start all,
And thunder in the eyes.—

Bakam. Away, ye poor ones!
Am I in competition with such bubbles?
My virtue and my name rank'd with such trifles?

Syana. You speak loud.

Bakam. Young man, I will speak louder!
Can any man but I deserve her favour,

You petty princes?

Pin. He will put 'em all in's pocket.

[*Princes fly at one another.*]

Syana. Thou proud mad thing, be not so full of
glory,

So full of vanity!

Bakam. How! I condemn thee,
And that fort-keeping fellow!—

Pin. How the dog looks,
The bandog governor!—

Gov. Ha! Why?

Bakam. Away, thing,
And keep your rank with those that fit your roy-
alty!

Call out the princess.

Gov. Dost thou know me, bladder,
Thou insolent imposthume?

Bakam. I despise thee.

Gov. Art thou acquainted with my nature, baby?
With my revenge for injuries? Darest thou hold
me

So far behind thy file, I cannot reach thee?

What canst thou merit?

Bakam. Merit? I am above it;
I am equal with all honours, all atchievements,
And what is great and worthy; the best doer
I keep at my command; Fortune's my servant:
'Tis in my power now to despise such wretches,
To look upon ye slightly, and neglect ye;
And, but she deigns at some hours to remember ye,
And people have bestow'd some titles on ye,
I should forget your names.

Syana. Mercy of me!

What a blown fool has self-affection

Made of this fellow! Did not the queen your mo-
ther

Long for bellows and bagpipes when she was great
with you,

She brought forth such a windy birth?

Gov. 'Tis ten to one

She eat a drum, and was deliver'd of a larum ;
Or else he was swaddled in an old sail when he was
young.

Syana. He swells too mainly with his meditations :—

'Faith, talk a little handsomer, ride softly
That we may be able to hold way with you ! We
are princes ;

But those are but poor things to you : Talk wiser !
'Twill well become your mightiness : Talk less,
That men may think you can do more !

Gov. Talk truth,
That men may think you are honest, and believe
you !

Or talk yourself asleep, for I am weary of you.

Bakam. Why, I can talk and do——

Gov. That would do excellent.

Bakam. And tell you, only I deserve the princess,
And make good *only I*, if you dare, you, sir ;
Or you, Syana's prince !

Pin. Here's a storm toward ;
Methinks it sings already. To him, governor !

Gov. Here lies my proof. [*Draw.*

Syana. And mine.

Gov. I'll be short with you ;
For these long arguments I was never good at.

Pin. How white the boaster looks !

*Enter RUY DIAS, QUISARA, QUISANA, and PA-
NURA.*

Arm. I see he lacks faith.

Ruy. For shame, forbear, great princes ; rule
your angers !

You violate the freedom of this place,

The state and royalty——

Gov. He's well contented,
It seems ; and so I have done.

Arm. Is this she, signor?

Pin. This is the princess, sir.

Arm. She is sweet and goodly,
An admirable form ; they have cause to justle.

Quisar. Ye wrong me and my court, ye froward
princes !

Comes your love wrapt in violence to seek us ?
Is it fit, though you be great, my presence should be
Stained and polluted with your bloody rages ?
My privacies affrighted with your swords ?
He that loves me, loves my command : Be temper'd,
Or be no more what ye profess, my servants !

Bakam, Syana, and Gov. We are calm as peace.

Arm. What command she carries !
And what a sparkling majesty flies from her !

Quisar. Is it ye love to do ? Ye shall find danger,
And danger that shall start your resolutions :
But not this way. 'Tis not contention
Who loves me to my face best, or who can flatter
most,

Can carry me : He that deserves my favour,
And will enjoy what I bring, love and majesty,
Must win me with his worth, must travail for me,
Must put his hasty rage off, and put on
A well-confirmed, temperate, and true valour.

Bakam, Syana, and Gov. But shew the way.

Quisar. And will ; and then shew you
A will to tread the way, I'll say ye are worthy.

Pin. What task now will she turn 'em to ? These
hot youths

I fear will find a cooling card : I read in her eyes,
Something that has some swinge must fly amongst
'em :

By this hand, I love her a little now !

Quisar. 'Tis not unknown to you
I had a royal brother, now miserable,
And prisoner to that man ; if I were ambitious,
Gaped for that glory was ne'er born with me,
There he should lie, his miseries upon him ;
If I were covetous, and my heart set
On riches, and those base effects that follow
On pleasures uncontroul'd, or safe revenges,
There he should die, his death would give me all
these ;

For then stood I up absolute to do all :
Yet all these flattering shows of dignity,
These golden dreams of greatness, cannot force
[me]

To forget nature and my fair affection :
Therefore, that man that would be known my lover
Must be known his redeemer, and must bring him,
Either alive or dead, to my embraces,
(For even his bones I scorn shall feel such slavery)
Or seek another mistress. 'Twill be hard
To do this, wond'rous hard, a great adventure,
Fit for a spirit of an equal greatness !
But, being done, the reward is worthy of it.

Chris. How they stand gaping all !

Quisar. Ruy Dias cold? [Apart to him.
Not fly like fire into it? May be, you doubt me :
He that shall do this is my husband, prince,³

³ — *Is my husband, prince.*] Ruy Dias appears only to have been the general of the Portugals, not a prince; this speech, therefore, is made to all the suitors, and should run,

Is my husband, princes.

Seward.

The whole speech is apparently addressed to Ruy Dias; and Quisara certainly means, though perhaps not very correctly, to call him *prince*.—Ed. 1778.

As the whole speech is evidently addressed to Ruy Dias, and the whole scope of it intended to rouse him to undertake the attempt, the variation of Seward, though supported by Mason, can-

By the bright Heavens, he is! by whose justice
I openly proclaim it: If I lie,
Or seek to set you on with subtilty,
Let that meet with me, and reward my falsehood!
No stirring yet? No start into a bravery?

Ruy. Madam, it may be; but being a main danger,
Your Grace must give me leave to look about me,
And take a little time: The cause will ask it;
Great acts require great counsels.

Quisar. Take your pleasure!—

I fear the Portugal.

[*Aside.*

Bakam. I'll raise an army
That shall bring back his island, fort and all,
And fix it here.

Gov. How long will this be doing?
You should have begun in your grandfather's days.

Syana. What may be,
And what my power can promise, noblest lady—
My will I am sure stands fair.

Quisar. Fair be your fortune!

Few promises are best, and fair performance.

Gov. These cannot do; their power and arts are
weak ones.

'Tis in my will; I have this king your brother,
He is my prisoner; I accept your proffer,
And bless the fair occasion that atchieved him:
I love you, and I honour you. But speak,
Whether alive or dead he shall be render'd,
And see how readily, how in an instant,
Quick as your wishes, lady——

Quisar. No; I scorn you,
You and your courtesy! I hate your love, sir;

not be admitted. Perhaps Quisara means to say, that he who delivers her brother shall be her husband, by which he will also become a prince. But I have little faith in this explanation, and believe that the mistake arose from the inadvertency of the poet.

And ere I would so basely win his liberty,
 I would study to forget he was my brother.
 By force he was taken ; he, that shall enjoy me,
 Shall fetch him back by force, or never know me.

Pin. As I live, a rare wench !

Arm. She has a noble spirit.

Gov. By force ?

Quisar. Yes, sir, by force, and make you glad too
 To let him go.

Gov. How ! You may look nobler on me,
 And think me no such boy : By force he must not ;
 For your love much may be.

Quisar. Put up your passion,
 And pack you home ! I say, by force, and sud-
 denly ;

He lies there till he rots else ! Although I love him
 Most tenderly and dearly, as a brother,
 And out of these respects would joy to see him,
 Yet, to receive him as thy courtesy,
 With all the honour thou couldst add unto him,
 From his hands that most hates him, I had rather
 (Though no condition were propounded for him)
 See him far sunk i' th' earth, and there forget him !

Pin. Your hopes are gelt, good governor.

Arm. A rare woman !

Gov. Lady,

I'll pull this pride, I'll quench this bravery,
 And turn your glorious scorn to tears and howlings ;
 I will, proud princess ! This neglect of me
 Shall make thy brother-king most miserable,
 Shall turn him into curses 'gainst thy cruelty :
 For where before I used him like a king,
 And did those royal offices unto him,
 Now he shall lie a sad lump in a dungeon,
 Loaden with chains and fetters ; cold and hunger,
 Darkness, and ling'ring death, for his companions.

And let me see who dare attempt his rescue,
What desperate fool! Look toward it! Farewell,
And when thou know'st him thus, lament thy
follies!

Nay, I will make thee kneel to take my offer:
Once more farewell, and put thy trust in puppets!
[Exit.

Quisar. If none dare undertake't, I'll live a
mourner.

Bakam. You cannot want.

Syana. You must not.

Ruy. 'Tis most dangerous,
And wise men would proceed with care and
counsel;

Yet some way 'would I knew! Walk with me,
gentlemen.—

[Exeunt all but ARMUSIA, SOZA, and EMANUEL.

Arm. How do you like her spirit?

Soza. 'Tis a clear one,

Clogg'd with no dirty stuff; she is all pure honour.

Eman. The bravest wench I ever look'd upon,
And of the strongest parts! She is most fair;
Yet her mind such a mirror——

Arm. What an action
Would this be to put forward on, what a glory,
And what an everlasting wealth to end it!
Methinks my soul is strangely raised.

Soza. To step into it,
Just while they think; and, ere they have deter-
mined,
To bring the king off!

Arm. Things have been done as dangerous.

Eman. And prosper'd best, when they were least
consider'd.

Arm. Bless me, my hopes! and you, my friends,
assist me!

None but our companions——

Soza. You deal wisely,
And, if we shrink, the name of slaves die with us!

Eman. Stay not for second thoughts.

Arm. I am determined :

And, though I lose, it shall be sung, I was valiant,
And my brave offer shall be turned to story,
Worthy the princess' tongue. A boat ! that's all
That's unprovided ; and habits like to merchants !
The rest we'll counsel as we go.

Soza. Away then !

Fortune looks fair on those make haste to win her.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Ternata. *The Castle of the Governor. A Dungeon,
with a Gallery in the Back-ground.*

Enter Keeper and two or three Moors.

Keeper. I have kept many a man, and many a
great one,
Yet, I confess, I never saw before
A man of such a sufferance : He lies now
Where I would not lay my dog, (for sure 'twould
kill him)
Where neither light or comfort can come near him,
Nor air, nor earth that's wholesome. It grieves me
To see a mighty king, with all his glory,

Sunk o' th' sudden to the bottom of a dungeon.
 Whither should we descend, that are poor rascals,
 If we had our deserts?

1 Moor. 'Tis a strange wonder !

Load him with irons, oppress him with contempts,
 (Which are the governor's commands) give him
 nothing,

Or so little, to sustain life, 'tis next nothing,
 They stir not him ; he smiles upon his miseries,
 And bears 'em with such strength as if his nature
 Had been nursed up and foster'd with calamities.

2 Moor. He gives no ill words, curses, nor re-
 pines not,

Blames nothing, hopes in nothing, we can hear of ;
 And, in the midst of all these frights, fears nothing.

Keeper. I'll be sworn

He fears not ; for even when I shake for him,
 (As many times my pity will compel me)
 When other souls, that bear not half his burden,
 Shrink in their powers, and burst with their op-
 pressions,

Then will he sing, woo his afflictions,
 And court 'em in sad airs, as if he would wed 'em.

1 Moor. That's more than we have heard yet ; we
 are only

Appointed for his guard, but not so near him :
 If we could hear that wonder——

Keeper. Many times

I fear the governor should come to know it ;
 For his voice so affects me, so delights me,
 That, when I find his hour, I have music ready,
 And it stirs me infinitely. Be but still and private,
 And you may chance to hear.

[King appears laden with chains, his head and
 arms only, above.

2 Moor. We will not stir, sir.

This is a sudden change ; but who dar'ns blame it ?

Keeper. Now hark and melt! for I am sure I shall.

Stand silent! What stubborn weight of chains—

1 *Moor.* Yet he looks temperately.

2 *Moor.* His eyes not sunk, and his complexion firm still,

No wildness, no distemper'd touch upon him :

How constantly he smiles, and how undaunted!

With what a majesty he heaves his head up!

[*Music.*

Keeper. Now mark! I know he will sing; do not disturb him.—

[*Gives him his allowance.*

Your allowance from the governor! 'Would it were more, sir,

Or in my power to make it handsomer!

King. Do not transgress thy charge! I take his bounty.—

And, Fortune, whilst I bear a mind contented,
Not leaven'd with the glory I am fall'n from,
Nor hang upon vain hopes that may corrupt me,
Thou art my slave, and I appear above thee.⁴

⁴ *King.* Do not transgress thy charge, I take his bounty,
And Fortune, whilst I bear a mind contented,
Not leaven'd with the glory I am fall'n from,
Nor hang upon vain hopes, that may corrupt me.

Enter Governor.

Gov. *Thou art my slave, and I appear above thee.*] The editors of 1750 propose different variations in the speech of the king; but they need no recital when the real cause of the obscurity is discovered, which is, that the governor has been hitherto set down to speak the last line of the king's apostrophe to Fortune.—What a contemptible boast does this line appear when coming from the governor, (who is in no other place held forth as a fool, though a tyrant,) but how finely does it conclude the unfortunate monarch's address!

J. N.

Enter Governor.

Keeper. The governor himself!

Gov. What, at your banquet?

And in such state, and with such change of service?

King. Nature's no glutton, sir; a little serves her.

Gov. This diet's wholesome then?

King. I beg no better.

Gov. A calm contented mind!—Give him less
next;

These full meals will oppress his health; his grace
Is of a tender and pure constitution;

And such repletious——

King. Mock, mock! it moves not me, sir;
Thy mirths, as do thy mischiefs, fly behind me.

Gov. You carry it handsomely. But tell me,
Patience,

Do not you curse the brave and royal lady,
Your gracious sister? do not you damn her pity,
Damn twenty times a-day, and damn it seriously?
Do not you swear aloud too, cry and kick?
The very soul sweat in thee with the agony
Of her contempt of me? Couldst not thou eat her
For being so injurious to thy fortune,
Thy fair and happy fortune? Couldst not thou wish
her

A bastard, or a whore Fame might proclaim her,
Black ugly Fame, or that thou hadst had no sister?
Spitting the general name out, and the nature,
Blaspheming Heaven for making such a mischief,
For giving power to pride, and will to woman?

King. No, tyrant, no! I bless and love her for
it:

And, though her scorn of thee had laid up for me
As many plagues as the corrupted air breeds,
As many mischiefs as the hours have minutes,

As many forms of death as Doubt can figure ;
Yet I should love her more still, and more honour
her.

All thou canst lay upon me cannot bend me ;
No, not the stroke of death, that I despise too ;
For if fear could possess me, thou hadst won me :
As little from this hour I prize thy flatteries,
And less than those thy prayers, though thou
wouldst kneel to me !

And if she be not mistress of this nature,
She's none of mine, no kin, and I contemn her.

Gov. Are you so valiant, sir ?

King. Yes, and so fortunate ;
For he, that holds my constancy, still conquers.
Hadst thou preserved me as a noble enemy,
And, as at first, made my restraint seem to me
But only as the shadow of captivity,
I had still spoke thee noble, still declared thee
A valiant, great, and worthy man, still loved thee,
And still preferr'd thy fair love to my sister ;
But to compel this from me with a misery,
A must inhuman and unhandsome slavery——

Gov. You will relent, for all this talk, I fear not,
And put your wits a-work again.

King. You are cozen'd :
Or, if I were so weak to be wrought to it,
So fearful to give way to so much poverty,
How I should curse her heart, if she consented !

Gov. You shall write, and entreat, or——

King. Do thy utmost,
And, e'en in all thy tortures, I'll laugh at thee.
I'll think thee no more valiant, but a villain ;
Nothing thou hast done brave, but like a thief,
Atchieved by craft, and kept by cruelty ;
Nothing thou canst deserve, thou art dishonest :

Nor no way live to build a name, thou art barbarous.

Gov. Down with him low enough, there let him murmur!

And see his diet be so light and little,
He grow not thus high-hearted on't!—I'll cool you,
And make you cry for mercy, and be ready
To work my ends, and willingly: And your sister taken down,

Your scornful, cruel sister, shall repent too,
And sue to me for grace.—Give him no liberty,
But let his bands be doubled, his ease lessen'd,
Nothing his heart desires, but vex and torture him!

Let him not sleep; nothing that's dear to Nature
Let him enjoy; yet take heed that he die not;
Keep him as near death, and as willing to embrace it,

But see he arrive not at it! I will humble him,
And her stout heart that stands on such defiance:
And let me see her champions that dare venture,
Her high and mighty wooers! Keep your guards close,

And, as you love your lives, be diligent,
And what I charge observe!

All. We shall be dutiful.

Gov. I'll pull your courage, King, and all your bravery! [*Exit. The King retires.*]

1 Moor. Most certain he's resolved, nothing can stir him;

For, if he had but any part about him
Gave way to fear or hope, he durst not talk thus,
And do thus stoutly too: As willingly,
And quietly he sunk down to his sorrows,
As some men to their sleeps.

Keeper. Yes, and sleeps with 'em,
(So little he regards them, there's the wonder)

And often soundly sleeps. 'Would I durst pity
him,

Or 'would 'twere in my will—But we are servants,
And tied unto command.

2 *Moor*. I wish him better,
But much I fear he has found his tomb already.
We must observe our guards.

1 *Moor*. He cannot last long;
And when he's dead he's free.

Keeper. That's the most cruelty,
That we must keep him living.

2 *Moor*. That's as he please;
For that man that resolves needs no physician.
[*Exeunt*.

SCENE II.

The same. A Street in the chief Town.

*Enter ARMUSIA, SOZA, EMANUEL, and a Guide,
disguised as Merchants, armed underneath.*

Arm. Our prosperous passage was an omen to us,
A lucky and fair omen.

Eman. and Soza. We believe it.

Arm. The sea and wind strove who should most
befriend us;

And as they favour'd our design, and loved us,
So lead us forth—Where lies the boat that brought
us?

Soza. Safe lodged within the reeds, close by
the castle,

That no eye can suspect, nor thought come near it.

Eman. But where have you been, brave sir?

Arm. I have broke the ice, boys,

I have begun the game; fair Fortune guide it!
Suspectless have I travell'd all the town through,
And in this merchant's shape won much acquaint-
ance,

Survey'd each strength and place that may befriend
us,

View'd all his magazines, got perfect knowledge
Of where the prison is, and what power guards it.

Soza. These will be strong attempts.

Arm. Courage is strong:

What we began with policy, my dear friends,
Let's end with manly force! There's no retiring,
Unless it be with shame.

Eman. Shame his that hopes it.

Arm. Better a few, and clearer fame will follow us,
However, lose or win, and speak our memories,
Than if we led out armies:⁵ Things done thus,
And of this noble weight, will style us worthies.

Soza. Direct, and we have done; bring us to
execute,

And if we flinch, or fail——

Arm. I am sure ye dare not:

Then further know, and let no ear be near us
That may be false——

Eman. Speak boldly on; we are honest,
Our lives and fortunes yours.

Arm. Hard by the place then

⁵ *Than if we led our armies.*] As these are private adventurers, not generals of armies, *our* seems a flattening expletive, and was probably a mistake for *o'er*, they having cross'd the sea.—*Seward*.
We have varied *our* to *out*, which we do not doubt is genuine.
—Ed. 1778.

Where all his treasure lies, his arms, his women,
Close by the prison too where he keeps the king,
I have hired a lodging, as a trading merchant;
A cellar to that too, to stow my wares in,
The very wall of which joins to his storehouse.

Soza. What of all this?

Arm. Ye are dull, if ye apprehend not.
Into that cellar, elected friends, I have convey'd,
And unsuspected too, that that will do it,
That that will make all shake, and smoke too.

Eman. Ha !

Arm. My thoughts have not been idle, nor my
practice :
The fire I brought here with me shall do some-
thing,

Shall burst into material flames, and bright ones,
That all the island shall stand wond'ring at it,
As if they had been stricken with a comet.

Powder is ready, and enough, to work it;
The match is left a-fire, all, all hush'd, and lock'd
close,

No man suspecting what I am, but merchant.
An hour hence, my brave friends, look for the fury,
The fire to light us to our honour'd purpose ;
For by that time 'twill take !

Soza. What are our duties ?

Arm. When all are full of fear or fright, the
governor
Out of his wits to see the flames so imperious,
Ready to turn to ashes all he worships,
And all the people there to stop these ruins,
No man regarding any private office,
Then fly we to the prison suddenly !

Here's one has found the way, and dares direct us.

Eman. Then to our swords and good hearts ! I
long for it.

Arm. Certain we shall not find much opposition ;

But what is, must be forced.

Soza. 'Tis bravely cast, sir ;
And surely too, I hope.

Arm. If the fire fail not,
And powder hold his nature. Some must presently,

Upon the first cry of the amazed people,
(For nothing will be mark'd then but the misery)
Be ready with the boat upon an instant ;
And then all's right and fair.

Eman. Bless us, dear Fortune !

Arm. Let us be worthy of it in our courage,
And Fortune must befriend us. Come, all sever ;
But keep still within sight : When the flame rises,
Let's meet, and either do or die !

Soza. So be it !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. Before the Castle of the Governor.

Enter Governor and Captain.

Gov. No, captain, for those troops, we need 'em not ;

The town is strong enough to stand their furies :
I would see them come, and offer to do something.
They are high in words.

Capt. 'Tis safer, sir, than doing.

Gov. Dost think they dare attempt ?

Capt. May be by treaty,
But sure by force they will not prove so forward.

Gov. No, 'faith, I warrant thee, they know me
well enough,
And know they have no child in hand to play
with.

They know my nature too ; I have bit some of 'em,
And to the bones ; they have reason to remem-
ber me.

It makes me laugh to think how glorious
The fools are in their promises, and how pregnant
Their wits and powers are to bring things to pass.
Am I not grown lean with loss of sleep, and care
To prevent these threat'nings, captain ?

Capt. You look well, sir :

Upon my conscience, you are not like to sicken
Upon any such conceit.

Gov. I hope I shall not.—

Well, 'would I had this wench ! for I must have
her,

She must be mine : And there's another charge,
captain ;

What betwixt love and brawling, I get nothing ;⁶
All goes in maintenance—Hark ! What was that,

[The train takes, an explosion within.]

That noise there ? It went with a violence.

Capt. Some old wall belike, sir,
That had no neighbour-help to hold it up,
Is fallen suddenly.

Gov. I must discard these rascals,
That are not able to maintain their buildings ;
They blur the beauty of the town.

Within. Fire, fire !

Gov. I hear another tune, good captain !
It comes on fresher still ; 'tis loud and fearful.
Look up into the town ; how bright the air shews !

⁶ *I got nothing.]* Corrected by Sympson.

Upon my life, some sudden fire ! The bell too ?
[*Exit Captain. Bell rings.*
I hear the noise more clear.

Enter Citizen.

Cit. Fire, fire !

Gov. Where ? where ?

Cit. Suddenly taken in a merchant's house, sir.
Fearful and high it blazes. Help, good people !
[*Exit.*

Gov. Pox o' their paper-houses ! how they
smother !

They light like candles ! How the roar still rises !

Re-enter Captain.

Capt. Your magazine's a-fire, sir ; help, help
suddenly !

The castle too is in danger, in much danger :

All will be lost ! Get the people presently,
And all that are your guard ! and all help, all
hands, sir !

Your wealth, your strength, is burnt else, the town
perish'd.

The castle now begins to flame.

Gov. My soul shakes !

Capt. A merchant's house next joining ? Shame
light on him !

That ever such a neighbour, such a villain——

Enter other Citizens.

Gov. Raise all the garrison and bring 'em up,
And beat the people forward !—Oh, I have lost all
In one house, all my hopes. Good worthy citizens,
Follow me all, and all your powers give to me !

I will reward you all.—Oh, cursed fortune !
The flame's more violent !¹—Arise still ! help, help,
citizens !

Freedom and wealth to him that helps ! Follow,
oh, follow !

Fling wine, or any thing ; I'll see it recompensed.
Buckets, more buckets ! Fire, fire, fire ! [*Exeunt.*

Enter ARMUSIA and his Company.

Arm. Let it flame on ! a comely light it gives up
To our discovery. [*Cries within.*

Soza. Hark,
What a merry cry these hounds make ! Forward
fairly !

We are not seen i' th' mist, we are not noted.
Away, away ! Now if we lose our fortune——
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Captain and Citizens.

Capt. Up, soldiers, up, and deal like men !

Cit. More water, more water ! all is consumed
else.

Capt. All's gone, unless you undertake it straight ;
your wealth too,

¹ *The flame's more violent ; arise still, help, &c.* This appears to be a very confused passage, what is *Arise still, help* ? To set the place right, I propose reading, by only dashing out an apostrophe and removing a semicolon, thus :

The flames more violent arise still ; help, help,——

and then the whole appears easy and natural.—*Sympon.*

We prefer the punctuation in the text, which differs from the old one only in substituting a mark of admiration for a comma after *still*. The meaning then is—Continue still to bring help !

That must preserve, and pay your labour^s bravely.
Up, up, away! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

The same. The Dungeon in the Castle of the Governor.

Enter ARMUSIA and his Company, breaking open a door.

Arm. So, thou art open. Keep the way clear
behind still!

Now for the place!

Sold. 'Tis here, sir.

Arm. Sure this is it.

Force ope the door! [The King discovered.]

A miserable creature!

Yet, by his manly face——

King. Why stare ye on me?

You cannot put on faces to affright me;

In death I am a king still, and condemn ye.

Where is that governor? Methinks his manhood

Should be well pleased to see my tragedy,

And come to bathe his stern eyes in my sorrows:

^s ——— straight; your wealth too,

That must preserve and pay your labour.] Sympson, because the passage is a little obscurely expressed, has, as usual, recourse to alterations, and would read——

Your wealth too, that preserved must pay your labours.

But the old reading is good sense. *Preserve*, as Mason says, means in the present case—support.

I dare him to the fight; bring his scorns with him,
And all his rugged threats. Here's a throat,
soldiers:

Come, see who can strike deepest!

Eman. Break the chain there.

King. What does this mean?

Arm. Come, talk of no more governors!

He has other business, sir. Put your legs forward,

And gather up your courage, like a man!

We'll carry off your head else. We are friends,

And come to give your sorrows ease.

Soza. On bravely!

Delays may lose again.

Enter Guard.

Arm. The guard.

Soza. Upon 'em!

Arm. Make speedy and sure work.

Eman. They fly. [*Fight. The Guard fly.*

Arm. Up with him,

And to the boat. Stand fast! Now be speedy!

When this heat's past, we'll sing our history.

Away, like thoughts! sudden as desires, friends!

Now, sacred Chance, be ours!

Soza. Pray when we have done, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The same. A Street.

Enter three or four Citizens severally.

1 *Cit.* What, is the fire allay'd?

2 *Cit.* 'Tis out, 'tis out,

Or past the worst. I never did so stoutly,
I'll assure you, neighbours, since I was a man:
I have been burnt at both ends like a squib;
I lived two hours i' th' fire. 'Twas a hideous
matter;

But when men of understanding come about it,
Men that judge of things—My wife gave me over,
And took her leave a hundred times; I bore up
still,

And toss'd the buckets, boys!

3 *Cit.* We are all mere martins.⁹

1 *Cit.* I heard a voice at latter end o' th' hurry,—
Or else I dream'd I heard it—that said *treason*.

2 *Cit.* 'Tis like enough,
It might cry *murder* too;¹ for there was many

⁹ *We are all mere martins.*] The only resemblance between them and martins must have been in the colour.—*Mason*.

¹ *'Tis like enough,*

It might cry murder too.] It is wonderful that the last editors, who were for ever hunting for what they supposed sneers upon Shakspeare, did not here quote a passage from *Macbeth*, which they might, according to their usual practice, have collated with the text, and accused Fletcher of sneering at it.

Without a joint : But what is that to us ?
Let's home and fright our wives ! for we look like
devils.

Enter three Women.

3 *Cit.* Here come some of 'em to fright us.

1 *Wom.* Mine's alive, neighbour.—O, sweet
honey husband !

1 *Cit.* Thou liest ! I stink abominably :² An
thou hadst

Been in my place, thou wouldst have stunk at
both ends.

Get me some drink, give me whole tuns of drink,
Whole cisterns ! for I have four dozen of fine
firebrands

In my belly : I have more smoke in my mouth
than

Would blote a hundred herrings.

2 *Wom.* Art thou come safe again ?

3 *Wom.* I pray what became of my man ? Is he
well ?³

2 *Cit.* At heart's ease in a well ; is very well,
neighbour :

We left him drinking of a new dozen of buckets.
Thy husband's happy, he was thorough roasted,
And now he's basting of himself at all points :
The clerk and he are cooling their pericraniums.—

² *Thou liest, I think abominably.] Amended in 1750.*

³ *Wom. I pray what's become of my husband ? is he in a well.]*
The pleasant answer which the man makes to this question evidently supposes it to have been wrote thus :

What's become of my husband ? Is he well ?

2 *Cit. At heart's ease in a well, is very well, neighbour.*
Sympton.

Body o' me, neighbours there's fire in my cod-piece.

1 *Wom.* Bless my husband!

2 *Cit.* Blow it out, wife! Blow, blow, the gable end o' the store-house!

Women. Some water, water, water!

3 *Cit.* Peace! 'tis but a sparkle;

Raise not the town again; 'twill be a great hinderance.

I'm glad 'tis out; an't had ta'en in my hay-loft—
What frights are these? marry, Heaven bless thy modicum!

3 *Wom.* But is 'a drown'd outright? pray put me Out of fear, neighbour.

2 *Cit.* Thou wouldst have it so;

But after a hundred fires more, he'll live to see thee burnt

For brewing musty liquor.

1 *Cit.* Come, let's go, neighbour!

2 *Cit.* For I would very fain turn down this liquor.

Come, come; I fry like a burnt marrow-bone.

Women, get you afore, and draw upon us!

Run, wenches, run, and let your taps run with ye;

Run as the fire were in your tails, cry ale, ale!

Women. Away; let's nourish the poor wretches!

2 *Cit.* We'll rally up the rest of the burnt regiment.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

The same. Before the Castle of the Governor.

Enter Governor, Captain, Soldiers, and Guard.

Gov. The fire's quench'd, captain, but the mischief hangs still :
The king's redeem'd, and gone too ! A trick, a damn'd one !

Oh, I am overtaken poorly, tamely !

Capt. Where were the guard that waited upon the prison ?

Sold. Most of 'em slain ; yet some 'scaped, sir,
and they deliver,
They saw a little boat ready to receive him,
And those redeem'd him, making such haste and fighting,
Fighting beyond the force of men——

Gov. I am lost, captain,
And all the world will laugh at this, and scorn me ;
Count me a heavy sleepy fool, a coward,
A coward past recovery, a confirm'd coward,
One without carriage,* or common sense !

Sold. He's gone, sir,
And put to sea amain, past our recovery,
Not a boat ready to pursue : If there were any,
The people stand amazed so at their valour,
And the sudden fright of fire, none knows to execute.

* *One without carriage.] That is, military conduct.*

Gov. Oh, I could tear my limbs, and knock my
boys' brains

'Gainst every post I meet ! Fool'd with a fire ?

Capt. It was a crafty trick.

Gov. No, I was lazy,

Confident, sluggish lazy : Had I but met 'em,
And changed a dozen blows, I had forgiven 'em.
By both these hands held up, and by that bright-
ness

That gilds the world with light, by all our
worships,⁵

The hidden ebbs and flows of the blue ocean,
I will not rest ; no mirth shall dwell upon me,
Wine touch my mouth, nor any thing refresh me,
Till I be wholly quit of this dishonour !

Make ready my barratos instantly,

And what I shall intend——

Capt. We are your servants.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Tidore. *An open Place before the Royal Castle.*

Enter QUIZARA and RUY DIAS.

Quisara. Never tell me ! you never cared to
win me ;

Never, for my sake, to attempt a deed
Might draw me to a thought you sought my
favour :

If not for love of me, for love of arms, sir,

⁵ *By all our worships.*] That is, by all the objects of our wor-
ship—*Mason.*

For that cause you profess, for love of honour,
Of which you style yourself the mighty master,
You might have stept out nobly, and made an offer;
As if you had intended something excellent,
Put on a forward face——

Ruy. Dear lady, hold me——

Quisar. I hold you, as I find you, a faint servant.

Ruy. By heaven, I dare do——

Quisar. In a lady's chamber,

I dare believe you; there's no mortal danger:
Give me the man that dares do, to deserve that!
I thought you Portugals had been rare wonders,
Men of those haughty courages and credits
That all things were confined within your promises;
The lords of Fate and Fortune I believed you;
But well I see I am deceived, Ruy Dias,
And blame, too late, my much belief!

Ruy. I am ashamed, lady,

I was so dull, so stupid to your offer:
Now you have once more school'd me, I am right.
And something shall be thought on suddenly,
And put in act as soon, some preparation——

Quisar. And give it out?

Ruy. Yes, lady, and so great too;

In which,⁶ the noise of all my countrymen——

Quisar. Those will do well, for they are all ap-
proved ones;

And, though he be restored alive⁷——

⁶ *In which, the noise of all my countrymen—*] Instead of *noise*, Mr Seward supposes *choice*, or, with equal probability, as I imagine, *voice*, i. e. *approbation, consent, &c.* was originally wrote in our poets' manuscript.—*Simpson.*

Noise was often used for rumour, report; and might, therefore, also stand for *fame* or *glory*; which supports the propriety of the old text.

⁷ *And though he be restored alive.*] Seward would read, "And though he be *not* restored alive." But Quisara evidently means, that,

Ruy. I have you.

Quisar. For then we are both servants.

Ruy. I conceive you ;

Good madam, give me leave to turn my fancies.

Quisar. Do, and make all things fit, and then I'll
visit you. [*Exit.*

Ruy. Myself, my cousin,* and the garrison,
The neighbours of the out-isles of our nation,
Syana's strength, (for I can humour him,)
And proud Bakamus, I shall deceive his glory—

[*A shout.*]
What ringing sound of joy is this ? whence comes
it ?

May be, the princes are in sport.

Enter PINIERO and CHRISTOPHERO.

Pin. Where are you ?

Ruy. Now, Piniero, what's the haste you seek
me ?

Pin. Do you know this sign, sir ?

Ruy. Ha !

Pin. Do you know this emblem ?
Your nose is bored.

Ruy. Bored ? what is that !

Pin. You are topt, sir :
The king's come home again, the king !

Ruy. The devil !

Pin. Nay, sure he came a' God's name home ;
He's return'd, sir.

Chris. And all this joy you hear——

Ruy. Who durst attempt him ?
The princes are all here.

notwithstanding the king should return alive, they could yet marry,
and live as subjects, though they might not obtain the kingdom.

* — the cousin.] So the folios read.

Chris. They are worthy princes,
 They are special princes all ! they love by ounces.⁹
 Believe it, sir, 'tis done, and done most bravely
 And easily. What fortune have you lost, sir !
 What justice have you now unto this lady ?¹

Pin. How stands your claim ? That e'er man
 should be fool'd so,
 When he should do and prosper ! stand protesting,
 Kissing the hand, and farting for a favour,
 When he should be about his business sweating !
 She bid you go, and picked you out a purpose,²
 To make yourself a fortune by, a lady,
 A lady, and a lusty one, a lovely,
 That now you may go look ; she pointed you,
 Knowing you were a man of worth and merit,
 And bid you fly : You have made a fair flight on't ;
 You have caught a goose.

Ruy. How dare you thus molest me ?

[*A shout within.*]

It cannot be !

Chris. Hark how the general joy rings !

Pin. Have you your hearing left ? is not that
 drunk too ?

For, if you had been sober, you had been wise sure.

Ruy. Done ? who dares do ?

Pin. It seems an honest fellow,
 That has ended his market before you be up.

Chris. The shame on't, he's a stranger too.

Pin. 'Tis no shame ;

⁹ *They are special princes, all they love by ounces.*] I have here ventured a slight alteration in the pointing, which, it is presumed, improves the sense.

¹ *Justice,*] i. e. *Right, claim, or pretence*—*Sympson.*

² *She bid you go, and pick'd you out a purpose.*] That is, an object. This explanation seems needless ; but the editors of 1750 and 1778 choose to read *o' purpose.*

He took her at her word and tied the bargain,
Dealt like a man indeed, stood not demurring,
But clapt close to the cause, as he will do to the
lady :

He is a fellow of that speed and handsomeness,
He will get her with child too, ere you shall come
to know him.

Is it not brave, a gentleman scarce landed,
Scarce eating of the air here, not acquainted,
No circumstance of love depending on him,
Nor no command to shew him, must start forth,
At the first sight too——

Ruy. I am undone !

Pin. Like an oyster.—

She neither taking view, nor value of him,
Unto such deeds as these?—Pox o' these,
These wise delayings! they make men cowards.
You are undone, as a man would undo an egg,
A hundred shames about you !

Enter QUISARA, PANURA, and Train.

Quisar. Can it be possible ?

A stranger that I have not known, not seen yet,
A man I never graced ? Oh, captain, captain,
What shall I do ? I am betray'd by fortune ;
It cannot be, it must not be.

Pin. It is, lady ;

And, by my faith, a handsome gentleman !
'Tis his poor scholar's prize.

Quisar. Must I be given

Unto a man I never saw, ne'er spoke with,
I know not of what nation ?

Pin. He's a Portugal,

And of as good a pitch—He will be given to you,
lady,

For he's given much to handsome flesh.

Quisar. Oh, Ruy Dias,
This was your sloth, your sloth, your sloth, Ruy
Dias!

Pin. Your love-sloth, uncle; do you find it now?
You should have done at first, and faithfully,
And then the other had laid ready for you.—

[*A shout within.*

Madam, the general joy comes.

Quisar. We must meet it;
But with what comfort?

*Enter Citizens carrying boughs, boys singing after
them; then the King, ARMUSIA, SOZA, EMA-
NUEL; the princes and train following.*

Quisar. Oh, my dear brother, what a joy runs
through me, [Kneels.

To see you safe again, yourself, and mighty!
What a blest day is this!

King. Rise up, fair sister!

I am not welcome till you have embraced me.

Ruy. A general gladness, sir, flies through the
city,

And mirth possesses all to see your grace arrived,
Thus happily arrived again, and fairly.

'Twas a brave venture, whosoe'er put for it,
A high and noble one, worthy much honour;
And had it fail'd, we had not fail'd, great sir,
And in short time too, to have forced the governor,
In spite of all his threats——

King. I thank ye, gentlemen.

Ruy. And all his subtilties, to set you free,
With all his heart and will too.

King. I know ye love me.

Pin. This had been good, with something done
before it,

Something set off to beautify it:

Now it sounds empty, like a barber's bason.
Pox, there's no metal in't, no noble marrow!

Bakam. I have an army, sir, (but that the governor,
The foolish fellow, was a little provident,
And wise in letting slip no time; 'became him too)
That would have scour'd him else, and all his confines;

That would have rung him such a peal——

Pin. Yes, backward,
To make dogs howl. I know thee to a farthing;
Thy army's good for hawks; there's nothing but
sheeps' hearts in it.

Syana. I have done nothing, sir; therefore I
think it

Convenient I say little what I purposed,
And what my love intended.

King. I like your modesty.
And, thank ye, royal friends! I know it grieved ye
To know my misery: But this man, princes,³
I must thank heartily, indeed, and truly,
For this man saw me in it, and redeem'd me:
He look'd upon me sinking, and then caught me.
This, sister, this, this all man, this all valour,
This pious man——

Ruy. My countenance, it shames me!⁴

³ *But this man, princess.*] The editors of 1750 sagely CONJECTURE, that we should read *princes* for *princess*. The first folio exhibits that lection!—Ed. 1778.

⁴ *My countenance, it shames me.*] To make Ruy Dias, or any one else, to protest by his *countenance* is seemingly odd; I would propose *my conscience*, as a more natural and sensible reading.—*Sympton.*

Mason more plausibly proposes to read, *my countryman*; but the old lection is neither nonsense nor "odd." Ruy Dias is ashamed of his tardiness, and the blushes on his countenance betray his emotion.

One scarce arrived, not harden'd yet, not read
 In dangers and great deeds, sea-sick, not season'd—
 Oh, I have boy'd myself! *[Apart.*

King. This noble bulwark,
 This lance and honour of our age and kingdom,
 This that I never can reward, nor hope
 To be once worthy of the name of friend to,
 This, this man from the bowels of my sorrows
 Has new-begot my name, and once more made me!
 Oh, sister, if there may be thanks for this,
 Or any thing near recompense invented—

Arm. You are too noble, sir; there is reward,
 Above my action too by millions:
 A recompense so rich and glorious,
 I durst not dream it mine, but that 'twas promised;
 But that it was propounded, sworn and sealed
 Before the face of Heaven, I durst not hope it;
 For nothing in the life of man or merit
 (It is so truly great) can else embrace it.

King. Oh, speak it, speak it; bless mine ears to
 hear it!
 Make me a happy man, to know it may be!
 For still methinks I am a prisoner,
 And feel no liberty before I find it.

Arm. Then know, it is your sister; she is mine,
 sir;
 I claim her by her own word, and her honour.
 It was her open promise to that man
 That durst redeem you: Beauty set me on,
 And fortune crowns me fair, if she receive me.

King. Receive you, sir?—Why, sister! ha! so
 backward?
 Stand as you knew me not? nor what he has ven-
 tured?
 My dearest sister!

Arm. Good sir, pardon me!
 There is a blushing modesty becomes her,

That holds her back : Women are nice to woo, sir.
I would not have her forced ; give her fair liberty !
For things compell'd and frighted, of soft natures,
Turn into fears, and fly from their own wishes.

King. Look on him, my Quisara : Such another,
(Oh, all ye powers !) so excellent in nature,
In honour so abundant——

Quisar. I confess, sir ;
Confess my word is past too ; he has purchased :
Yet, good sir, give me leave to think, but time
To be acquainted with his worth and person ;
To make me fit to know it : We are both strangers,
And how we should believe so suddenly,
Or come to fasten our affections——
Alas, Love has his compliments.

King. Be sudden
And certain in your way ; no woman's doubles,
Nor coy delays ! you are his, and so assure it,
Or cast from me and my remembrance ever.
Respect your word ! I know you will. Come, sister,
Let's see what welcome you can give a prisoner,
And what fair looks a friend.—Oh, my most noble
Princes, no discontents, but all be lusty !
He that frowns this day is an open enemy.—
Thus in my arms, my dear !

Arm. You make me blush, sir.

King. And now lead on, our whole court crown'd
with pleasure !—

Ruy. Madam, despair not ; something shall be
done yet, *[Aside to her.]*
And suddenly, and wisely.

Quisar. Oh, Ruy Dias !

[Exeunt all but PINIERO, SOZA, and CHRISTOPHERO.]

Pin. Well, he's a brave fellow, and he has de-
served her richly.

And you have had your hands full I dare swear,
gentlemen.

Soza. We have done something, sir, if it hit right.

Chris. The woman has no eyes else, nor no honesty ;

So much I think.

Pin. Come, let's go bounce amongst 'em,
To the king's health, and my brave countryman's!
My uncle looks as though he were sick o' th' worms,
friends. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same. *A Room in the Royal Castle.*

Enter PINIERO.

Pin. My uncle haunts me up and down, looks melancholy,
Wond'rous proof-melancholy ; sometimes swears,
Then whistles, starts, cries, and groans as if he had
the bots,⁵
(As, to say truth, I think he has little better)
And would fain speak ; bids me good-morrow at
midnight,
And good-night when 'tis noon : He has something
hovers

⁵ *The bots.*] See p. 113 of *Bonduca* in this volume.

About his brains, that would fain find an issue,
But cannot out, or dares not. Still he follows.

Enter RUY DIAS.

How he looks still, and how he beats about,
Like an old dog at a dead scent!—Ay, marry,
There was a sigh would set a ship a-sailing!
These winds of love and honour blow at all ends.
Now speak, an't be thy will.—Good-morrow, uncle!

Ruy. Good-morrow, sir!

Pin. This is a new salute! [*Aside.*
Sure he has forgot me; this is pur-blind Cupid!

Ruy. My nephew?

Pin. Yes, sir, if I be not changed.

Ruy. I would fain speak with you.

Pin. I would fain have you, sir;

For to that end I stay.

Ruy. You know I love you,
And I have loved you long, my dear Piniero,
Bred and supplied you——

Pin. Whither walks this preamble? [*Aside.*

Ruy. You may remember, though I am but your
uncle,

I sure had a father's care, a father's tenderness——

Pin. Sure he would rap me into something⁶ now
suddenly, [*Aside.*

He doubts my nature in, (for mine is honest)
He winds about me so.

Ruy. A father's diligence.

⁶ *Sure he would wrap me into something.*] Mason says, we should read rap, and he is certainly right. According to the old uncertain way of spelling, rap and wrap, as well as wrack and rack were often confounded. The meaning of rap me in this place, is evidently hurry me on, engage me to pursue with enthusiasm.

My private benefits I have forgot, sir,⁷
 But those you might lay claim to as my follower ;
 Yet some men would remember——

Pin. I do daily.

Ruy. The place which I have put you in, which
 is no weak one :

Next to myself you stand in all employments,
 Your counsels, cares, assignments with me equal ;
 So is my study still to plant your person :
 These are small testimonies I have not forgot you,
 Nor would not be forgotten.

Pin. Sure you cannot.

Ruy. Oh, Piniero——

Pin. Sir, what hangs upon you ?
 What heavy weight oppresses you ? You have lost
 (I must confess, in those that understand you)
 Some little of your credit ; but time will cure that ;
 The best may slip sometimes.

Ruy. Oh, my best nephew——

Pin. It may be, you fear her too, (that disturbs
 you)

⁷ *My private benefits I have forgot, sir,*

But those you might lay claim to as my follower ;

Yet some men would remember——] The benefits Ruy Dias means here seem to be *public ones*, which he had conferred upon Piniero in his *public capacity* as governor of the fort, and for this cause one should think the place should be read thus :

My public benefits I have forgot,

Be it those you might lay claim to as, &c.

The meaning is, ‘ My public benefits (*viz.* the places you hold under me) I omit to mention. Say that being my follower gives you a sort of right to ‘em ; yet, for all that, a grateful man would remember how careful I have been of your interests ; that I have placed you next myself in rank and power, and that your assignments are equal with mine.” I must confess the change here made is great enough ; but, seemingly, it appears no more than is necessary. *Synpson.*

There is no occasion for the alteration. Ruy Dias is muster-

That she may fall herself, or be forced from you.

Ruy. She is ever true, but I undone for ever!
Oh, that Armusia, that new thing, that stranger,
That flag stuck up to rob me of mine honour,
That murd'ring chain-shot at me from my country,
That goodly plague, that I must court to kill me!

Pin. Now it comes flowing from him! I fear'd
this, [*Aside.*

Knew, he that durst be idle durst be ill too.—
Has he not done a brave thing?

Ruy. I must confess it, nephew, must allow it:
But that brave thing has undone me, has sunk me,
Has trod me, like a name in sand, to nothing,
Hangs betwixt hope and me, and threatens my ruin;
And, if he rise and blaze, farewell my fortune!
And when that's set, where's thy advancement,
cousin?—

That were a friend, that were a noble kinsman,
That would consider these; that man were grate-
ful;

And he that durst do something here, durst love me.

Pin. You say true; 'tis worth consideration;
Your reasons are of weight: And, mark me, uncle,
(For I'll be sudden, and to th' purpose with you)
Say this Armusia then were taken off,
(At it may be easily done) how stands the woman?

Ruy. She is mine for ever;
For she contemns his deed and him.

Pin. Pox on him! [*Aside.*

ing up incoherently all the claims he has on his nephew's gratitude. He mentions first his paternal affection; then, says he, he will not insist on his private benefits, but on those which he received as his follower; and after that, naturally enough, is disposed to revert to these private benefits which "some men would remember." Piniero cuts him from this topic by the answer, "I do daily," and Ruy Dias proceeds to enumerate the rank and distinctions he had conferred on him.

Or, if the single pox be not sufficient,
The hogs', the dogs', and devils' pox possess him!—
'Faith, this Armusia stumbles me; 'tis a brave fellow;

And if he could be spared, uncle——

Ruy. I must perish:

Had he set up at any rest but this,^s
Done any thing but what concern'd my credit,
The everlasting losing of my worth——

Pin. I understand you now, who set you on too;
[*Aside.*

I had a reasonable good opinion of the devil
Till this hour; and I see he is a knave indeed,
An arrant, stinking knave, for now I smell him.—
I'll see what may be done then; you shall know
You have a kinsman—but no villain, uncle, [*Aside.*
Nor no betrayer of fair Fame, I scorn it;
I love and honour Virtue.—I must have
Access unto the lady, to know her mind too:
A good word from her mouth, you know, may stir
me;

A lady's look at setting-on——

Ruy. You say well!

Here, cousin, here's a letter ready for you,
And you shall see how nobly she'll receive you,
And with what care direct.

Pin. Farewell then, uncle!

After I have talk'd with her, I am your servant—
To make you honest, if I can, else hate you.—

[*Aside.*

Pray you no more compliments! my head is busy.

[*Exit RUY DIAS.*

Heaven bless me,

What a malicious soul does this man carry!

^s *Had he set up at any rest but this.]* That is, played for any other venture. See vol. II. p. 185.

And to what scurvy things this love converts us,
What stinking things ; and how sweetly they be-
come us !

Murder's a moral virtue with these lovers,
A special piece of divinity, I take it.
I may be mad, or violently drunk,
Which is a whelp of that litter ; or I may be co-
vetous,

And learn to murder men's estates, that's base too ;
Or proud, but that's a paradise to this ;
Or envious, and sit eating of myself
At others' fortunes ; I may lie, and damnably,
Beyond the patience of an honest hearer ;
Cozen, cut purses, sit i' th' stocks for apples :
But when I am a lover, Lord have mercy !
These are poor pelting sins, or rather plagues ;⁹

⁹ *But when I am a lover, Lord have mercy,*

These are poor pelting sins, or rather plagues.] To make way for a pretty bold emendation, the reader will please to observe, that there is a fine sentiment aimed at here, but not completed. *Lord have mercy*, in the first line, refers to the writing over the doors of houses infected by the plague ; the former sins, therefore, are compared to common diseases, and when love, in comparison of them, should be called the *plague*, the metaphor is spoilt by calling them *plagues*. It is highly probable that this has happened by an error either of transcriber or printer, and as the sense may be easily restored, though we have no trace to lead us to any certainty of the true words, yet I think we should venture to change the text rather than suffer so beautiful a passage to remain so mangled. I propose, therefore, either

These are poor pelting sins, but that the plague,
Or,

These are poor pelting sins, the other plagues,
Love and Ambition, draw the devil's coach.

This latter being nearer the trace of the letters than the former, bids fairest for having been the original.—*Seward*.

There is certainly great obscurity in the text, and considerable ingenuity in *Seward's* note ; but as " *Lord have mercy !*" may be a mere incidental exclamation, and as *Piniero* may call cutting purses and the other sins, pelting trifles, or rather vexations, (for

Love and Ambition draw the devil's coach.

Enter QUISANA and PANURA.

How now ! who are these ! Oh, my great lady's
followers,
Her riddle-founders, and her fortune-tellers,
Her readers of her love-lectures, her inflamers.
These doors I must pass through : I hope they are
wide.—

Good-day to your beauties!—How they take it to
'em ! *[Aside.*

As if they were fair indeed !

Quisan. Good-morrow to you, sir !

Pin. That's the old hen, the brood-bird ; how
she bustles ! *[Aside.*

How like an inventory of lechery she looks !
Many a good piece of iniquity
Has past her hands, I warrant her.—I beseech you,
Is the fair princess stirring ?

Pan. Yes, marry is she, sir,
But somewhat private : Have you a business with
her ?

Pin. Yes, forsooth have I, and a serious business.

Pan. May not we know ?

Pin. Yes, when you can keep counsel.

Pan. How prettily he looks ! he's a soldier sure,
His rudeness sits so handsomely upon him.

Quisan. A good blunt gentleman !

plagues may be taken in that sense,) while "love and ambition draw the devil's coach," the old reading must stand. Still we admit it to be extremely obscure. Sympson seems not to have had great confidence in Seward's proposed emendations, as neither of them are admitted into the text of the edition of 1750.

* *How she bustles.*] This is the old reading of *bustles*. The last editors choose to read *brusles* ; and, in the next page but one, they read *ah me office*, instead of *ay me*, which has exactly the same meaning.

Pin. Yes, marry am I :

Yet for a push or two at sharp, an't please you—

Pan. My honest friend, you know not who you
speak to ;

This is the princess' aunt.

Pin. I like her the better ;

An she were her mother, lady, or her grandmother,
I am not so bashful, but I can buckle with her.

Pan. Of what size is your business ?

Pin. Of the long sixteens,
And will make way, I warrant you.

Pan. How fine he talks !

Pin. Nay, in troth I talk but coarsely, lady ;
But I hold it comfortable for the understanding.—
How fain they would draw me into ribaldry !

[*Aside.*

These wenches that live easily, live high,
And love these broad discourses, as they love pos-
sets ;

These dry delights serve for preparatives.

Pan. Why do you look so on me ?

Pin. I am guessing,
By the cast of your face, what the property of your
place should be ;

For I presume you turn a key, sweet beauty ;
And you another, gravity, under the princess :
And, by my soul, I warrant you, good places,
Comely commodious seats !

Quisan. Pr'ythee let him talk still,
For methinks he talks handsomely !

Pin. And truly,
As near as my understanding shall enable me.
You look as if you kept my lady's secrets—
Nay, do not laugh ! for I mean honestly —
How these young things tattle, when they get a
toy by th' end ! [*Aside.*
And how their hearts go pit-a-pat, and look for't !

Would it not dance too, if it had a fiddle?—
Your gravity, I guess, to take the petitions,
And hear the ling'ring suits in love disposed,
Their sighs and sorrows in their proper place;
You keep the Ay-me office.

Quisan. Pr'ythee suffer him,
For, as I live, he is a pretty fellow!
I love to hear sometimes what men think of us;
And thus deliver'd freely, 'tis no malice—
Proceed, good honest man!

Pin. I will, good madam.
According to men's states and dignities,
Monies and moveables, you rate their dreams,
And cast the nativity of their desires.
If he reward well, all he thinks is prosperous;
And if he promise place his dreams are oracles:
Your antient practise art too in these discoveries,
Who loves at such a length, who a span further,
And who draws home, yields you no little profit;
For these you milk by circumstance.

Quisan. You are cunning.

Pin. And as they oil you, and advance your
spindle,
So you draw out the lines of love. Your doors too,
The doors of Destiny, that men must pass through:
These are fair places!

Pan. He knows all.

Pin. Your trap-doors,
To pop fools in it, that have no providence;
Your little wickets, to work wise men, like wires,
through at,
And draw their states and bodies into cobwebs;
Your postern-doors, to catch those that are cau-
telous,
And would not have the world's eye find their kna-
veries;
Your doors of danger (some men hate a pleasure,

Unless that may be full of fears); your hope-doors,
And those are fine commodities, where fools pay
For every new encouragement a new custom:
You have your doors of honour, and of pleasure;
But those are for great princes, glorious vanities,
That travel to be famous through diseases.
There be the doors of poverty and death too,
But these you do the best you can to dam up,
For then your gain goes out.

Quisan. This is a rare lecture!

Pin. Read to them that understand.

Pan. Beshrew me,

I dare not venture on you; you cut too keen, sir.

Quisan. We thank you, sir, for your good mirth;
You are a good companion.

Enter QUISARA.

Here comes the princess now; attend your business.

Quisar. Is there no remedy, no hopes can help
me?

No wit to set me free?—Who's there, ho?

Quisan. Troubled?

Her looks are almost wild: What ails the princess?

I know nothing she wants.

Quisar. Who's that there with you?—

Oh, Signor Piniero, you are most welcome!

How does your noble uncle?

Pin. Sad as you are, madam:

But he commends his service, and this letter.

Quisar. Go off; attend within.—Fair sir, I thank
you:

Pray be no stranger, for indeed you are welcome;
For your own virtues, welcome.

Quisan. We are mistaken;

This is some brave fellow sure.

Pan. I'm sure he's a bold fellow;

But, if she hold him so, we must believe it.

[*Exeunt* QUISANA and PANURA.]

Quisar. Do you know of this, fair sir?

Pin. I guess it, madam,
And whither it intends : I had not brought it else.

Quisar. It is a business of no common reckoning.

Pin. The handsomer for him that goes about it;
Slight actions are rewarded with slight thanks :
Give me a matter of some weight to wade in !

Quisar. And can you love your uncle so directly,
So seriously, and so full, to undertake this ?
Can there be such a faith ?

Pin. Dare you say *ay* to it,
And set me on ? 'Tis no matter for my uncle,
Or what I owe to him, dare you but wish it.

Quisar. I would fain——

Pin. Have it done ? Say but so, lady.

Quisar. Conceive it so.

Pin. I will ; 'tis that I am bound to :
Your will that must command me, and your pleasure,

The fair aspects of those eyes that must direct me.
I am no uncle's agent ; I am mine own, lady ;
I scorn my able youth should plow for others,
Or my ambition serve for pay : I aim,
Although I never hit, as high as any man,
And the reward I reach at shall be equal,
And what love spurs me on to : This desire
Makes me forget an honest man, a brave man,
A valiant and a virtuous man, my countryman,
Armusia, the delight of all, the minion,²

² *Armusia, the delight of all the minions.*] The addition of a point, and omission of a letter, seem greatly to improve this line, and we do not doubt are genuine.—Ed. 1778.

In the next line, the first folio reads, *Is love of you ; the second, 'Tis love of you.* As I have no doubt that the two following lines are a continuation of the former part of the sentence, and refer to

His love of you, doting upon your beauty,
 The admiration of your excellence.
 Make me but servant to the poorest smile,
 Or the least grace you have bestow'd on others,
 And see how suddenly I'll work your safety,
 And set your thoughts at peace! I am no flatterer,
 To promise infinitely, and out-dream dangers;
 To lie a-bed, and swear men into fevers,
 Like some of your trim suitors; when I promise,
 The light is not more constant to the world
 Than I am to my word.—She turns, for millions!

[*Aside.*

Quisar. I have not seen a braver confirm'd courage.

Pin. For a tun of crowns she turns! she is a woman;

And, much I fear, a worse than I expected.—
 You are the object, lady, you are the eye
 In which all excellence appears, all wonder,
 From which all hearts take fire, all hands their valour:

And when he stands disputing, when you bid him,³
 Or but thinks of his estate, father, mother,
 Friends, wife, and children, he's a fool, and I scorn him;

An't be but to make clean his sword, a coward.
 Men have forgot their fealty to beauty!
 Had I the place in your affections,
 My most unworthy uncle is fit to fall from,

Armusia, the text has been accordingly regulated. If we point and read with the second folio and the modern editions, the two lines stand isolated, and have hardly any meaning.

³ *And when he stands disputing, when you bid him.*] That is, any *he* whom you lay your commands on. This is the language of the age, and indeed no explanation would have been requisite if *Mason*, in his wish to modernise whatever appeared obscure to him, had not proposed reading, and *he who* stands disputing, &c.

Lived in those blessed eyes, and read the stories
Of everlasting pleasures figured there,
I would find out your commands before you thought
'em,

And bring 'em to you done, ere you dreamt of 'em.

Quisar. I admire his boldness !

Pin. This, or any thing ;

Your brother's death, mine uncle's, any man's,
No state that stands secure, if you frown on it.
Look on my youth, (I bring no blastings to you)
The first flower of my strength, my faith.

Quisar. No more, sir !

I am too willing to believe : rest satisfied,
If you dare do for me, I shall be thankful.
You are a handsome gentleman, a fair one ;
My servant, if you please : I seal it thus, sir.

[*Kisses him.*

No more, till you deserve more.

[*Exit.*

Pin. I am rewarded.—

This woman's cunning, but she's bloody too ;
Although she pulls her talons in, she's mischievous ;
Form'd like the face of Heaven, clear, and transpa-
rent.

I must pretend still, bear 'em both in hopes,
For fear some bloody slave thrust in indeed,
Fashion'd and flesh'd to what they wish. Well, uncle,
What will become of this, and what dishonour
Follow this fatal shaft, if shot, let Time tell !

I can but only fear, and strive to cross it.⁴ [*Exit.*

⁴ ——— and cross to cross it.] So the first folio. Corrected in the second.

SCENE II.

Another in the same.

Enter ARMUSIA, EMANUEL, and SOZA.

Eman. Why are you thus sad? What can grieve
or vex you,
That have the pleasures of the world, the profits,
The honour and the loves at your disposes?
Why should a man that wants nothing want his
quiet?

Arm. I want what beggars are above me in,
content:
I want the grace I have merited, the favour,
The due respect.

Soza. Does not the king allow it?

Arm. Yes, and all honours else, all I can ask,
That he has power to give; but from his sister,
The scornful cruelty, (forgive me, Beauty,
That I transgress) from her that should look on me,
That should a little smile upon my service,
And foster my deserts for her own faith's sake;
That should at least acknowledge me, speak to
me—

Soza. And you go whining up and down for this,
sir?

Lamenting and disputing of your grievances?
Sighing and sobbing, like a sullen school-boy,
And cursing good-wife Fortune for this favour?

Arm. What would you have me do?

Soza. Do what you should do,
What a man would do in this case, a wise man,

An understanding man that knows a woman,
Knows her and all her tricks, her scorns, and all
her trifles :

Go to her, and take her in your arms, and shake
her :

Take her and toss her like a bar !

Eman. But be sure you pitch her upon a feather-
bed,

Shake her between a pair of sheets, sir; there shake
These sullen fits out of her, spare her not there !
There you may break her will, and bruise no bone,
sir.

Soza. Go to her——

Eman. That's the way.

Soza. And tell her, and boldly,
And do not mince the matter, nor mock yourself,
With being too indulgent to her pride ;
Let her hear roundly from you, what you are,
And what you have deserved, and what she must
be.

Eman. And be not put off, like a common
fellow,
With ' The princess would be private ;'
Or, that she has taken physic, and admits none :
I would talk to her any where.

Arm. It makes me smile !

Eman. Now you look handsomely :
Had I a wench to win, I would so flutter her !
They love a man that crushes 'em to verjuice ;
A woman held at hard meat is your spaniel.

Soza. Pray take our counsel, sir.

Arm. I shall do something ;
But not your way ; it shews too boisterous ;
For my affections are as fair and gentle
As her they serve.

Enter King.

Soza. The king !

King. Why, how now, friend ?
Why do you rob me of the company
I love so dearly, sir ? I have been seeking you ;
For when I want you, I want all my pleasure.
Why sad, thus sad still, man ? I will not have it ;
I must not see the face I love thus shadow'd.

Eman. An't please your grace, methinks it ill
becomes him ;
A soldier should be jovial, high and lusty.

King. He shall be so : Come, come, I know
your reason ;
It shall be none to cross you ; you shall have her :
Take my word, ('tis a king's word) you shall have
her,

She shall be yours or nothing. Pray be merry !

Arm. Your grace has given me cause : I shall
be, sir,

And ever your poor servant.

King. Me myself, sir,
My better self.—I shall find time and suddenly,
To gratify your loves too, gentlemen,
And make you know how much I stand bound
to you.

Nay, 'tis not worth your thanks ; no further com-
pliment !—

Will you go with me, friend ?

Arm. I beseech your grace,
Spare me an hour or two, I shall wait on you,
Some little private business with myself, sir,
For such a time.

King. I'll hinder no devotion,
For I know you are regular.—I'll take you, gen-
tlemen,

Because he shall have nothing to disturb him.—
I shall look for you, friend.⁵

[*Exeunt all but ARMUSIA.*

Enter PANURA.

Arm. I dare not fail, sir.—
What shall I do to make her know my misery?
To make her sensible?—This is her woman:
I have a toy come to me suddenly;
It may work for the best; she can but scorn me,
And lower than I am I cannot tumble;
I'll try, whate'er my fate be.—Good even, fair
one!

Pan. 'Tis the brave stranger.—A good night to
you, sir!—
Now, by my lady's hand, a goodly gentleman!
How happy shall she be in such a husband!
'Would I were so provided too!

Arm. Good pretty one,
Shall I keep you company for an hour or two?
I want employment for this evening:
I am an honest man.

Pan. I dare believe you;
Or, if you were not, sir, that's no great matter;
We take men's promises. Would you stay with
me, sir?

Arm. So it please you; pray let's be better ac-
quainted;
I know you are the princess' gentlewoman.
And wait upon her near——

Pan. 'Tis like I do so.

Arm. And may befriend a man, do him fair
courtesies,

⁵ *I shall look for your friend.]* Corrected silently in the modern
copies.

If he have business your way——

Pan. I understand you.

Arm. So kind an office, that you may bind a gentleman,

Hereafter to be yours, and your way too ;
And you may bless the hour you did this benefit :
Sweet handsome faces should have courteous minds,
And ready faculties.

Pan. Tell me your business ;
Yet if, I think, it be to her, yourself, sir,
(For I know what you are, and what we hold you,
And in what grace you stand) without a second,
(For that but darkens you) would do it better :
The princess must be pleased with your accesses ;
I'm sure I should.

Arm. I want a courtier's boldness,
And am yet but a stranger : I would fain speak
with her.

Pan. 'Tis very late, and upon her hour of sleep,
sir.

Arm. Pray you wear this, and believe my mean-
ing civil, [Gives her a jewel.
My business of that fair respect and carriage.
This for our more acquaintance ! [Kisses her.

Pan. How close he kisses ! and how sensible
The passings of his lips are ! I must do it,
An I were to be hang'd now, and I will do it :
He may do as much for me ; that's all I aim at :
And come what will on't, life or death, I'll do it,
For ten such kisses more, an 'twere high-treason.

Arm. I would be private with her.

Pan. So you shall ;
'Tis not worth thanks else. You must dispatch
quick.

Arm. Suddenly.

Pan. And I must leave you in my chamber, sir,

Where you must lock yourself that none may see
you :

'Tis close to hers. You cannot miss the entrance,
When she comes down to bed.

Arm. I understand you,
And once more thank you, lady.

Pan. Thank me but thus.

Arm. If I fail thee——

Pan. Come close then !⁶ [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A Bed-chamber in the same.

Enter QUISARA and QUISANA.

Quisar. 'Tis late ! good aunt, to bed ! I am e'en
unready ;⁷

My woman will not be long away.

Quisan. I would have you

A little merrier first : Let me sit by you,
And read or discourse something that you fancy ;
Or take my instrument.

⁶ *Arm.* If I fail thee——

Come close then.] Mr Seward supposes with me, that *Panura's* name is unhappily dropt here ; for who can imagine these words could be spoke with the least propriety by *Armusia* ? —*Sympson.*

⁷ *I am e'en unready.]* *Unready* was a very usual word for *undressed*, equivalent, as Steevens observes, to the old French—*di-pret*. In the first part of Henry VI. the French leap over the walls of Orleans “ half ready, and half unready.”

Quisar. No, no, I thank you ;
I shall sleep without these. I wrong your age,
aunt,
To make you wait thus ; pray let me intreat you !
To-morrow I will see you ; I know you are sleepy,
And rest will be a welcome guest : You shall not,
Indeed you shall not stay. Oh, here's my woman !

Enter PANURA.

Good night, good night ! and good rest, aunt, attend you !

Quisan. Sleep dwell upon your eyes, and fair dreams court you ! *[Exit.*

Quisar. Come, where have you been, wench ?
Make me unready ;

I slept but ill last night.

Pan. You'll sleep the better
I hope to-night, madam.

Quisar. A little rest contents me ;
Thou lovest thy bed, Panura.

Pan. I am not in love, lady,
Nor seldom dream of devils ; I sleep soundly.

Quisar. I'll swear thou dost ; thy husband would
not take't so well,
If thou wert married, wench.

Pan. Let him take, madam,
The way to waken me ! I am no dormouse :
Husbands have larum-bells, if they but ring once.

Quisar. Thou art a merry wench.

Pan. I shall live the longer.

Quisar. Pr'ythee fetch my book !

Pan. I am glad of that.

Quisar. I'll read a while before I sleep.

Pan. I will, madam. *[Aside.*

Quisar. And if *Ruy Dias* meet you, and be importunate,
He may come in.

Pan. I have a better fare for you.— [*Aside.*
Now least in sight play I. [*Exit.*

Enter ARMUSIA softly, and locks the door.

Quisar. Why should I love him?
Why should I dote upon a man deserves not,
Nor has no will to work it?—Who's there, wench?—
What are you? or whence come you?

Arm. You may know me:
I bring not such amazement, noble lady.

Quisar. Who let you in?

Arm. My restless love, that serves you.

Quisar. This is an impudence I have not heard of,
A rudeness that becomes a thief or ruffian;
Nor shall my brother's love protect this boldness,
You build so strongly on: My rooms are sanctuaries,

And, with that reverence, they that seek my favours,

And humble fears, shall render their approaches.

Arm. Mine are no less.

Quisar. I am mistress of myself, sir,
And will be so: I will not be thus visited,
These fears and dangers thrust into my privacy.
Stand further off! I'll cry out else.

Arm. Oh, dear lady!

Quisar. I see dishonour in your eyes.

Arm. There is none:

By all that beauty, they are innocent!
Pray you tremble not! you have no cause.

Quisar. I'll die first,
Before you have your will, be torn in pieces.
The little strength I have left me to resist you,

The gods will give me more, before I am forced
To that I hate, or suffer——

Arm. You wrong my duty.

Quisar. So base a violation of my liberty!
I know you are bent unnobly; I'll take to me
The spirit of a man, borrow his boldness,
And force my woman's fears into a madness,
And ere you arrive at what you aim at——

Arm. Lady, [*Kneels.*]
If there be in you any woman's pity,
And if your fears have not proclaim'd me mon-
strous,

Look on me and believe me! Is this violence?
Is it, to fall thus prostrate to your beauty,
A ruffian's boldness? is humility a rudeness?
The griefs and sorrows that grow here, an impu-
dence?

These forcings, and these fears I bring along with
me,

These impudent abuses offer'd you?
And thus high has your brother's favour blown me.
Alas, dear lady of my life, I came not
With any purpose rough or desperate,
With any thought that was not smooth and gentle
As your fair hand, with any doubt or danger;
Far be it from my heart to fright your quiet!
A heavy curse light on it, when I intend it!

Quisar. Now I dare hear you.

Arm. If I had been mischievous,
As then I must be mad, or were a monster,
If any such base thought had harbour'd here,
Or violence that became not man,
You have a thousand bulwarks to assure you.
The holy powers bear shields to defend chastity;
Your honour and your virtues are such armours,
Your clear thoughts such defences. If you mis-
doubt still, [*Offers his sword.*]

And yet retain a fear I am not honest,
 Come with impure thoughts to this place,
 Take this, and sheathe it here; be your own safety;
 Be wise, and rid your fears, and let me perish!
 How willing shall I sleep to satisfy you!

Quisar. No; I believe now, you speak worthily:
 What came you then for?

Arm. To complain me, beauty;
 But modestly.

Quisar. Of what?

Arm. Of your fierce cruelty;
 (For though I die, I will not blame the doer)
 Humbly to tell your grace you had forgot me;
 A little to have touch'd at, not accused,
 (For that I dare not do) your scorns: Pray pardon
 me,

And be not angry that I use the liberty
 To urge that word! A little to have shew'd you
 What I have been, and what done to deserve you;
 If any thing that love commands may reach you,
 To have remember'd you, (but I'm unworthy,
 And to that misery falls all my fortunes)
 To have told you, and by my life you may believe
 me,

That I am honest, and will only marry.
 You or your memory: Pray be not angry!

Quisar. I thank you, sir; and let me tell you
 seriously,

You have taken now the right way to befriend you,
 And to beget a fair and clear opinion.

Yet, to try your obedience——

Arm. I stand ready, lady,
 Without presuming to ask any thing.*

* *I stand ready, lady.*

Without presuming to ask any thing.] This second line evi-

Quisar. Or at this time to hope for further favour;
Or to remember services or smiles;
Dangers you have past through, and rewards due
to 'em;
Loves or despairs; but, leaving all to me,
Quit this place presently.

Arm. I shall obey you.

Enter RUY DIAS.

Ruy. Ha!

Arm. Who's this? What art thou?

Ruy. A gentleman.

Arm. Thou art no more, I am sure.—Oh, 'tis

Ruy Dias:

How high he looks, and harsh!

Ruy. Is there not door enough,
You take such elbow-room?

Arm. If I take it, I'll carry it.

Ruy. Does this become you, princess?

Arm. The captain's jealous,
Jealous of that he never durst deserve yet.
Go freely, go! I'll give thee leave.

Ruy. Your leave, sir?

Arm. Yes, my leave, sir. I'll not be troubled
neither,

Nor shall my heart ache, or my head be jealous,
Nor strange suspicious thoughts reign in my me-
mory;

dently belongs to the princess, or else her speech will not be gram-
mar.—*Sympson.*

It will be grammar, supposing her to take up the sense of what
he has said, which it is plain she does.—Ed. 1778.

As this last explanation is admissible, I have not disturbed the
old text; though, with Mason, I should be inclined to prefer Symp-
son's variation.

Go on, and do thy worst, I'll smile at thee.—
I kiss your fair hand first; then, farewell, captain!

[*Exit.*]

Quisar. What a pure soul inherits here! what
innocence!

Sure I was blind when I first loved this fellow,
And long to live in that fog still: How he blusters!

Ruy. Am I your property? or those your flat-
teries

The banquets that you bid me to, the trust
I build my goodly hopes on?

Quisar. Be more temperate!

Ruy. Are these the shows of your respect and
favour?

What did he here, what language had he with you?
Did you invite him? could you stay no longer?
Is he so gracious in your eye?

Quisar. You are too forward.

Ruy. Why at these private hours?

Quisar. You are too saucy,
Too impudent, to task me with those errors,⁹
Do you know what I am, sir? and my prerogative?
Though you be a thing I have call'd by th' name
of friend,

I never taught you to dispose my liberty:
How durst you touch mine honour? blot my
meanings?

And name an action, and of mine, but noble?
Thou poor unworthy thing, how have I graced
thee!

How have I nourished thee and raised thee hourly!
Are these the gratuities you bring, Ruy Dias?

⁹ — *To task me with those errors.*] This is one of the many
passages in which *to task* is used in the sense of *to tax*.—*Mason.*

The sense may however be simply—To take me to task for those
errors.

The thanks? the services? I am fairly paid!
Was't not enough I saw thou wert a coward,
And shadowed thee? no noble sparkle in thee?
Daily provoked thee, and still found thee coward?
Raised noble causes for thee, strangers started at;
Yet still, still, still a coward, ever coward!
And, with those taints, dost thou upbraid my
virtues?

Ruy. I was to blame, lady.

Quisar. So blindly bold
To touch at my behaviour? Durst thou but look
Amiss at my allowance?—If thou hadst
Been a brave fellow, thou hadst had some licence,
Some liberty; I might have then allow'd thee,
For thy good face, some scope to have argued
with me;

But being nothing but a sound, a shape,
The mere sign of a soldier, of a lover'
The dregs and draffy part, disgrace and jealousy,
I scorn thee, and condemn thee!

Ruy. Dearest lady,
If I have been too free——

Quisar. Thou hast been too foolish ;
And go on still ; I'll study to forget thee.
I would I could ! and yet I pity thee. *[Exit.*

Ruy. I am not worth it; if I were, that's misery!
The next door is but death; I must aim at it. [Exit.

² *The mere sign of a soldier—of a lover.*] So both the old copies exhibit the line; and, as a bar of that length generally indicates some oath which the licenser would not suffer to stand, I should suspect some such omission in this place, were it not that the measure, which is at present compleat, would be destroyed by any addition to the line; and that no oath seems likely to have been uttered by Quisara.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Another Apartment in the Royal Castle.

Enter King, and Governor disguised like a Moorish Priest.

King. So far and truly you have discover'd to me
The former currents of my life and fortune,
That I am bound to acknowledge you most holy,
And certainly to credit your predictions
Of what are yet to come.

Gov. I am no liar.—

'Tis strange I should, and live so near a neighbour:
But these are not my ends,

King. Pray you sit, good father!—
Certain a reverend man, and most religious.

Gov. Ay, that belief's well now; and let me
work then, [Aside.

I'll make you curse religion ere I leave you.—
I have lived a long time, son, a mew'd-up man,
Sequester'd by the special hand of Heaven
From the world's vanities, bid farewell to follies,
And shook hands with all heats of youth and
pleasures.

As in a dream, these twenty years I have slum-
bered;

Many a cold moon have I, in meditation
And searching out the hidden wills of Heaven,
Lain shaking under; many a burning sun

Has seared my body, and boiled up my blood,
Feebled my knees, and stamp'd a meagreness
Upon my figure, all to find out knowledge ;
Which I have now attained to, thanks to Heaven,
All for my country's good too : And many a vision,
Many a mystic vision, have I seen, son,
And many a sight from Heaven, which has been
terrible,

Wherein the goods and evils of these islands
Were lively shadowed ; many a charge I have had
too,

Still as the time grew ripe to reveal these,
To travel and discover : Now I am come, son,
The hour is now appointed, my tongue is touch'd,
And now I speak.

King. Do, holy man ! I'll hear you.

Gov. Beware these Portugals, I say beware 'em !
These smooth-faced strangers, have an eye upon
'em !

The cause is now the gods' ! hear, and believe,
king !

King. I do hear ; but, before I give rash credit,
Or hang too light on belief, which is a sin, father,
Know I have found 'em gentle, faithful, valiant,
And am in my particular bound to 'em,
I mean to some, for my most strange deliverance.

Gov. Oh, son, the future aims of men, (observe
me)

Above their present actions, and their glory,
Are to be look'd at : The stars shew many turnings,
If you could see, mark but, with my eyes, pupil.
These men came hither, as my vision tells me,
Poor, weather beaten, almost lost, starved, feebled,
Their vessels like themselves, most miserable ;
Made a long suit for traffic, and for comfort,
To vent their children's toys, cure their diseases :
They had their suit, they landed, and to th' rate

Grew rich and powerful, suck'd the fat and freedom

Of this most blessed isle, taught her to tremble,
Witness the castle here, the citadel,
They have clapt upon the neck of your Tidore,
(This happy town, till that she knew these strangers)
To check her when she's jolly.

King. They have so indeed, father.

Gov. Take heed, take heed! I find your fair delivery,

(Though you be pleased to glorify that fortune,
And think these strangers gods, take heed, I say!)
I find it but a handsome preparation,
A fair-faced prologue to a further mischief:
Mark but the end, good king, the pin he shoots at!
That was the man deliver'd you, the mirror:
Your sister is his due: What's she? your heir, sir.
And what is he a-kin then to the kingdom?
But heirs are not ambitious; who then suffers?
What reverence shall the gods have? and what justice

The miserable people? what shall they do?

King. He points at truth directly.

Gov. Think of these, son!

The person nor the manner, I mislike not
Of your preserver, nor the whole man together,
Were he but season'd in the faith we are,
In our devotions learn'd.

King. You say right, father.

Gov. To change our worships now, and our religion!

To be traitor to our gods!

King. You have well advised me,
And I will seriously consider, father.
I th' mean time, you shall have your fair access
Unto my sister, advise her to your purpose,
And let me still know how the gods determine.

Gov. I will.—But my main end is to advise
[*Aside.*

The destruction of you all, a general ruin;
And then I am revenged, let the gods whistle!²
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another in the same.

Enter RUY DIAS and PINIERO.

Ruy. Indeed, I am right glad you were not
greedy,
And sudden in performing what I will'd you,
Upon the person of Armusia;
I was afraid, for I well knew your valour,
And love to me——

Pin. 'Twas not a fair thing, uncle;
It shew'd not handsome, carried no man in it.

² *And then I am reveng'd, let the gods whistle.*] Mason wishes to read with Seward—And when I am revenged. It is singular that a commentator who must have read our authors, as well as Massinger and Shakspeare, both of whom he has tried to elucidate with notes, should not have perceived that *when* is understood in this passage, and that every old play, almost every act and scene of an old play, exhibits similar licenses of speech. In the very next page a similar ellipsis occurs, which the same annotator has taken notice of for a very different reason, and explained with propriety. See the next note. Again, soon after, the following ellipses occur in a line and a half—

Which will be blessed, and for which you [will be] sainted,
But [which] cannot be.

Ruy. I must confess 'twas ill, and I abhor it;
Only this good has risen from this evil,
I have tried your honesty, and find [it] proof,
A constancy that will not be corrupted,
And I much honour it.

Pin. This bell sounds better.

Ruy. My anger now, and that disgrace I have
suffer'd,
Shall be more manly vented, and wiped off,
And my sick honour cured the right and straight
way:
My sword's in my hand now, nephew, my cause
upon it,
And man to man, one valour to another,
My hope to his——

Pin. Why, this is like Ruy Dias!
This carries something of some substance in it,
Some mettle and some man; this sounds a gen-
tleman;³

And now methinks you utter what becomes you:
To kill men scurvily, 'tis such a dog-trick,
Such a rat-catcher's occupation——

Ruy. It is no better.
But, Piniero, now——

Pin. Now you do bravely.

Ruy. The difference of our states flung by, for-
gotten,
The full opinion I have won in service,

³ *This founds a gentleman.*] We must read—This *sounds* a gentleman, as in Seward's edition, and the meaning is, This sounds like a gentleman.—*Mason.*

The reader will be surprised, (and at the same time admire the accuracy and precision of this commentator,) when he is informed that there is not a single edition which reads—*founds*. Both the folios, the editions of 1711 and 1778, as well as Seward's, exhibit the text distinctly and plainly.

And such respects that may not shew us equal,
Laid handsomely aside, only our fortunes,
And single manhoods——

Pin. In a service, sir,
Of this most noble nature, all I am,
If I had ten lives more, those and my fortunes
Are ready for you. I had thought you had
Forsworn fighting, or banish'd those brave thoughts
Were wont to wait upon you; I am glad
To see 'em call'd home again.

Ruy. They are, nephew,
And thou shalt see what fire they carry in them:
Here: you guess what this means?

[*Shews a challenge.*]

Pin. Yes, very well, sir. A portion of scripture
That puzzles many an interpreter.

Ruy. As soon as you can find him——

Pin. That will not be long, uncle;
And, o' my conscience, he'll be ready as quickly.

Ruy. I make no doubt, good nephew. Carry
it so,

If you can possible, that we may fight——

Pin. Nay, you shall fight, assure yourself.

Ruy. Pray you hear me!—

In some such place where it may be possible
The princess may behold us.

Pin. I conceive you:

Upon the sand behind the castle, sir;
A place remote enough, and there be windows
Out of her lodgings too, or I'm mistaken.

Ruy. You are i' th' right; if you can work that
handsomely——

Pin. Let me alone! and pray be you prepared
Some three hours hence.

Ruy. I will not fail.

Pin. Get you home;
And if you have any things to dispose of,

Or a few light prayers
That may befriend you, run 'em over quickly !
I warrant, I'll bring him on.

Ruy. Farewell, nephew !

And, when we meet again—— [Exit.

Pin. Ay, ay, fight handsomely :

Take a good draught or two of wine to settle you ;
'Tis an excellent armour for an ill conscience,
uncle.—

I am glad to see this man's conversion ;
I was afraid fair honour had been bed-rid,
Or beaten out o' th' island, soldiers, and good ones,
Intended such base courses. He will fight now,
And, I believe too, bravely ; I have seen him
Curry a fellow's carcase handsomely ;
And i' th' head of a troop, stand as if he had been
rooted there,
Dealing large doles of death.—What a rascal
was I,
I did not see his will drawn !

Enter QUISARA.

What does she here ?
If there be any mischief towards, a woman makes
one still :—

Now what new business is for me ?

Quisar. I was sending for you,
But since we are met so fair, you have saved that
labour :

I must entreat you, sir——

Pin. Any thing, madam ;
Your wills are my commands.

Quisar. You are nobly courteous.
Upon my better thoughts, Signor Piniero,
And my more peaceable considerations,

(Which now I find the richer ornaments)
I would desire you to attempt no farther
Against the person of the noble stranger,
(In truth, I am ashamed of my share in it)
Nor be incited further by your uncle :
I see it will sit ill upon your person.
I have consider'd, and it will shew ugly,
Carried at best, a most unheard-of cruelty :
Good sir, desist !

Pin. You speak now like a woman,
And wond'rous well this tenderness becomes you :
But this you must remember, your command
Was laid on with a kiss ; and seriously
It must be taken off the same way, madam,
Or I stand bound still.

Quisar. That shall not endanger you :

[*Kisses him.*

Look you, fair sir, thus I take off that duty.

Pin. By th' mass, 'twas soft and sweet ! Some
bloods would bound now,
And run a-tilt. Do not you think, bright beauty,
You have done me, in this kiss, a mighty favour,
And that I stand bound, by virtue of this honour,
To do whatever you command me ?

Quisar. I think, sir,
From me these are unusual courtesies,
And ought to be respected so : There are some,
And men of no mean rank, would hold themselves
Not poorly bless'd to taste of such a bounty.

Pin. I know there are, that would do many
unjust things
For such a kiss, (and yet I hold this modest)
All villainies, body and soul dispense with ;
For such a provocation, kill their kindred,
Demolish the fair credits of their parents ;
Those kisses I am not acquainted with : most cer-
tain, madam,

Th'appurtenance of this kiss would not provoke me
To do a mischief; 'tis the devil's own dance
To be kiss'd into cruelty.

Quisar. I am glad you make that use, sir.

Pin. I am gladder
That you made me believe you were cruel;⁴
For, by this hand, I know I am so honest,
However I deceived you, ('twas high time too;
Some common slave might have been set upon it
else)

That willingly I would not kill a dog
That could but fetch and carry, for a woman;
She must be a good woman made me kick him,
And that will be hard to find: To kill a man?⁵
If you will give me leave to get another,
Or any she that play'd the best game at it,

* * * * *

And, 'fore a woman's anger, prefer her fancy.

⁴ *That you made me believe you were cruel.*] I read this line so,
You made me but believe that you were cruel.—Seward.

The old text has the same meaning; but the metre is always a stumbling-block to Seward, and therefore he prefers needless tautology to a line not exactly counted out upon the ten fingers.

⁵ ———— *To kill a man.*

*If you will give me leave to get another,
Or any she that play'd the best game at it,*

And, 'fore a woman's anger, prefer her fancy.] This passage, although unnoticed by any of the editors, is absolute nonsense as it stands. It is probable that some line is omitted, which I shall not attempt to supply. No change of any of the words only will reduce it to sense.—*Mason.*

I think, with this commentator, that a line or two must have been omitted, which is no uncommon thing in old plays. Piniero probably said, that though Quisara, or any other beauty, would grant him the last favour, he would never go by her commands, or prefer giving way to her fancy or inclination to deprecate her wrath. *Fancy* may in this place, as in numerous other instances, signify *love*.

Quisar. I take it in you well.

Pin. I thank you, lady;
And I shall study to confirm it.

Quisar. Do, sir;
For this time, and this present cause, I allow it.
[*Exit PINIERO.*]

*Enter Governor, disguised as before, QUISANA, and
PANURA.*

Most holy sir!

Gov. Bless you, my royal daughter!
And, in you, bless this island, Heaven!

Quisar. Good aunt,
What think you of this man?

Quisar. Sure he's a wise man,
And a religious: He tells us things have happen'd
So many years ago, almost forgotten,
As readily as if they were done this hour.

Quisar. Does he not meet with your sharp tongue?

Pan. He tells me, madam,
Marriage and mouldy cheese will make me tamer.

Gov. A stubborn keeper, and worse fare,

An open stable, and cold care,

Will tame a jade, may be your share.

Pan. By'r lady, a sharp prophet! When this
proves good,
I'll bequeath you a skin to make you a hood.

Gov. Lady, I would talk with you.

Quisar. Do, reverend sir!

Gov. And for your good, for that that must concern you;

And give ear wisely to me!

Quisar. I shall, father.

Gov. You are a princess of that excellence,

Sweetness, and grace, that angel-like fair feature,
 (Nay, do not blush, I do not flatter you,
 Nor do I dote in telling this) I am amazed,⁶ lady,
 And as I think the gods bestow'd these on you,
 The gods that love you——

Quisar. I confess their bounty.

Gov. Apply it then to their use, to their honour,
 To them, and to their service give this sweetness!
 They have an instant great use of your goodness;
 You are a saint esteem'd here for your beauty,
 And many a longing heart——

Quisar. I seek no fealty;
 Nor will I blemish that Heaven has seal'd on me;
 I know my worth. Indeed the Portugals
 I have at those commands, and their last services,
 Nay even their lives, so much I think my hand-
 someness,

That what I shall enjoin——

Gov. Use it discreetly!
 (For I perceive you understand me rightly)
 For here the gods regard your help, and suddenly:
 The Portugals, like sharp thorns (mark me, lady)
 Stick in our sides; like razors, wound religion;
 Draw deep, they wound, till the life-blood follows;
 Our gods they spurn at, and their worships scorn,
 A mighty hand they bear upon our government:
 These are the men your miracle must work on,
 Your heavenly form, either to root them out,
 (Which, as you may endeavour, will be easy;—
 Remember whose great cause you have to execute!)
 To nip their memory, that may not spring more,

⁶ *I am amazed, lady.*] Seward proposes to make the following
 strange and needless alteration:

Nor do I dote in telling this, I am aged, lady.

Or fairly bring 'em home to our devotions;
Which will be blessed, and for which you saint-
ed,—⁷

But cannot be; an they go, let me bustle! [*Aside.*

Quisar. Go up with me,

Where we'll converse more privately:

I'll shew you shortly how I hold their temper
And in what chain their souls.

Gov. Keep fast that hold still!

And either bring that chain, and those bound in it,
And link it to our gods and their fair worships,
Or, daughter, pinch their hearts a-pieces with it.
I'll wait upon your grace.

Quisar. Come, reverend father!—

Wait you below.

[*Exeunt QUISARA and Governor.*

Pan. If this prophet were a young thing,
I should suspect him now, he cleaves so close to
her;

These holy coats are long, and hide iniquities.

Quisan. Away, away, fool! a poor wretch!

Pan. These poor ones,

Warm but their stomachs once——

Quisan. Come in; thou art foolish. [*Exeunt.*

⁷ ———— for which you sainted,

But cannot be, and they go; let me buzzle] So the old copies. The present regulation of the text was proposed by Mason; excepting that he puts a full point after—*sainted*. The words, however—*But cannot be*, are a continuation of the former line, though certainly spoken aside.

SCENE III.

The Sea-beach behind the Royal Castle.

Enter ARMUSIA, EMANUEL, and PINIERO.

Arm. I am sorry, sir, my fortune is so stubborn,
To court my sword against my countryman :
I love my nation well ; and where I find
A Portugal of noble name and virtue,
I am his humble servant. Signor Piniero,
Your person, nor your uncle's, am I angry with ;
You are both fair gentlemen in my opinion,
And, I protest, I had rather use my sword
In your defences than against your safeties ;
'Tis, methinks, a strange dearth of enemies,
When we seek foes among ourselves.

Eman. You are injured,
And you must make the best on't now, and readiest—

Arm. You see I am ready in the place, and armed
To his desire that called me.

Pin. You speak honestly,
And I could wish you had met on terms more
friendly ;
But it cannot now be so.

Enter RUY DIAS.

Eman. Turn, sir, and see !

Pin. I have kept my word with you, uncle :
The gentleman is ready.

Governor and QUISARA appear at a Window.

Arm. You are welcome.

Ruy. Bid those fools welcome that affect your courtesies!

I come not to use compliment. You have wrong'd me;

And you shall feel, proud man, ere I part from you,
Th' effects of that: If Fortune do not fool me,
Thy life is mine, and no hope shall redeem thee.

Arm. That's a proud word; more than your faith can justify.—

Quisar. Sure they will fight!

Ruy. She is there; I am happy.

Gov. Let 'em alone! let 'em kill one another!—
These are the main posts; if they fall, the build-
ings [*Aside.*

Will tumble quickly.

Quisar. How temperate Armusia!

Gov. No more; be quiet yet.*

Arm. I am not bloody,

Nor do not feel such mortal malice in me;
But since we cannot both enjoy the princess,
I am resolved to fight.

Ruy. Fight home, Armusia!

For, if thou faint'st or fail'st——

Arm. Do you make all vantages!

Ruy. All ways, unto thy life: I will not spare thee,

Nor look not for thy mercy.

Arm. I am arm'd then.

Ruy. Stand still, I charge you, nephew, as you honour me!

* *Quisar.* No more, be quiet yet.] Possibly these words belong to the Governor.—*Sympson.*

Arm. And, good Emanuel, stir not.⁹

Pin. Ye speak fitly;

For we had not stood idle else.—

Gov. I am sorry for't.¹

Eman. But since you will have it so——

Ruy. Come, sir!

Arm. I wait you. [They fight.

Pin. Ay, marry, this looks handsomely!

This is warm work!

Gov. Both fall, an't be thy will!

[RUY DIAS falls.

Pin. My uncle dead!

[Draws.

Eman. Stand still, or my sword's in——

Arm. Now, brave Ruy Dias,

Now where's your confidence? Your prayers,
quickly!

Your own spite has condemn'd you.

Quisar. Hold, Armusia!

Arm. Most happy lady!

Quisar. Hold, and let him rise;

⁹ *And good Emanuel—not.]* The second folio fills up the blank left in the first as in the text. It is difficult to conceive what occasioned it. Possibly the word was illegible in the MS.

¹ *Gov. I am sorry for't.*

Eman. But since you will have it so—] The same cause of complaint returns upon us again which was mention'd above, viz. the multiplication of names, for here the Governor has nothing to do. Both these lines belong to *Emanuel*, sorry that the seconds are not permitted to fight; or both to *Armusia*, for the unhappy necessity he lay under of fighting with his countryman. If it was left to me, I believe I should determine in favour of *Emanuel*.—*Sympson.*

The old books surely are right: The Governor avows his sorrow that they are to *stand idle*.—Ed. 1778.

This is a fair specimen of *Sympson's* short-sightedness.—It has been already observed in the notes on the Little French Lawyer, that the seconds, as well as the principals in duels, fought. (V. 152.)

Spare him for me!

Arm. A long life may he enjoy, lady!

Gov. What ha' you done? 'Tis better they had all perish'd.

Quisar. Peace, father! I work for the best.—
Armusia,

Be in the garden an hour hence.

[*Exeunt QUISARA and Governor from the window.*]

Arm. I shall, madam.

Pin. Now, as I live, a gentleman at all inches!
So brave a mingled temper saw I never.

Arm. Why are you sad, sir? How would this have grieved you,
If you had fall'n under a profess'd enemy?
Under one had taken vantage of your shame too?
Pray you be at peace! I am so far from wronging you,

Or glorying in the pride of such a victory,
That I desire to serve you: pray look chearfully!

Pin. Do you hear this, sir? This love, sir? Do you see this gentleman,
How he courts you? Why do you hold your head down?

'Tis no high treason, I take it, to be equall'd;
To have a slip i' th' field, no sin that's mortal:
Come, come; thank Fortune and your friend!

Arm. It may be
You think my tongue may prove your enemy,
And though restrain'd, sometimes, out of a bravery,
May take a license to disable you:*

* *To disable you.*] *Simpson* objects to the word *disable*; for which we see no reason, as *disable* is frequently used in the sense of *disparage*.—Ed. 1778.

Rather—*undervalue, hold cheap*. So in *Touchstone's* account of his quarrel on the cut of beards in *Shakspeare's As You Like It*, "If again it was not well cut, he *disabled* my judgment."

Believe me, sir, so much I hate that liberty,
That in a stranger's tongue 'twill prove an injury;
And I shall right you in't.

Pin. Can you have more, uncle?

Ruy. Sir, you have beat me both ways; yet so nobly,

That I shall ever love the hand that did it:
Fortune may make me worthy of some title
That may be near your friend.

Arm. Sir, I must leave you,
But with so hearty love—And pray be confident,
I carry nothing from this place shall wrong you.

[*Exeunt ARMUSIA and EMANUEL.*]

Pin. Come, come; you are right again, sir: Love your honour,

And love your friend; take heed of bloody purposes,

And unjust ends! good Heaven is angry with 'em;
Make your fair virtues and your fame your mistress,

And let these trinkets go!

Ruy. You teach well, nephew:
Now to be honourable even with this gentleman,³
Shall be my business, and my ends his. [*Exeunt.*]

³ *Now to be honourable even with this gentleman.*] I have I believe shewn before, that our authors take the same liberty in our language that the Greeks and Latins do in theirs, viz. of using an adjective adverbially; so at the end almost of this play we have the same license took again.

Quisar. Which way you go, sir;

I must follow necessary, i. e. necessarily.—*Sympton.*

Not only our author, but all his contemporary dramatists, confounded adverbs and adjectives.

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Royal Castle.

Enter Governor and King.

Gov. Sir, sir! You must do something suddenly,
To stop his pride, so great and high he is shot up;
Upon his person too, your state is sunk else:
You must not stand now upon terms of gratitude,
And let a simple tenderness besot you.
I'll bring you suddenly where you shall see him,
Attempting your brave sister, privately;
Mark but his high behaviour then.

King. I will, father.

Gov. And with scorn; I fear, contempt too.

King. I hope not.

Gov. I will not name a lust; it may be that also.
A little force must be applied upon him,
Now, now applied, a little force to humble him:
These sweet entreaties do but make him wanton.

King. Take heed you wrong him not!

Gov. Take heed to your safety!

I but forewarn you, king; if you mistrust me,
Or think I come unsent——

King. No, I'll go with you.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

The Garden before the same.

Enter ARMUSIA and QUISARA.

Arm. Madam, you see there's nothing I can reach
at,

Either in my obedience, or my service,
That may deserve your love, or win a liking,
But a poor thought, but I pursue it seriously,⁴
Take pleasure in your wills, even in your anger,
Which other men would grudge at, and grow
stormy :

I study new humility to please you,
And take a kind of joy in my afflictions ;
Because they come from you, I love my sorrows.
Pray, madam, but consider——

Quisar. Yes, I do, sir ;
And to that honest end I drew you hither.
I know you have deserved as much as man can,
And know it is a justice to requite you :
I know you love.

Arm. If ever love was mortal,

⁴ But a poor thought, but I pursue it seriously.] i. e. Not even a poor thought, but I pursue it seriously. Sympson says " the sense manifestly requires some alteration," and proposes two ; but though the reduplication of *but* sounds harshly, there is no occasion for amendment.

And dwelt in man : And for that love command
me,

(So strong I find it, and so true, here, lady)
Something of such a greatness too, allow me,*
Those things I have done already may seem foils to :
'Tis equity, that man aspires to Heaven
Should win it by his worth, and not sleep to it.

Enter Governor and King apart.

Gov. Now stand close, king, and hear ; and, as
you find him,
Believe me right, or let religion suffer !

Quisar. I dare believe your worth, without ad-
ditions ;

But since you are so liberal of your love, sir,
And would be farther tried, I do intend it,
Because you shall not, or you would not win me
At such an easy rate——

Arm. I am prepared still,
And if I shrink——

Quisar. I know you are no coward :
This is the utmost trial of your constancy ;
And if you stand fast now, I am yours, your wife,
sir.

You hold there's nothing dear, that may atchieve
me,
Doubted, or dangerous.

Arm. There's nothing, nothing :
Let me but know, that I may straight fly to it !

Quisar. I'll tell you then : Change your religion,

* *Something of such a greatness to allow me.*] We should read too [as in the text.] That is, let me not only receive your commands, but let them be of such magnitude and difficulty, that my former actions shall appear as foils to set them off. Both the sense and grammar require this amendment. *To allow*, here means to appoint or allot.—*Mason.*

And be of one belief with me !

Arm. How !

Quisar. Mark !

Worship our gods, renounce that faith you are bred
in,

(Tis easily done ; I'll teach you suddenly)

And humbly on your knees——

Arm. Ha ! I'll be hanged first.

Quisar. Offer as we do.

Arm. To the devil, lady ?

Offer to him I hate ? I know the devil !

To dogs and cats ? you make offer to them ;

To every bird that flies, and every worm !—

How terribly I shake !—Is this the venture,

The trial that you talk'd of ?—Where have I been,

And how forgot myself, how lost my memory ?

When did I pray, or look up stedfastly,

Had any goodness in my heart to guide me,

That I should give this vantage to mine enemy,

The enemy to my peace ? Forsake my faith !

Quisar. Come, come, I know you love me.

Arm. Love you this way ?

This most destroying way ? Sure you but jest, lady.

Quisar. My love and life are one way.

Arm. Love alone then !

And mine another way : I'll love diseases first,

Dote on a villain that would cut my throat,

Woo all afflictions of all sorts, kiss Cruelty.

Have mercy, Heaven ! How have I been wand'ring,

Wand'ring the way of lust, and left my Maker !

How have I slept like cork upon a water,

And had no feeling of the storm that toss'd me !

Trod the blind paths of Death, forsook assurance,

Eternity of blessedness, for a woman !

For a young handsome face, hazard my being ?

Quisar. Are not our powers eternal, so their comforts ?

As great and full of hopes as yours?

Arm. They are puppets——

Gov. Now mark him, sir, and but observe him nearly!

Arm. Their comforts like themselves, cold, senseless outsides;

You make 'em sick, as we are, peevish, mad,
Subject to age: And how can they cure us,
That are not able to refine themselves?

Quisar. The sun and moon we worship, (those are heavenly)

And their bright influences we believe.

Arm. Away, fool!

I adore the Maker of that sun and moon,
That gives those bodies light and influence,
That pointed out their paths, and taught their motions;

They are not so great as we, they are our servants,
Placed there to teach us time, to give us knowledge
Of when, and how, the swellings of the main are,
And their returns again; they are but our stewards
To make the earth fat, with their influence,
That she may bring forth her increase, and feed us.
Shall I fall from this faith to please a woman?

For her embraces bring my soul to ruin?

I look'd you should have said, "Make me a Christian!"

Work that great cure;" for 'tis a great one, woman;
That labour truly to perform, that venture,
The crown of all great trial, and the fairest;
I look'd you should have wept and kneel'd to begit,
Washed off your mist of ignorance, with waters
Pure and repentant, from those eyes; I looked
You should have brought me your chief god ye
worship,

He that you offer human blood and life to,
And made a sacrifice of him to Memory,

Beat down his altars, ruined his false temples.

Gov. Now you may see !

Quisar. Take heed ; you go too far, sir.—
And yet I love to hear him : I must have you,
[*Aside.*

And to that end I let you storm a little.—

I know there must be some strife in your bosom
To cool and quiet you, ere you can come back ;
I know old friends cannot part suddenly ;
There will be some let still : Yet I must have you,
Have you of my faith too, and so enjoy you.

Arm. Now I condemn you ! and I hate myself
For looking on that face lasciviously !

And it looks ugly now methinks.

Quisar. How, Portugal ?

Arm. It looks like Death itself, to which 'twould
lead me :

Your eyes resemble pale Despair, (they fright me!)
And in their rounds a thousand horrid ruins
Methinks I see ; and in your tongue hear fearfully
The hideous murmurs of weak souls have suffer'd.
Get from me ! I despise you. And know, woman,
That for all this trap you have laid to catch my
life in,

To catch my immortal soul, I hate and curse you,
Contemn your deities, spurn at their powers,
And where I meet your maumet gods,⁵ I'll swing
'em

Thus o'er my head, and kick 'em into puddles ;
Nay, I will out of vengeance search your temples,

⁵ *Meet your maumet gods.*] So the old copy of 1647 ; in that of 1679, at which time the word *maumet* or *mamnet* had become obsolete, it was absurdly changed to *Mahumet*. The islanders were Pagans, not Mahomedans. Though *maumet* was certainly derived from the name of the Mussulman prophet, it was used as a general term for images or idols ; and even for a *puppet*, as *Ar-musia* had called the deities of Tidore in a previous speech.

And, with those hearts that serve my god, demolish
Your shambles of wild worships.

Gov. Now, now you hear, sir!

Arm. I will have my faith, since you are so crafty,
The glorious Cross, although I love your brother;
Let him frown too, I will have my devotion,
And let your whole state storm!

King. Enter, and take him!—

[*They come forward with guards, who seize AR-*
MUSIA.

I am sorry, friend, that I am forced to do this.

Gov. Be sure ye bind him fast.

Quisar. But use him nobly.

King. Had it to me been done, I had forgiven it,
And still preserved you fair; but to our gods, sir—

Quisar. Methinks I hate 'em now.

King. To our religion,
To these to be thus stubborn, thus rebellious,
To threaten them——

Arm. Use all your violence:

I ask no mercy, nor repent my words;

I spit at your best powers; I serve one

Will give me strength to scourge your gods——

Gov. Away with him!

Arm. To grind 'em into base dust; and disperse
'em,

That never more their bloody memories——

Gov. Clap him close up!

King. Good friend, be cooler!

Arm. Never;

Your painted sister I despise too——

King. Softly!

Arm. And all her devilish arts I laugh and scorn
at,

Mock her blind purposes.

King. You must be temperate.—

Offer him no violence, I command you strictly.

Gov. Now thou art up, I shall have time to speak too.

[*Aside.*

Quisar. Oh, how I love this man, how truly honour him!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Fort of the Portuguese.

Enter CHRISTOPHERO and PEDRO at one door, EMANUEL and SOZA at another.

Chris. Do you know the news, gentlemen?

Eman. 'Would we knew as well, sir,
How to prevent it!

Soza. Is this the love they bear us,
For our late benefit? Taken so maliciously,
And clapped up close? is that the thanks they
render?

Chris. It must not be put up thus, smothered
slightly;

'Tis such a base unnatural wrong——

Pedro. I know,

They may think to do wonders, aim at all,
And to blow us with a vengeance out o' th' islands;
But if we be ourselves, honest and resolute,
And continue but masters of our ancient courages,
Stick close, and give no vantage to their villainies.—

Soza. Nay, if we faint or fall a-pieces now,
We are fools, and worthy to be mark'd for misery.
Begin to strike at him, they are all bound to?⁶
To cancel his deserts? What must we look for,⁶
If they can carry this?

Eman. I'll carry coals then.
I have but one life, and one fortune, gentlemen,
But I'll so husband it to vex these rascals,
These barbarous slaves——

Chris. Shall we go charge 'em presently?

Soza. No, that will be too weak, and too fool-
hardy;
We must have grounds that promise safety, friends,
And sure offence; we lose our angers else,
And, worse than that, venture our lives too lightly.

Enter PINIERO with his sword drawn.

Pin. Did you see mine uncle? Plague o' these
barbarians!
How the rogues stick in my teeth! I know ye are
angry:
So I am too, monstrous angry, gentlemen;
I am angry, that I choke again.
You hear Armusia's up, honest Armusia,
Clapp'd up in prison, friends, the brave Armusia?
Here are fine boys!

Eman. We hope he shall not stay there.

⁶ — *What must we look for*

If they can carry this?

Eman. I'll carry coals then.] That is, I will sooner do the most servile and degrading offices. A collier was frequently used as a term of reproach. The present passage has been entirely overlooked by the host of Shakspeare's commentators in their annotations on the first sentence in *Romeo and Juliet*, where they accumulate a prodigious number of instances in which the phrase occurs.

Pin. Stay? no, he must not stay, no talk of staying,
 These are no times to stay. Are not these rascals?
 Speak, I beseech ye speak, are they not rogues?
 Think some abominable names—are they not devils?
 But the devil's a great deal too good for 'em—
 fusty villains!

Chris. They are a kind of hounds.

Pin. Hounds were their fathers;
 Old blear-eyed bob-tailed hounds.—Lord, where's
 my uncle?

Soza. What shall be done, sir?

Pin. Done?

Soza. Yes, to relieve him?
 If it be not sudden, they may take his life too.

Pin. They dare as soon take fire and swallow it,
 Take stakes and thrust into their tails for glisters.
 His life? why, 'tis a thing worth all the islands,
 And they know will be rated at that value:
 His very imprisonment will make the town stink,
 And shake and stink! I have physic in my hand
 for 'em,
 Shall give the goblins such a purge——

Enter RUY DIAS.

Pedro. Your uncle!

Ruy. I hear strange news, and have been seeking you:

They say Armusia's prisoner.

Pin. 'Tis most certain.

Ruy. Upon what cause?

Pin. He has deserved too much, sir;
 The old heathen policy has lit upon him,
 And paid him home.

Ruy. A most unnoble dealing!

Pin. You are the next, if you can carry it tamely.
He has deserved of all.

Ruy. I must confess it ;
Of me so nobly too !

Pin. I am glad to hear it :
You have a time now to make good your confession,
(Your faith will shew but cold else, and for fashion,)
Now to redeem all, now to thank his courtesy,
Now to make those believe, that held you back-
ward

And an ill instrument, you are a gentleman,
An honest man, and you dare love your nation,
Dare stick to Virtue, though she be opprest,
And, for her own fair sake, step to her rescue :
If you live ages, sir, and lose this hour,
Not now redeem and vindicate your honour,
Your life will be a murmur, and no man in't.

Ruy. I thank you, nephew.—Come along with
me, gentlemen !

We will make 'em dancing sport immediately :
We are masters of the fort yet ; we shall see
What that can do.

Pin. Let it but spit fire finely,
And play their turrets, and their painted palaces,
A frisking round or two, that they may trip it,
And caper in the air !

Ruy. Come ; we'll do something
Shall make 'em look about ; we'll send 'em plums,
If they be not too hard for their teeth.

Pin. And fine potatoes
Roasted in gunpowder : Such a banquet, sir,
We will prepare their unmannerly stomachs——

Ruy. They shall see
There is no safe retreat in villainy.
Come, be high-hearted all !

All. We are all on fire, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Royal Castle.

Enter King and Governor, disguised as before.

King. I am ungrateful, and a wretch, (persuade
me not !)

Forgetful of the mercy he shewed me,
The timely noble pity. Why should I
See him fast bound and fettered, whose true cour-
tesy,

Whose manhood, and whose mighty hand, set me
free ?

Why should it come from me ? why I command
this ?

Shall not all tongues and truths call me unthankful ?

Gov. Had the offence been thrown on you, 'tis
certain

It had been in your power, and your discretion,
To have turned it into mercy, and forgiven it,
And then it had shewed a virtuous point of grati-
tude,

Timely, and nobly taken ; but since the cause
Concerns the honour of our gods, and their title,
And so transcends your power, and your compassion,
(A little your own safety, if you saw it too,

If your too-fond indulgence did not dazzle you)

It cannot now admit a private pity ;

'Tis in their wills, their mercies, or revenges,

And these revolts in you shew mere rebellious.⁷

King. They are mild and pitiful——

Gov. To those repent.

King. Their nature's soft and tender——

Gov. To true hearts,

That feel compunction for their trespasses :
This man defies 'em still, threatens destruction
And demolition of their arms and worship,
Spits at their powers: Take heed you be not found,
sir,

And marked a favourer of their dishonour !

They use no common justice.

King. What shall I do

To deserve of this man ?

Gov. If you more bemoan him,

Or mitigate your power to preserve him,
I'll curse you from the gods, call up their vengeance,
And fling it on your land and you : I have charge
for't.—

I hope to wrack you all.

[*Aside.*

*Enter QUISARA with her hands bound, QUISANA
and PANURA.*

King. What ails my sister ?

Why is she bound ? why looks she so distractedly ?
Who dares do this ?

Quisan. We did it, (pardon, sir !)

And for her preservation : She is grown wild,
And, raving on the stranger's love and honour,
Sometimes crying out, " Help, help, they will tor-
ture him,

They will take his life, they will murder him pre-
sently !"

If we had not prevented violently.

⁷ — shew mere rebellious.] That is, merely, absolutely re-
bellious.

Had laid hands on her own life.⁸

Gov. These are tokens

The gods' displeasure is gone out: Be quick,
And, ere it fall, do something to appease 'em!
You know the sacrifice.—I am glad it works thus.

[*Aside.*

Quisar. How low and base thou look'st now,
that wert noble!

No figure of a king, methinks, shews on you,
No face of majesty: Foul swarth ingratitude
Has taken off thy sweetness; base forgetfulness
Of mighty benefits, has turn'd thee devil!
Thou hast persecuted goodness, innocence,
And laid a hard and violent hand on Virtue,
On that fair Virtue that should teach and guide us;
Thou hast wrong'd thine own preserver, whose
least merit,

Poised with thy main estate, thou canst not satisfy;
Nay, put thy life in too, 'twill be too light still.
What hast thou done?

Gov. Go for him presently,
And once more we'll try if we can win him fairly;
If not, let nothing she says hinder you, or stir you!
She speaks distractedly: Do that the gods com-
mand you.—

Do you know what you say, lady?

Quisar. I could curse thee too!

⁸ *If we had not prevented violently*
[*Have laid hands on her own life.*] Something (perhaps a whole
line) seems lost here. The line dropt probably also ended with
the word *violently*, which occasioned the omission, the printer
thinking he had already composed it. The sense required seems
to be, "If we had not used *violent means* to prevent it, she would
before now have laid *violent hands* on her own life." Ed. 1778.

Nothing is required but the change of a single word, *had* for
have; which alteration I find Mr Mason also proposes.

Religion and severity has steel'd thee,
Has turn'd thy heart to stone; thou hast made
the gods hard too,
Against their sweet and patient natures, cruel.
None of ye feel what bravery ye tread on!
What innocence, what beauty,——

King. Pray, be patient!

Quisar. What honourable things ye cast behind
ye!

What monuments of man!

Enter ARMUSIA and Guard.

King. Once more, Armusia,
Because I love you tenderly and dearly,
And would be glad to win you mine, I wish you,
Even from my heart I wish and woo you——

Arm. What, sir?

Take heed how you persuade me falsely! then you
hate me;

Take heed how you entrap me!

King. I advise you,
And tenderly and truly I advise you,
Both for your soul's health, and your safety——

Arm. Stay!

And name my soul no more! she is too precious,
Too glorious for your flatteries, too secure too.

Gov. Consider the reward, sir, and the honour
That is prepared; the glory you shall grow to.

Arm. They are not to be consider'd in these
cases,

Not to be named; when souls are questioned,
They are vain and flying vapours. Touch my life,
'Tis ready for you; put it to what test
It shall please you, I am patient; but for the rest,
You may remove rocks with your little fingers,

Or blow a mountain out o' th' way with bellows,
As soon as stir my faith: Use no more arguments.

Gov. We must use tortures then.

Arm. Your worst and painfullest
I am joyful to accept.

Gov. You must the sharpest,
For such has been your hate against our deities,
Deliver'd openly, your threats and scornings;
And either your repentance must be mighty,
Which is your free conversion to our customs,
Or equal punishment, which is your life, sir.

Arm. I am glad I have it for you; take it, priest,
And all the miseries that shall attend it!
Let the gods glut themselves with Christian blood;
It will be ask'd again, and so far follow'd,
So far revenged, and with such holy justice,
Your gods of gold shall melt and sink before it;
Your altars and your temples shake to nothing;
And you false worshippers, blind fools of ceremony,
Shall seek for holes to hide your heads and fears in,
For seas to swallow you from this destruction,
Darkness to dwell about you, and conceal you,
Your mothers' wombs again——

Gov. Make the fires ready,
And bring the several tortures out!

Quisar. Stand fast, sir,
And fear 'em not! You that have stept so nobly
Into this pious trial, start not now;
Keep on your way; a virgin will assist you,
A virgin won by your fair constancy,
And, glorying that she is won so, will die by you!
I have touch'd you every way, tried you most
honest,
Perfect, and good, chaste, blushing-chaste, and
temperate,
Valiant, without vain-glory, modest, staid,

No rage or light affection ruling in you ;
Indeed, the perfect school of worth I find you,
The temple of true honour.

Arm. Whither will she ?—

What do you infer by this fair argument, lady ?

Quisar. Your faith and your religion must be
like you ;

They, that can shew you these, must be pure
mirrors :

When the streams flow clear and fair, what are
the fountains ?

I do embrace your faith, sir, and your fortune :
Go on ! I will assist you ; I feel a sparkle here,
A lively spark that kindles my affection,
And tells me it will rise to flames of glory.
Let 'em put on their angers ! suffer nobly ;
Shew me the way, and when I faint, instruct me ;
And if I follow not——

Arm. Oh, blessed lady,
Since thou art won, let me begin my triumph !—
Come, clap your terrors on !

Quisar. All your fell tortures !
For there is nothing he shall suffer, brother,
I swear by my new faith, (which is most sacred,
And I will keep it so) but I will follow in,
And follow to a scruple of affliction,
In spite of all your gods, without prevention.

Gov. 'Death ! she amazes me.

King. What shall be done now ?

Gov. They must die both,
And suddenly ; they will corrupt all else.—
This woman makes me weary of my mischief ;

[*Aside.*
She shakes me, and she staggers me.—Go in, sir ;
I'll see the execution.

King. Not so sudden :

If they go, all my friends and sisters perish.

Gov. 'Would I were safe at home again ! [*Aside.*

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Arm, arm, sir !

Seek for defence ; the castle plays and thunders,
The town rocks, and the houses fly i' th' air,
The people die for fear. Captain Ruy Dias
Has made an oath he will not leave a stone here,
No, not the memory here has stood a city,
Unless Armusia be deliver'd fairly.

King. I have my fears : What can our gods do
now for us ?

Gov. Be patient ! But keep him still. He is a
cure, sir,

Against both rage and cannon. Go and fortify ;
Call in the princes,⁹ make the palace sure,
And let 'em know you are a king ; look nobly,
And take your courage to you !—Keep close the
prisoner,

And under command ; we are betray'd else.

Arm. How joyfully I go !

Quisar. Take my heart with thee.

Gov. I hold a wolf by the ear ; Now, Fortune,
free me ! [*Exeunt.*

⁹ *Call in the princess.] Amended by Sympson.*

SCENE III.

A Street. Firing of Cannon.

Enter four Townsmen.

1 *Towns.* Heaven bless us, what a thundering's
here? what fire-spitting?

We cannot drink, but our cans are maul'd amongst
us.

2 *Towns.* I would they would maul our scores
too! Shame o' their guns,

I thought they had been bird-pots, or great can-
dle-cases;

How devilishly they bounce, and how the bullets
Borrow a piece of a house here, there another,
And mend those up again with another parish!
Here flies a powd'ring tub, the meat ready roasted,
And there a barrel pissing vinegar;

And they two, over-taking the top of a high
steeple,

Newly sliced off for sallad——

3 *Towns.* A vengeance fire 'em!

2 *Towns.* Nay, they fire fast enough; you need
not help 'em.

4 *Towns.* Are these the Portugal bulls? How
loud they bellow!

2 *Towns.* Their horns are plaguy strong; they
push down palaces;

They toss our little habitations,

Like whelps, like grindle-tails,¹ with their heels
upward;
All the windows i' th' town dance a new trench-
more:²

'Tis like to prove a blessed age for glasiars!
I met a hand, and a letter in't, in great haste,
And by-and-by a single leg running after it,
As if the arm had forgot part of his errand;
Heads fly like foot-balls every where.

1 *Towns.* What shall we do?

2 *Towns.* I care not; my shop's cancell'd,
And all the pots and earthen pans in't vanish'd;
There was a single bullet and they together by
the ears,
You would have thought Tom Tumbler had been
there,

And all his troops of devils.

3 *Towns.* Let's to the King,
And get this gentleman deliver'd handsomely!
By this hand, there's no walking above ground else.

2 *Towns.* By this leg (let me swear nimbly by it,
For I know not how long I shall owe³ it) if I were
Out of the town once, if I came in again
To fetch my breakfast, I will give 'em leave
To cram me with a Portugal pudding. Come,
Let us do any thing to appease this thunder!

[*Exeunt.*

¹ *Grindle-tails.*] These dogs are also called trindle-tails, or trundle-tails. So in our authors' play of the Honest Man's Fortune, one of the serving men says—"The courtier! marry, God bless her, Steven, she is not mad yet, she knows that *trindle-tail* too well." Perhaps the text is accidentally corrupted, and that we should read—*trindle-tail*.

² *Trenchmore.*] The name of a celebrated dance. See a note on the Pilgrim, vol. V.

Owe.] *ſic. Own.*—Ed. 1778.

SCENE IV.

The Portuguese Fort.

Enter PINIERO and PANURA.

Pin. Art sure it was that blind priest?

Pan. Yes, most certain.

He has provoked all this. The king is merciful,
And wond'rous loving; but he fires him on still,
And, when he cools, enrages him; I know it;
Threatens new vengeance, and the gods' fierce
justice,

When he but looks with fair eyes on Armusia;
Will lend him no time to relent. My royal mis-
tress,

She has entertain'd a Christian hope.

Pin. Speak truly!

Pan. Nay, 'tis most true; but, lord, how he lies
at her,

And threatens her, and flatters her, and damns her!
And, I fear, if not speedily prevented,
If she continue stout, both shall be executed.

Pin. I'll kiss thee for this news! Nay, more,
Panura;

If thou wilt give me leave, I'll get thee with
Christian,

The best way to convert thee.

Pan. Make me believe so.

Pin. I will, i' faith. But which way camest
thou hither?

The palace is close guarded, and baricadoed.

Pan. I came through a private vault, which few
there know of;

It rises in a temple not far hence,
Close by the castle here.

Pin. How? to what end?

Pan. A good one :

To give you knowledge of my new-born mistress,
And in what doubt Armusia stands :
Think any present means or hope to stop 'em
From their fell ends. The princes are come in too,
And they are harden'd also.

Pin. The damn'd priest——

Pan. Sure he's a cruel man ! Methinks religion
Should teach more temperate lessons.

Pin. He the firebrand ?

He dare to touch at such fair lives as theirs are?
Well, prophet, I shall prophesy, I shall catch you,
When all your prophecies will not redeem you.—
Wilt thou do one thing bravely ?

Pan. Any good I am able.

Pin. And, by thine own white hand, I'll swear
thou art virtuous,
And a brave wench. Durst thou but guide me
presently
Through the same vault thou camest, into the
palace,
And those I shall appoint, such as I think fit ?

Pan. Yes, I will do it, and suddenly and truly.

Pin. I would fain behold this prophet.

Pan. Now I have you,
And shall bring you where you shall behold him,
Alone too, and unfurnish'd of defences ;
That shall be my care : But you must not betray
me.

Pin. Dost thou think we are so base, such slaves,
rogues ?

Pan. I do not :

And you shall see how fairly I'll work for you.

Pin. I must needs steal that priest, steal him,
and hang him.

Pan. Do any thing to remove his mischief;
strangle him !

Pin. Come, pr'ythee, love !

Pan. You'll offer me no foul play ?

The vault is dark.

Pin. 'Twas well remember'd.

Pan. And you may—

But I hold you honest.

Pin. Honest enough, I warrant thee.

Pan. I am but a poor weak wench ; and what
with the place,

And your persuasions, sir—but I hope you will
not—

You know we are often cozened.

Pin. If thou dost fear me,

Why dost thou put me in mind ?

Pan. To let you know, sir,

Though it be in your power, and things fitting
to it,

Yet a true gentleman——

Pin. I know what he'll do :

Come, and remember me, and I'll answer thee,

I'll answer thee to the full ; we'll call at the castle,

And then, my good guide, do thy will ! 'shalt find
me

A very tractable man.

Pan. I hope I shall, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Before the Royal Castle.

Enter BAKAM, SYANA, and Soldiers.

Bakam. Let my men guard the gates !

Syana. And mine the temple,
For fear the honour of our gods should suffer :
And on your lives be watchful !

Bakam. And be valiant ;
And let's see, if these Portugals dare enter,
What their high hearts dare do ! Let's see how
readily

The great Ruy Dias will redeem his countryman !
He speaks proud words, and threatens.

Syana. He's approved, sir, [^]
And will put fair for what he promises.
I could wish friendlier terms ; yet for our liberties
And for our gods, we are bound in our best service,
Even in the hazard of our lives——

Enter the King on a balcony.

King. Come up, princes,
And give your counsels, and your helps : the fort
still
Plays fearfully upon us, beats our buildings,
And turns our people wild with fears.

Bakam. Send for
The prisoner, and give us leave to argue.
[*Exeunt BAKAM and SYANA.*

*Enter RUY DIAS, EMANUEL, CHRISTOPHERO, and
PEDRO, with Soldiers.*

Ruy. Come on nobly,
And let the fort play still! we are strong enough
To look upon 'em, and return at pleasure :
It may be on our view they will return him.

Chris. We will return 'em such thanks else, shall
make 'em
Scratch where it itches not.

Eman. How the people stare!
And some cry, some pray, some curse heartily ;
But it is the king——

*Enter SYANA, BAKAM, QUISARA ; ARMUSIA,
chained, with Soldiers, above.*

Ruy. I cannot blame their wisdoms ;
They are all above. Armusia chain'd and bound
too ?

Oh, these are thankful squires !

Bakam. Hear us, Ruy Dias,
Be wise and hear us, and give speedy answer !
Command thy cannon presently to cease,
No more to trouble the afflicted people,
Or suddenly Armusia's head goes off,
As suddenly as said.

Eman. Stay, sir, be moderate!

Arm. Do nothing that's dishonourable, Ruy Dias!
Let not the fear of me master thy valour !
Pursue e'm still ; they are base malicious people.

King. Friend, be not desperate !

Arm. I scorn your courtesies!—
Strike when you dare, a fair aim guide the gun-
ner,⁴

And may he let fly still with Fortune! Friend,
Do me the honour of a soldier's funerals,
The last fair Christian rite; see me i' th' ground,
And let the palace burn first, then the temples,
And on their scorned gods erect my monument!
Touch not the princess, as you are a soldier!

Quisar. Which way you go, sir, I must follow
necessary:

One life, and one death!

King. Will you take a truce yet?

*Enter below PINIERO, SOZA, and Soldiers, with the
Governor.*

Pin. No, no; go on! Look here; your god,
your prophet!

King. How came he taken?

Pin. I conjured for him, king:

I am a sure cur at an old blind prophet.

I'll hunt you such a false knave admirably!⁵

A terrier I: I earth'd him, and then snapt him.

Soza. Saving the reverence of your grace, we
stole him,

Even out of the next chamber to you.

Pin. Come, come; begin, king!

Begin this bloody matter when you dare!

And yet I scorn my sword should touch the rascal:
I'll tear him thus before you.—Ha! what art thou?

[*Pulls his beard and hair off.*]

⁴ *A fair arm guide the gunner.*] Amended by Sympson. The
r in the folio of 1647 is so indistinct that it might easily escape
the notice of the corrector of the press.

⁵ *I'll haunt ye.*] Corrected by Sympson.

King. How's this? art thou a prophet?

Ruy. Come down, princes!

King. We are abused!—Oh, my most dear Armusia!

Off with his chains:—And now, my noble sister, Rejoice with me; I know you are pleased as I am.

[*Exeunt from the balcony.*]

Pin. This is a precious prophet! Why, don Governor,
What make you here? how long have you taken orders?

Ruy. Why, what a wretch art thou to work this mischief!

To assume this holy shape to ruin Honour,
Honour and Chastity!

Enter, below, King, and the others.

Gov. I had paid you all,
But Fortune play'd the slut. Come, give me my doom.

King. I cannot speak for wonder.

Gov. 'Nay, 'tis I, sir;
And here I stay your sentence.

King. Take her, friend!
(You have half persuaded me to be a Christian)
And with her all the joys, and all the blessings!
Why, what dream have we dwelt in?

Ruy. All peace to ye,
And all the happiness of heart dwell with ye!
Children as sweet and noble as their parents——

Pin. And kings at least!

Arm. Good sir, forget my rashness;
And noble princes, ⁶ for I was once angry,

⁶ *And noble Princesses.*] So the first folio; the second, and octavo 1711, *Princesses*; Seward and Simpson, *Princes*. The first

And out of that, might utter some distemper,
Think not it is my nature.

Syana. Your joy is ours, sir ;

And nothing we find in you but most noble.

King. To prison with this dog ! there let him
howl,

And, if he can repent, sigh out his villainies !
His island we shall seize into our hands ;
His father and himself have both usurp'd it,
And kept it by oppression : The town and castle,
In which I lay myself most miserable,
'Till my most honourable friend redeem'd me,
Signor Piniero, I bestow on you ;
The rest of next command upon these gentlemen ;
Upon ye all, my love.

Arm. Oh, brave Ruy Dias,

You have started now beyond me : I must thank
you,

And thank you for my life, my wife, and honour.

Ruy. I am glad I had her for you, sir.

King. Come, princes ;

Come, friends and lovers all ; come, noble gentlemen ;

No more guns now, nor hates, but joys and
triumphs !

An universal gladness fly about us !

And know, however subtle men dare cast

And promise wrack, the gods give peace at last.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

copy surely is right, Armusia meaning to apologize for his passionate language, in a former scene, to Quisara.—Ed. 1778.

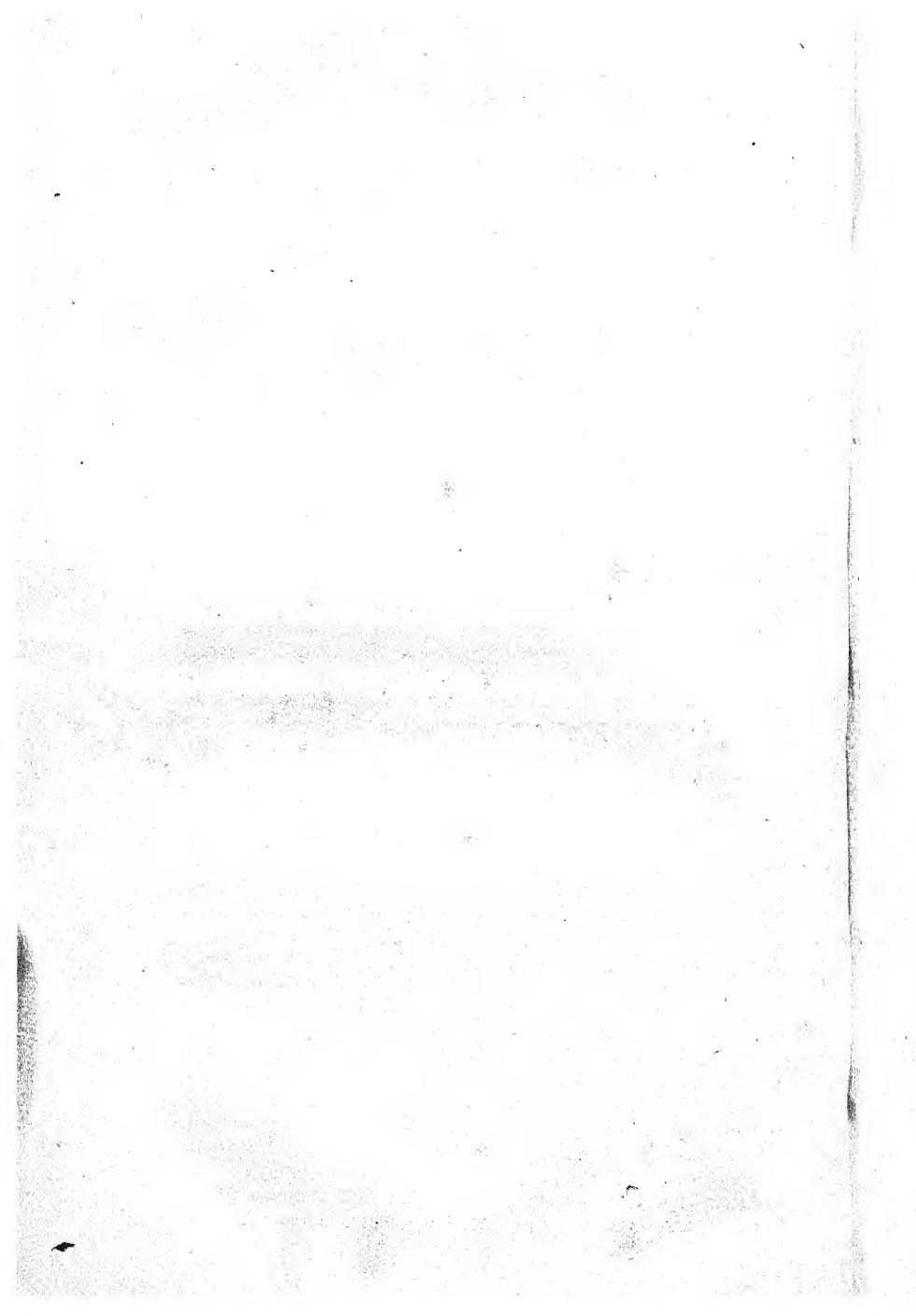
The answer of the king of Syana evidently proves the propriety of Seward's reading. The same corruption has occurred before in this very play, as well as in *A Wife for a Month*, and several others.

THE
LOYAL SUBJECT.

BY
JOHN FLETCHER.

VOL. VI.

R



THE
LOYAL SUBJECT.

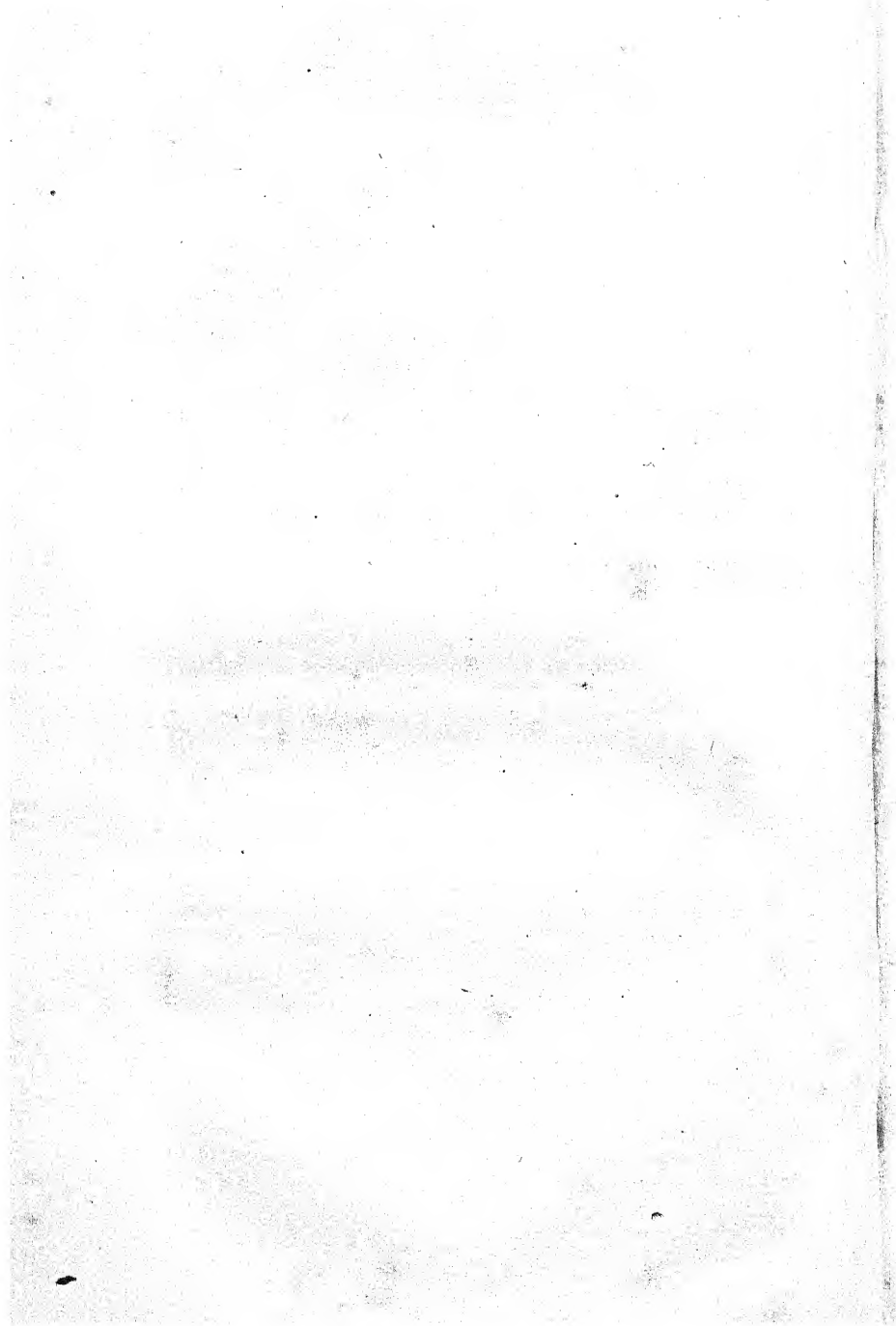
FROM the following entry in Sir Henry Herbert's office-book, it is ascertained that this Tragi-Comedy, which was first printed in the folio of 1647, was produced by Fletcher in 1618, three years after the death of Beaumont: "The king's players sent me an old book of Fletcher's, called 'The Loyal Subject,' formerly allowed by Sir George Buck, 16th November, 1618, which, according to their desire and agreement, I did peruse, and with some reformatations allowed of, the 23d of November, 1633; for which they sent me, according to their agreement, 1.0.0.1." And again, "On Tuesday night, at Whitehall, the 10th of December, 1633, was acted before the king and queen 'The Loyal Subject,' made by Fletcher, and very well likt by the king." The reformatations made by Sir Henry Herbert, extended probably only to some free expressions, which Sir George Buck, who appears to have been a great admirer of plays, had suffered to stand. When Rhodes, in 1659, obtained a license to act at the Blackfriars, this play was one of those which shewed the great powers of the celebrated Betterton, then not above twenty years of age. After the Restoration, it seems to have been in considerable request. In the year 1706, "The Faithful General," a tragedy, was acted at the Queen's Theatre, in the Haymarket, and printed. According to the title-page, it was the work of "a young lady," who, in the preface, informs us, that she had originally designed no more than a revival of Fletcher's tragi-comedy, but that she had been induced to make so many alterations, that a very small part only of the original remained. The scene is transferred to Byzantium, and the lady informs us, that she had retained little more of Fletcher, than the

character of Archas. Those lines which she suffered to remain, (not without considerable improvement of the metre, as she informs us,) are marked by inverted commas. With all due deference, we cannot but believe that this "young lady" tried a task vastly beyond her strength, when she thus aimed to bend the bow of Ulysses. About the middle of the last century, the elder Mr Sheridan, then manager of the Dublin theatre, revived the "Loyal Subject" on that stage, with some alterations; but it does not appear to have been printed. Since that period, there seems to have been no attempt made to bring the play on any stage again.

The idea of placing the scene of this play in a country so remote and little known as Russia, may have been suggested to Fletcher by his relation Dr Giles Fletcher's "*Russe Commonwealth*," which appeared in 1591. There are great beauties in this play, as well as great defects. On account of its excessive length, many parts are languid, and even tedious; there is too much action, and the different events are not interwoven with sufficient skill to keep alive the attention. The plot and under-plot, though in the end proved to have reference to each other, are not very happily connected; and indeed, though the reason assigned for disguising the youngest son of Archas is a perfectly good one, the manner of it, and the dangerous place in which he assumes that disguise, are by no means satisfactory proofs of the caution of his uncle; as he is continually subject to a discovery, which might aggravate his danger. The circumstance too of Briskie remaining entirely unknown to his brother, while serving under him for any time whatever, is not more probable than the long and strange success of the disguise of Young Archas. This metamorphosis of sex, however, was a dramatic trick, which Fletcher was remarkably fond of introducing; and as we owe to this fondness such plays as *Philaster* and *the Pilgrim*, we ought not to quarrel with his predilection. Many of the scenes arising from this disguise are so much in our poet's manner, that they could hardly be mistaken for the work of another, and they certainly are in his best style. Such are the artful mode in which Archas warns his sisters of their danger in the third act; his parting from Olympia in the fourth, and the charming scene in the last, where he appears in his own figure, and upbraids his mistress for having dismissed her supposed servant. The characters of the two daughters of Archas are drawn with great delicacy, and well contrasted. And here it may be asserted, without the imputation of being too partial to Fletcher, that none of his contemporaries have so well succeeded in exhibiting the female character in all its shades of mutability. Ford has surpassed him in the delineation of suffering female virtue; but our author stands unrivalled when we

take into consideration what a prodigious variety of female characters he has portrayed with equal truth and delicacy.

Another character which he seems to have delighted in exhibiting, was that of an honest old soldier, and here he has succeeded to admiration. Archas, whose well-deserved epithet gives its title to the play, exhibits a fine specimen of his powers in that line, and will not suffer by comparison with Cassibelane, in "The Laws of Candy," or with Caratach in "Bonduca." He is perfectly distinct in his attributes from both; his loyalty forms the basis of all his actions, and though he sometimes perhaps carries it too far, he never loses our respect and admiration. By his side the fiery Theodore and the merry Ancient appear, and their qualities are well discriminated from those of their leader, which they artfully serve to heighten and set off. Upon the whole, this tragic-comedy, were it properly and skilfully condensed and pruned, could not fail even yet to delight an audience, whose palate was not vitiated by the mawkish banquets of sentimental comedy and inexplicable dumb-shew.



PROLOGUE.¹

WE need not, noble gentlemen, to invite
 Attention, pre-instruct you who did write
 This worthy story. being confident
 The mirth join'd with grave matter, and intent
 To yield the hearers profit with delight,
 Will speak the maker : And to do him right
 Would ask a genius like to his ; the age
 Mourning his loss, and our now-widowed stage
 In vain lamenting. I could add, so far
 Behind him the most modern writers are,
 That when they would commend him, their best praise
 Ruins the buildings which they strive to raise
 To his best memory.² So much a friend
 Presumes to write, secure 'twill not offend
 The living, that are modest ; with the rest,
 That may repine, he cares not to contest.³
 This debt to Fletcher paid : it is profess'd
 By us the actors, we will do our best
 To send such favouring friends, as hither come
 To grace the scene, pleased and contented home.

¹ This prologue was evidently written for a revival after Fletcher's death, the comedy having been produced as early as 1618, as has been shewn in the introduction. The play was revived in 1633, and at that time the prologue was probably written by a friend, perhaps Shirley.

² ———— *their best praise,*
Ruins the buildings which they strive to raise
To his best memory.] Seward thinks we should read, *BLEST memory ;*
 but the text, as has been observed in a former volume, is conformable to the language of the age.

³ ———— *With the rest*
That may repine he cares not to contest.] That is, he despises the contest.—*Mason.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Great Duke of *Moscovia*.

Archas, *the Loyal Subject, general of the Moscovites.*

Theodore, *son to Archas, colonel; valorous, but impatient.*

Briskie, *disguised under the name of Putskie, a captain, brother to Archas.*

Young Archas, *son to Archas, disguised as a woman, under the name of Alinda.*

Burris, *an honest lord, the duke's favourite.*

Boroskie, *a malicious seducing counsellor to the Duke.*
Ancient to Archas, ⁴ *a stout merry soldier.*

Soldiers.

Gentlemen.

Guard.

Servants.

Messengers, or Posts.

Olympia, *sister to the duke.*

Honora, } *daughters of Archas.*

Viola, }

Petesca, } *servants to Olympia.*

Ladies, }

Bawd, *a Court-lady.* ⁵

SCENE—Moscow, and the neighbouring Country. ⁶

⁴ Ensign to Archas.] As this character is called *Ancient* all through the play, we know not any reason for calling him *Ensign* in the *dramatis personæ*.—Ed. 1778.

Ancient is the same as *Ensign*; and is always used in this sense in Shakspeare and other contemporary writers.—*Reed*.

⁵ In this drama the editors of the second folio insert *Bawd, a court lady*. If there ever was such a character, it must have been omitted before the play was printed.—Ed. 1778. This is a strange oversight, for this Court-lady does appear in act IV. sc. II.

⁶ The principal actors were,—Richard Burbadge, Henry Condel, John Lowin, Richard Sharpe, Nathaniel Field, John Underwood, Nicholas Toolie, William Eglestone.—Fol. 1679.

THE
LOYAL SUBJECT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Moscow. A Street.

Enter THEODORE and PUTSKIE.

Theod. Captain, your friend's preferr'd; the princess has her;

Who, I assure myself, will use her nobly.

A pretty sweet one 'tis, indeed.

Puts. Well bred, sir,
I do deliver that upon my credit,
And of an honest stock.

Theod. It seems so, captain,
And no doubt will do well.

Puts. Thanks to your care, sir.—
But tell me, noble colonel, why this habit
Of discontent is put on through the army?
And why your valiant father, our great general,

The hand that taught to strike, the love that led
all,

Why he, that was the father of the war,
He that begot, and bred the soldier,
Why he sits shaking of his arms, like autumn,
His colours folded, and his drums cased up?
The tongue of war for ever tied within us?

Theod. It must be so. Captain, you are a stranger,
But of a small time here a soldier,
Yet that time shews you a right good and great
one,

Else I could tell you, hours are strangely alter'd :
The young duke has too many eyes upon him,
Too many fears 'tis thought too ; and, to nourish
those,

Maintains too many instruments.

Puts. Turn their hearts,
Or turn their heels up, Heaven ! 'Tis strange it
should be ;

The old duke loved him dearly.

Theod. He deserved it ;
And were he not my father, I durst tell you,
The memorable hazards he has run through,
Deserved of this man too ; highly deserved too :
Had they been less, they had been safer, ⁶ Putskie,
And sooner reach'd regard.

Puts. There you struck sure, sir.

Theod. Did I never tell thee of a vow he made,
Some years before the old duke died ?

⁶ *Had they been less, they had been safe, Putskie.*] Former editions. The change necessary to the metre.—*Seward.*

The meaning of this passage (which is liable to misconstruction) is, "Had his military prowess been less, he would have been less an object of envy and jealousy, and sooner have been rewarded." So afterwards, Archas saying, *That voluntary I sit down.* Theodore replies, *You are forced, sir ; forced for your safety.*—*Ed.* 1778.

Puts. I have heard you
Speak often of that vow ; but how it was,
Or to what end, I never understood yet.

Theod. I'll tell thee then, and then thou wilt
find the reason.

The last great muster, ('twas before you served
here,)

Before the last duke's death, whose honour'd bones
Now rest in peace, this young prince had the ordering

(To crown his father's hopes) of all the army :
Who, to be short, put all his power to practice,⁷
Fashion'd, and drew 'em up : But, alas, so poorly,
So raggedly and loosely, so unsoldier'd,
The good duke blush'd, and call'd unto my father,
Who then was general : " Go, Archas, speedily,
And chide the boy before the soldiers find him ;
Stand thou between his ignorance and them ;
Fashion their bodies new to thy direction ;
Then draw thou up, and shew the prince his
errors !"

My sire obey'd, and did so ; with all duty
Inform'd the prince, and read him all directions :
This bred distaste, distaste grew up to anger,
And anger into wild words broke out thus :
" Well, Archas, if I live but to command here,
To be but duke once, I shall then remember.
I shall remember truly (trust me I shall)
And, by my father's hand"—the rest his eyespoke.
To which my father answer'd, somewhat moved
too,

⁷ Put all his power to practice.] The edition of 1750 reads *pow'r* in practice. That of 1778—*pow'rs to practice*. But there is no occasion for either variation. *Power* is equivalent in this place to *army*, and, like other aggregate substantives, the plural may be applied to it as well as the singular.

And with a vow he seal'd it: "Royal sir,
Since, for my faith and fights, your scorn and
anger

Only pursue me; if I live to that day,
That day so long expected to reward me,
By his so-ever-noble hand you swore by,
And by the hand of justice, never arms more
Shall rib this body in, nor sword hang here, sir.
The conflicts I will do you service then in,
Shall be repentant prayers." So they parted.
The time is come; and now you know the wonder.

Puts. I find a fear too, which begins to tell me,
The duke will have but poor and slight defences,
If his hot humour reign, and not his honour.
How stand you with him, sir?

Theod. A perdue captain,^s
Full of my father's danger.

Puts. He has raised a young man,
They say a slight young man (I know him not)
For what desert?

Theod. Believe it, a brave gentleman,
Worthy the duke's respect,⁹ a clear sweet gen-
tleman,

And of a noble soul. Come, let's retire us,
And wait upon my father, who within this hour
You will find an alter'd man.

Puts. I am sorry for't, sir. [Exeunt.]

^s *A perdue captain.*] *Perdue*, the French term for the forlorn hope, was the usual phrase at the time. Theodore plays upon the literal meaning of the French word *perdu*, lost.

⁹ *Worth the duke's respect.*] Corrected by Seward.

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter OLYMPIA, PETESCA, and Gentlewoman.

Olym. Is't not a handsome wench?

Gent. She is well enough, madam:

I have seen a better face, and a straighter body;
And yet she is a pretty gentlewoman.

Olym. What thinkest thou, Petesca?

Pet. Alas, madam, I have no skill; she has a
black eye,

Which is of the least too, and the dullest water;
And when her mouth was made, for certain, madam,
Nature intended her a right good stomach.

Olym. She has a good hand.

Gent. 'Tis good enough to hold fast,
And strong enough to strangle the neck of a lute.

Olym. What think you of her colour?

Pet. If it be her own,
'Tis good black blood; right weather-proof, I war-
rant it.

Gent. What a strange pace she has got!

Olym. That's but her breeding.

Pet. And what a manly body! methinks she
looks

As though she'd pitch the bar, or go to buffets.

Gent. Yet her behaviour's utterly against it,

For methinks she is too bashful.

Olym. Is that hurtful?

Gent. Even equal to too bold; either of 'em, madam,

May do her injury when time shall serve her.

Olym. You discourse learnedly. Call in the wench.— [*Exit Gentlewoman.*]

What envious fools are you! Is the rule general,
That women can speak handsomely of none,
But those they are bred withal?

Pet. Scarce well of those, madam,
If they believe they may outshine 'em any way:
Our natures are like oil, compound us with any
thing,

Yet still we strive to swim o' th' top. Suppose
there were here now,

Now in this court of Moscow, a stranger-princess,
Of blood and beauty equal to your excellence,
As many eyes and services stuck on her;
What would ye think?

Olym. I would think she might deserve it.

Pet. Your grace shall give me leave not to believe you;

I know you are a woman and so humour'd.⁹

I'll tell you, madam; I could then get more gowns
on you,

More caps and feathers, more scarfs, and more silk
stockings,

With rocking you asleep with nightly railings

Upon that woman, than if I had nine lives

I could wear out. By this hand, you would scratch
her eyes out.

Olym. Thou art deceived, fool. Now let your own
eyes mock you.

⁹ I know you are a woman, and so humour'd. That is possessed of the desires and humours of a woman.—*Mason.*

Enter Gentlewoman and YOUNG ARCHUS, disguised as a woman, bearing the name of ALINDA.

Come hither, girl.—Hang me, an she be not a handsome one!

Pet. I fear 'twill prove indeed so.

Olym. Did you e'er serve yet

In any place of worth?

Y. Arch. No, royal lady.

Pet. Hold up your head; fy!

Olym. Let her alone; stand from her.

Y. Arch. It shall be now,

Of all the blessings my poor youth has pray'd for,
The greatest and the happiest to serve you;
And, might my promise carry but that credit
To be believed, because I am yet a stranger,
Excellent lady, when I fall from duty,
From all the service that my life can lend me,¹
May everlasting misery then find me!

Olym. [*To PETESCA.*] What think ye now?—

I do believe and thank you;

And sure I shall not be so far forgetful,
To see that honest faith die unrewarded.

What must I call your name?

Y. Arch. Alinda, madam.

Olym. Can you sing?

Y. Arch. A little, when my grief will give me
leave, lady.

Olym. What grief canst thou have, wench?
Thou art not in love?

Y. Arch. If I be, madam, 'tis only with your
goodness;

¹ *Life can lend me.*] Seward reads, *Can lend ye.* But the old text is good sense, meaning—all the services which my space of life can afford me to execute.

For yet I never saw that man I sigh'd for.

Olym. Of what years are you ?

Y. Arch. My mother oft has told me,
That very day and hour this land was bless'd
With your most happy birth, I first saluted
This world's fair light. Nature was then so busy,
And all the graces, to adorn your goodness,
I stole into the world poor and neglected.

Olym. Something there was, when I first look'd
upon thee,
Made me both like and love thee ; now I know it,
And you shall find that knowledge shall not hurt
you.

I hope you are a maid ?

Y. Arch. I hope so too, madam ;
I am sure for any man. And were I otherwise,
Of all the services my hopes could point at,
I durst not touch at yours.

Flourish. Enter Duke, BURRIS, and Gentlemen.

Pet. The great-duke² madam.

Duke. Good morrow, sister !

Olym. A good day to your highness !

Duke. I am come to pray you use no more per-
suasions

For this old stubborn man ; nay to command you :
His sail is swell'd too full ; he's grown too inso-
lent,

Too self-affected, proud : Those poor slight ser-
vices

He has done my father, and myself, have blown
him

² *The great duke.]* We now say grand-duke.

To such a pitch, he flies to stoop our favours.³

Olym. I am sorry, sir: I ever thought those
services

Both great and noble.

Bur. However, may it please you
But to consider 'em a true heart's servants,
Done out of faith to you, and not self-fame;
But to consider, royal sir the dangers,
When you have slept secure, the midnight tem-
pests,

That, as he march'd, sung through his aged locks:
When you have fed at full, the wants and famines;
The fires of Heaven, when you have found all
temperate;

Death, with his thousand doors——

Duke. I have consider'd;
No more! And that I will have, shall be.

Olym. For the best,
I hope all still.

Duke. What handsome wench is that there?

Olym. My servant, sir.

Duke. Pr'ythee observe her, Burris.
Is she not wondrous handsome? speak thy freedom.

Bur. She appears no less to me, sir.

Duke. Of whence is she?

³ *He flies to stoop our favours.*] *To stoop* is a term of falconry. Latham, who wrote a Treatise on this art, printed in the year 1633, explains it thus: "*Stooping* is, when a hawke, being upon her wings, at the height of her pitch, bendeth violently down to strike the fowle or any other prey."—*Reed.*

This valuable annotator, who, it is much to be regretted, did but little to illustrate these plays, proceeds to prove by three long extracts, from Milton's *Paradise Lost*, (b. iii. l. 66, and b. xi. l. 181) and Dryden's translation of the *Æneid* (i. 293) that the word was not become obsolete in the days of those poets. I have however contented myself with pointing out the passages.

Olym. Her father, I am told, is a good gentleman,
But far off dwelling : Her desire to serve me
Brought her to th' court, and here her friends
have left her.

Duke. She may find better friends. You are
welcome, fair one !

[*Young ARCHAS kneels. The Duke kisses him.*
I have not seen a sweeter. By your lady's leave :
Nay, stand up, sweet ; we'll have no superstition.
You have got a servant ; you may use him kindly,⁴
And he may honour you. Good morrow, sister.

[*Exeunt Duke, BURRIS, and Gentlemen.*

Olym. Good morrow to your grace ! How the
wench blushes !

How like an angel now she looks !

Gent. At first jump, [Apart to PETESCA.
Jump into the duke's arms ? We must look to you,
Indeed we must ; the next jump we are journey-
men.

Pet. I see the ruin of our hopes already ;
'Would she were at home again, milking her fa-
ther's cows.

Gent. I fear she'll milk all the great courtiers
first.

Olym. This has not made you proud ?

Y. Arch. No, certain, madam.

Olym. It was the duke that kiss'd you.

Y. Arch. 'Twas your brother,
And therefore nothing can be meant but honour.

Olym. But, say he love you ?

Y. Arch. That he may with safety :
A prince's love extends to all his subjects.

Olym. But, say in more particular ?

⁴ *You have got a servant.]* That is, a lover and admirer. The Duke speaks of himself.

Y. Arch. Pray fear not :

For Virtue's sake deliver me from doubts, lady.⁵
'Tis not the name of king, nor all his promises,
His glories, and his greatness, stuck about me,
Can make me prove a traitor to your service :
You are my mistress and my noble master,
Your virtues my ambition, and your favour
The end of all my love, and all my fortune :
And, when I fail in that faith——

Olym. I believe thee——

Come, wipe your eyes—I do. Take you example !

Pet. I would her eyes were out. [*Aside.*

Gent. If the wind stand in this door,

We shall have but cold custom : Some trick or
other,

And speedily !

Pet. Let me alone to think on't.—

Olym. Come, be you near me still.

Y. Arch. With all my duty. [*Exeunt.*

⁵ *For Virtue's sake deliver me from doubts, lady.*] The word *doubts* is here used in rather an uncommon sense. Alinda [Young Archas] does not mean doubts that had arisen in her own mind, but doubtful opinions conceived of her by others, especially by Olympia.—*Mason.*

This explanation is just, but the singularity of the phrase does not consist in the word doubts, but in the construction of the whole line.

SCENE III.

An open Place before the Palace.

Enter ARCHAS, THEODORE, PUTSKIE, ANCIENT,
and Soldiers, carrying his armour piece-meal, his
colours wound up, and his drums in cases.

Theod. This is the heaviest march we e'er trod,
captain.

Puts. This was not wont to be: These honour'd
pieces,

The fiery god of war himself would smile at
Buckled upon that body, were not wont thus,
Like relics, to be offer'd to long rust,
And heavy-eyed oblivion brood upon 'em.

Archas. There set 'em down: And, glorious War,
farewell!

Thou child of honour and ambitious thoughts,
Begot in blood, and nursed with kingdoms' ruins;
Thou golden danger, courted by thy followers
Through fires and famines; for one title from thee
Prodigal mankind spending all his fortunes;
A long farewell I give thee! Noble arms,
You ribs for mighty minds, you iron houses,
Made to defy the thunder-claps of fortune,
Rust and consuming time must now dwell with
ye!

And thou, good sword, that knew'st the way to
conquest,
Upon whose fatal edge despair and death dwelt,

That, when I shook thee thus, fore-shew'd destruction,

Sleep now from blood, and grace my monument:
Farewell, my eagle! ' when thou flew'st, whole
armies

Have stoop'd below thee: At passage I have seen
thee

Ruffle the Tartars, as they fled thy fury;

And bang 'em up together, as a tassel,

Upon the stretch, a flock of fearful pigeons.

I yet remember when the Volga curl'd,

The aged Volga, when he heav'd his head up,

And raised his waters high, to see the ruins,

The ruins our swords made, the bloody ruins;

Then flew this bird of honour bravely, gentlemen.

But these must be forgotten: So must these too,

And all that tend to arms, by me for ever.

Take 'em, you holy men; my vow take with 'em,

' *Farewell, my eagle.*] All the terms in this speech are taken from the art of *falconry*, as any person who will be at the pains to read the books on this science will readily discover.

Our Author, in the latter part, seems to have had Shakspeare's description of the Severn, in the first part of Henry IV. act i. before him:

" Three times they breathed, and three times did they drink,

Upon agreement, of sweet Severn's flood;

Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,

Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,

And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank,

Blood-stained with these valiant combatants."—*Reed.*

With respect to the terms of *falconry*, Mr Mason properly observes that *stooped* is used in its common sense of *crouching*, and not in its technical sense, explained in p. 277. The *tassel* properly *tiercel*, is the male of the goshawk, so called "because," says Steevens, "it is a third less than the female." The *tassel-gentle*, being one of the most valuable hawks, seems to have been appropriated to the use of princes chiefly.

That voluntary I sit down.

Theod. You are forced, sir,
Forced for your safety : I too well remember,
The time and cause, and I may live to curse 'em,
You made this vow ; and whose unnobleness,
Indeed forgetfulness of good——

Archas. No more !
As thou art mine, no more !

Theod. Whose doubts and envies——
But the devil will have his due.

Puts. Good gentle colonel !

Theod. And though disgraces, and contempt of
honour
Reign now, the wheel must turn again.

Archas. Peace, sirrah !
Your tongue's too saucy. Do you stare upon me ?
Down with that heart, down suddenly, down with
it ;
Down with that disobedience ; tie that tongue up !

Theod. Tongue ?

Archas. Do not provoke me to forget my vow,
sirrah,
And draw that fatal sword again in anger.

Puts. For Heaven's sake, colonel !

Archas. Do not let me doubt
Whose son thou art, because thou canst not suffer :
Do not play with mine anger ; if thou dost,
By all the loyalty my heart holds——

Theod. I have done, sir ;

Pray pardon me.

Archas. I pray you be worthy of it.
Beshrew your heart, you have vex'd me.

Theod. I am sorry, sir.

Archas. Go to ; no more of this ; be true and
honest !

I know you are man enough ; mould it to just
ends,

And let not my disgraces—Then I am miserable,*
When I have nothing left me but thy angers.

Flourish. Enter Duke, BURRIS, BOROSKIE, Attendants and Gentlemen.

Puts. An't please you, sir, the duke.

Duke. Now, what's all this?

The meaning of all this ceremonious emblem?

Archas. Your grace should first remember—

Bor. There's his nature. [*Apart to the Duke.*

Duke. I do, and shall remember still that injury,
That at the muster; where it pleas'd your greatness

To laugh at my poor soldiership, to scorn it;
And, more to make me seem ridiculous,

* *And let not my disgraces; then I am miserable,
When I have nothing left me but thy angers.*] The first part of this must either be a broken sentence, as I have made it, or *let* must be wrong. The sense might be, *Do not increase my disgraces, by what will make me most miserable, your lawless angers.* The only reading that occurs in this sense is, *And whet not my disgraces;* but I don't think it a very natural word.—Seward.

Mr Seward prints,

And let not my disgraces—Then, &c.

but the word *let* is probably used here in its ancient sense; *i. e.* “attempt not to *prevent* my disgraces.” So in *Hamlet*,

“I'll make a ghost of him that *lets* me.”

The instances in which the word is applied in this sense are innumerable. It is still used in the same manner as a law term.—Ed. 1778.

After all, Seward is right in making the first part of the line a broken sentence; for how could Theodore prevent the disgraces heaped upon Archas by his violence? Archas evidently means to say—“Let not my disgraces *lead thee to treasonable attempts.*” But in perfect consonance to the struggle in his mind between paternal affection and loyalty, he does not utter the last words; but adds,—“When I have no resources but such as thy irritated mind can furnish, I am truly miserable.”

Took from my hands my charge.

Burris. Oh, think not so, sir.

Duke. And in my father's sight.

Archas. Heaven be my witness,
I did no more (and that with modesty,
With love and faith to you) than was my warrant,
And from your father seal'd : Nor durst that rudeness,

And impudence of scorn fall from my 'haviour ;
I ever yet knew duty.

Duke. We shall teach you !

I well remember too, upon some words I told you,
Then at that time, some angry words you answered,
If ever I were duke, you were no soldier.

You have kept your word, and so it shall be to you ;
From henceforth I dismiss you ; take your ease, sir.

Archas. I humbly thank your grace ; this wasted
body,

Beaten and bruised with arms, dried up with troubles,

Is good for nothing else but quiet now, sir,
And holy prayers ; in which, when I forget
To thank high Heaven for all your bounteous favours,

May that be deaf, and my petitions perish !

Bor. What a smooth humble cloak he has cas'd
his pride in,

And how he has pull'd his claws in ! there's no
trusting—

Burris. Speak for the best.

Bor. Believe I shall do ever.

Duke. To make you understand, we feel not yet
Such dearth of valour and experience,
Such a declining age of doing spirits,
That all should be confined within your excellence,
And you, or none, be honoured ; take, Boroskie,
The place he has commanded, lead the soldier ;

A little time will bring thee to his honour,
Which has been nothing but the world's opinion,
The soldier's fondness, and a little fortune,
Which I believe his sword had the least share in.

Theod. Oh, that I durst but answer now !

Puts. Good colonel !

Theod. My heart will break else.—Royal sir, I
know not

What you esteem men's lives, whose hourly labours,
And loss of blood, consumptions in your service,
Whose bodies are acquainted with more miseries
(And all to keep you safe) than dogs or slaves are,—
His sword the least share gained ?

Duke. You will not fight with me ?

Theod. No, sir, I dare not ;

You are my prince, but I dare speak to you,
And dare speak truth, which none of their ambi-
tions

That be informers to you, dare once think of ;
Yet truth will now but anger you ; I am sorry for't,
And so I take my leave.

Duke. Even when you please, sir.

Archas. Sirrah, see me no more !

[*Exit* THEODORE.]

Duke. And so may you too :

You have a house i' th' country ; keep you there, sir,
And, when you have rul'd yourself, teach your son
manners :

For this time I forgive him.

Archas. Heaven forgive all ;

And to your grace a happy and long rule here !—
And you, lord general, may your fights be pros-
perous !

In all your course may Fame and Fortune court
you !

Fight for your country, and your prince's safety ;
Boldly, and bravely face your enemy,

And when you strike, strike with that killing virtue,

As if a general plague had seized before you ;
 Danger, and doubt, and labour cast behind you ;
 And then come home an old and noble story !

Burris. A little comfort, sir.

Duke. As little as may be.

Farewell ! you know your limit.

[*Exeunt Duke, BOROSKIE, &c.*

Burris. Alas, brave gentleman !

Archas. I do, and will observe it suddenly.

My grave ; ay, that's my limit ; 'tis no new thing,
 Nor that can make me start, or tremble at it,
 To buckle with that old grim soldier now :
 I have seen him in his sourest shapes, and dreadful'st ;

Ay, and I thank my honesty, have stood him :
 That audit's cast.—Farewell, my honest soldiers !
 Give me your hands. Farewell ! farewell, good
 Ancient !

(A stout man, and a true) thou art come in sorrow.⁹
 Blessings upon your swords, may they ne'er fail ye !
 You do but change a man ; your fortune's constant ;
 That by your ancient valours is tied fast still ;
 Be valiant still, and good : And when ye fight next,
 When flame and fury make but one face of horror,
 When the great rest of all your honour's up,¹
 When you would think a spell to shake the enemy,
 Remember me ; my prayers shall be with ye :

⁹ *Thou art come in sorrow.*] That is, thou art come weeping, with sorrow in thy countenance ; or, according to the explanation of the last editors, "*Thou art come in a time of sorrow.*" Seward, as might be expected, wishes to alter, by substituting *drown'd* for *come*.

¹ *When the great rest of all your honour's up.*] This phrase has been already fully explained in the notes to *The Woman's Prize*, vol. V. p. 274.

So, once again, farewell !

Puts. Let's wait upon you.

Archas. No, no, it must not be ; I have now left
me

A single fortune to myself, no more,
Which needs no train, nor compliment. Good cap-
tain,

You are an honest and a sober gentleman,
And one I think has loved me.

Puts. I am sure on't.

Archas. Look to my boy ; he's grown too head-
strong for me ;

And if they think him fit to carry arms still,
His life is theirs. I have a house i' th' country,
And when your better hours will give you liberty,
See me : You shall be welcome. Fortune to ye !

[*Exit.*

Anc. I'll cry no more, that will do him no good,
And 'twill but make me dry, and I have no money.
I'll fight no more, and that will do them harm ;
And if I can do that, I care not for money.
I could have curs'd reasonable well, and I have had
the luck too

To have 'em hit sometimes. Whosoe'er thou art,
That, like a devil, didst possess the duke
With these malicious thoughts, mark what I say
to thee ;

A plague upon thee ! that's but the preamble.

A Sold. Oh, take the pox too.

Anc. They'll cure one another :

I must have none but kills, and those kill stinking.
Or, look ye, let the single pox possess them,
Or pox upon pox.

Puts. That's but ill i' th' arms, sir.

Anc. 'Tis worse i' th' legs ; I would not wish it
else :

And may those grow to scabs as big as mole-hills,
And twice a-day, the devil with a curry-comb

Scratch 'em, and scrub 'em ! I warrant him he has
'em.

Sold. May he be ever lousy !

Anc. That's a pleasure,
The beggar's lechery ; sometime the soldier's :
May he be ever lazy, stink where he stands,
And maggots breed in's brains !

2 Sold. Ay, marry, sir,
May he fall mad in love with his grandmother,
And kissing her, may her teeth drop into his mouth,
And one fall cross his throat ; then let him gargle !

Enter a Post.

Puts. Now, what's the matter ?

Post. Where's the duke, pray, gentlemen ?

Puts. Keep on your way, you cannot miss.

Post. I thank you. *[Exit.]*

Anc. If he be married, may he dream he's cuckold,
And when he wakes believe, and swear he saw it,
Sue a divorce, and after find her honest ;
Then in a pleasant pig-sty, with his own garters,
And a fine running knot, ride to the devil !

Puts. If these would do——

Anc. I'll never trust my mind more,
If all these fail.

1 Sold. What shall we do now, captain ?
For by this honest hand I'll be torn a-pieces,
Unless my old general go, or some that love him,
And love us equal too, before I fight more.
I can make a shoe yet, and draw it on too,
If I like the leg well.

Anc. Fight ? 'tis likely !
No, there will be the sport, boys, when there's need
on's.

They think the other crown will do, will carry us,
And the brave golden coat of captain Cankro

Boroskie ! What a noise his very name carries !
'Tis gun enough to fright a nation,
He needs no soldiers ; if he do, for my part
I promise ye he's like to seek 'em ; so I think you
think too,

And all the army. No, honest, brave old Archas,
We cannot so soon leave thy memory,
So soon forget thy goodness : He that does,
The scandal and the scum of arms be counted !

Puts. You much rejoice me ; now you have hit
my meaning.

I durst not press ye till I found your spirits :
Continue thus !

Anc. I'll go and tell the duke on't.

Enter Second Post.

Puts. No, no, he'll find it soon enough, and fear
it,

When once occasion comes.—Another packet !
From whence, friend, come you ?

2 Post. From the borders, sir.

Puts. What news, sir, I beseech you ?

2 Post. Fire and sword, gentlemen ;
The Tartar's up, and with a mighty force
Comes forward, like a tempest ; all before him
Burning and killing.

Anc. Brave boys ! brave news, boys !

2 Post. Either we must have present help——

Anc. Still braver !

2 Post. Where lies the duke ?

Sold. He's there.

2 Post. 'Save ye, gentlemen ! *[Exit.]*

Anc. We are safe enough, I warrant thee.

Now the time's come.

Puts. Ay, now 'tis come indeed ;

And now stand firm, boys, and let 'em burn on merrily.

Anc. This city would make a marvellous fine bonfire :

'Tis old dry timber, and such wood has no fellow.

2 Sold. Here will be trim piping anon and whining,

Like so many pigs in a storm, when they hear the news once.

Enter BOROSKIE and a Servant passing.

Puts. Here's one has heard it already. Room for the general !

Bor. Say I am fall'n exceeding sick o' th' sudden, And am not like to live. [*Exeunt.*

Puts. If you go on, sir ; For they will kill you certainly ; they look for you.

Anc. I see your lordship's bound ; take a suppository.

'Tis I, sir ; a poor cast flag of yours. The foolish Tartars,

They burn and kill, an't like your honour ; kill us, Kill with guns, with guns, my lord ; with guns, sir ! What says your lordship to a chick in sorrel sops ?

Puts. Go, go thy ways, old True-penny !² thou hast but one fault ;

Thou art even too valiant.—Come, to th' army, gentlemen,

And let's make them acquainted.

Soldiers. Away ; we are for you. [*Exeunt.*

² — *old True-penny.*] A familiar appellation, which occurs also in *Hamlet*, in *Marston's Malcontent*, &c.

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter Young ARCHAS as ALINDA, PETESCA, and Gentlewoman.

Y. Arch. Why, whither run ye, fools? will ye leave my lady?

Pet. The Tartar comes, the Tartar comes!

Y. Arch. Why, let him;

I had thought ye had feared no men. Upon my conscience,

You have tried their strengths already; stay, for shame!

Pet. Shift for thyself, Alinda.

[Exit with Gentlewoman.]

Y. Arch. Beauty bless ye!

Into what groom's feather-bed will ye creep now,
And there mistake the enemy? Sweet youths ye are,

And of a constant courage: Are you afraid of foining?³

Enter OLYMPIA.

Olym. Oh, my good wench, what shall become of us?

The posts come hourly in, and bring new danger;

³ *Foining.*] A technical term in fencing, for—thrusting. The allusion is obvious, and deserves no comment.

The enemy is past the Volga, and ³ bears hither,
 With all the blood and cruelty he carries :
 My brother now will find his fault.

Y. Arch. I doubt me,
 Somewhat too late too, madam. But pray fear not ;
 All will be well, I hope. Sweet madam, shake not.

Olym. How can'st thou by this spirit ? our sex
 tremble.

Y. Arch. I am not unacquainted with these
 dangers,
 And you shall know my truth ; for, ere you perish,
 A hundred swords shall pass through me ; 'tis but
 dying,

And, madam, we must do it ; the manner's all.
 You have a princely birth, take princely thoughts
 to you,

And take my counsel too : Go presently,
 With all the haste you have (I will attend you)
 With all the possible speed, to old lord Archas ;
 He honours you ; with all your art persuade him,
 ('Twill be a dismal time else) woo him hither,
 But hither, madam ; make him see the danger ;
 For your new general looks like an ass ;
 There's nothing in his face but loss.

Olym. I'll do it :

And thank thee, sweet Alinda ! Oh, my jewel,
 How much I am bound to love thee ! By this hand,
 wench,

If thou wert a man——

Y. Arch. I would I were, to fight for you.
 But haste, dear madam.

Olym. I need no spurs, Alinda. [*Exeunt.*

³ Bears *hither.*] i. e. *Comes this way.* So in *Othello*, " bears
 'ow'rds Cyprus."—Ed. 1778

SCENE V.

Another in the same.

Enter Duke, two Posts, Attendants, and Gentlemen.

Duke. The lord-general sick now? Is this a time
For men to creep into their beds? What's become,

Post,
Of my lieutenant?

Post. Beaten, an't please your grace,
And all his forces sparkled.⁴

Enter a Gentleman.

Duke. That's but cold news.—
How now? what good news? are the soldiers ready?

Gent. Yes, sir; but fight they will not, nor stir
from that place.

They stand in now, unless they have lord Archas
To lead 'em out: They rail upon this general,
And sing songs of him, scurvy songs, to worse tunes:
And much they spare not you, sir. Here, they swear,
They'll stand and see the city burnt, and dance
about it,

Unless lord Archas come, before they fight for't:
It must be so, sir.

Duke. I could wish it so too;
And to that end I have sent lord Burris to him:
But all, I fear, will fail; we must die, gentlemen,

⁴ *Sparkled.*] i. e. *Dispersed.* See the Humorous Lieutenant,
vol. III, p. 374.

And one stroke we'll have for't.

Enter BURRIS.

What bring'st thou, Burris?

Burris. That I am loth to tell; he will not come, sir.

I found him at his prayers; there, he tells me,
The enemy shall take him, fit for Heaven:
I urged to him all our dangers, his own worths,
The country's ruin; nay I kneel'd and pray'd him;
He shook his head, let fall a tear, and pointed
Thus with his finger to the ground; a grave
I think he meant; and this was all he answer'd.
Your grace was much to blame. Where's the new
general?

Duke. He's sick, poor man.

Burris. He's a poor man indeed, sir.
Your grace must needs go to the soldier.

Duke. They
Have sent me word they will not stir; they rail at
me,
And all the spite they have—*[Shouts within.]*—
What shout is that there?
Is the enemy come so near?

*Enter ARCHAS, OLYMPIA, and Young ARCHAS as
ALINDA.*

Olym. I have brought him, sir;
At length I have woo'd him thus far.

Duke. Happy sister!
Oh, blessed woman!

Olym. Use him nobly, brother;
You never had more need.—And, gentlemen,
All the best powers ye have to tongues turn pre-
sently,

To winning and persuading tongues: All my art,
 Only to bring him hither, I have utter'd;
 Let it be yours to arm him.—And, good my lord,
[To ARCHAS.]

Though I exceed the limit you allow'd me,
 Which was the happiness to bring you hither,
 And not to urge you farther; yet, see your coun-
 try,

Out of your own sweet spirit now behold it:
 Turn round, and look upon the miseries
 Of every side, the fears; oh, see the dangers;
 We find 'em soonest, therefore hear me first, sir.

Duke. Next, hear your prince: You have said
 you loved him, Archas,
 And thought your life too little for his service.
 Think not your vow too great now, now the time is,
 And now you are brought to th' test; touch right
 now, soldier,

Now shew the manly pureness of thy mettle;
 Now, if thou beest that valued man, that virtue,
 That great obedience, teaching all, now stand it.
 What I have said forgive, my youth was hasty;
 And what you said yourself forget,^s you were angry.
 If men could live without their faults, they were
 gods, Archas.—

He weeps, and holds his hands up: To him, Burris!
Burris. You have shewed the prince his faults;

^s *What I have said forgive, my youth was hasty,*

And what you said yourself forgive, you were angry.] I have ventured to transpose the words *forget* and *forgive*, and believe I only transpose them to their true place, which they have lost in all the former editions. The prince at such a time might well ask forgiveness of a subject; and he desires Archas not to persevere in the vow he had made in his anger; which *forget* expresses much better than *forgive*.—*Seward.*

Seward's conjecture is extremely probable, as well as ingenious; and, as it improves the passage, it has been adopted.

And, like a good chirurgeon,⁶ you have laid
That to 'em makes 'em smart; he feels it,
Let 'em not fester now, sir; your own honour,
The bounty of that mind, and your allegiance,
(Gainst which, I take it, Heaven gives no com-
mand, sir,

Nor seals no vow) can better teach you now
What you have to do, than I, or this necessity.
Only this little's left; would you do nobly,
And in the eye of honour truly triumph?
Conquer that mind first, and then men are nothing.

Y. Arch. Last, a poor virgin kneels: For love's
sake, general;
If ever you have loved, for her sake, sir;
For your own honesty, which is a virgin;
Look up, and pity us! Be bold and fortunate.
You are a knight, a good and noble soldier,
And when your spurs were given you, your sword
buckled,

Then were you sworn for virtue's cause, for beauty's,
For chastity, to strike: Strike now, they suffer;
Now draw your sword, or else you are recreant,
Only a knight i' th' heels, i' th' heart a coward:⁷
Your first vow Honour made, your last but Anger.

Archas. How like my virtuous wife this thing
looks, speaks too?
So would she chide my dulness. Fair one, I thank
you.

My gracious sir, your pardon, next your hand;
Madam, your favour, and your prayers; gentlemen,
Your wishes, and your loves; and, pretty sweet one,
A favour for your soldier!

Olym. Give him this, wench.

⁶ *Surgeon.*] Varied in 1750 silently.

⁷ Our author is certainly not quite consistent in enumerating these exact ceremonies of knighthood, and putting them into the mouth of a Russian at such a remote period.

Y. Arch. Thus do I tie on victory.

[*Ties a scarf on his arm.*^s

Archas. My armour,
My horse, my sword, my tough staff, and my fortune!

And, Olin, now I come to shake thy glory.

Duke. Go, brave and prosperous; our loves go with thee!

Olym. Full of thy virtue, and our pray'rs attend thee!

Burris, &c. Loaden with victory, and we to honour thee!

Y. Arch. Come home the son of honour, and I'll serve you. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Court of the Palace.

Enter Duke, BURRIS, and two Gentlemen.

Duke. No news of Archas yet?

Burris. But now, an't please you,
A post came in; letters he brought none with him,
But this deliver'd: He saw the armies join,

^s There is no stage-direction here, therefore the precise nature of the token cannot be ascertained. See the conclusion of the *Mad Lover*, vol. IV. p. 261.

The game of blood begun ; and by our general,
Who never was acquainted but with conquest,
So bravely fought, he saw the Tartars shaken,
And there he said he left 'em.

Duke. Where's Boroskie ?

1 Gent. He's up again, an't please you.

Burris. Sir, methinks

This news should make you lightsome, bring joy
to you ;

It strikes our hearts with general comfort. Gone ?

[Exit Duke.]

What should this mean ? so suddenly ? He's well ?

2 Gent. We see no other.

1 Gent. 'Would the rest were well too,
That put these starts into him !

Burris. I'll go after him.

2 Gent. 'Twill not be fit, sir ; he has some secret
in him,

He would not be disturb'd in. Know you any thing
Has cross'd him since the general went ?

Burris. Not any ;

If there had been, I am sure I would have found it :
Only I have heard him oft complain for money ;
Money he says he wants.

1 Gent. It may be that then.

Burris. To him that has so many ways to raise it,
And those so honest, it cannot be.

Enter Duke and BOROSKIE.

1 Gent. He comes back,
And lord Boroskie with him.

Burris. There the game goes.
I fear some new thing hatching.

Duke. Come hither, Burris.
Go, see my sister, and commend me to her,

And to my little mistress give this token ;
Tell her I'll see her shortly.

Burris. Yes, I shall, sir.

Duke. Wait you without—*[Exeunt BURRIS and Gentlemen.]*—I would yet try him further.

Bor. 'Twill not be much amiss. Has your grace
heard yet

Of what he has done i' th' field ?

Duke. A post but now

Came in, who saw 'em join, and has deliver'd,
The enemy gave ground before he parted.

Bor. 'Tis well.

Duke. Come, speak thy mind, man. 'Tis not for
fighting,

And noise of war, I keep thee in my bosom ;
Thy ends are nearer to me ; from my childhood
Thou brought'st me up, and, like another nature,
Made good all my necessities. Speak boldly.

Bor. Sir, what I utter will be thought but envy,
(Though I intend, high Heaven knows, but your
honour)

When vain and empty people shall proclaim me—
Good sir, excuse me.

Duke. Do you fear me for your enemy ?

Speak, on your duty.

Bor. Then I must, and dare, sir.

When he comes home, take heed the court receive
him not,

Take heed he meet not with their loves and praises ;
That glass will shew him ten times greater, sir,
(And make him strive to make good that propor-
tion)

Than e'er his fortune bred him ; he is honourable,
At least I strive to understand him so,
And of a nature, if not this way poison'd,
Perfect enough, easy, and sweet ; but those are
soon seduced, sir.

He's a great man, and what that pill may work,
Prepared by general voices of the people,
Is the end of all my counsel. Only this, sir;
Let him retire a while; there's more hangs by it
Than you know yet: There if he stand a while well,
But till the soldier cool—whom, for their service
You must pay now most liberally, most freely,
And shower yourself into 'em; 'tis the bounty
They follow with their loves, and not the bravery—

Duke. But where's the money?—[*Enter two
Gentlemen.*—How now?

2 Gent. Sir, the colonel,
Son to the lord Archas, with most happy news
Of the Tartar's overthrow, without here
Attends your grace's pleasure.

Bor. Be not seen, sir.
He's a bold fellow; let me stand his thunders;
To th' court he must not come. No blessing here,
sir,

No face of favour, if you love your honour!

Duke. Do what you think is meetest; I'll retire, sir. [Exit.]

Bor. Conduct him in, sir.—[*Enter THEODORE.*]
Welcome, noble colonel.

Theod. That's much from your lordship: Pray
where is the duke?

Bor. We hear you have beat the Tartar.

Theod. Is he busy, sir?

Bor. Have ye taken Olin yet?

Theod. I would fain speak with him.

Bor. How many men have ye lost?

Theod. Does he lie this way?

Bor. I am sure you fought it bravely.

Theod. I must see him.

Bor. You cannot yet, you must not. What's
your commission?

Theod. No gentlemen o' th' chamber here?

Bor. Why, pray you, sir,
Am not I fit to entertain your business ?

Theod. I think you are not, sir ; I am sure you
shall not.

I bring no tales nor flatteries : In my tongue, sir,
I carry no forked stings.

Bor. You keep your bluntness.

Theod. You are deceived ; it keeps me : I had
felt else

Some of your plagues ere this. But, good sir, trifle
not ;

I have business to the duke.

Bor. He is not well, sir,
And cannot now be spoke withal.

Theod. Not well, sir ?

How would he ha' been, if we had lost ? Not well,
sir ?

I bring him news to make him well : His enemy,
That would have burnt his city here, and your house
too,

Your brave gilt house, my lord, your honour's
hangings,

Where all your ancestors, and all their battles,
Their silk and golden battles, are deciphered ;
That would not only have abused your buildings,
Your goodly buildings, sir, and have drunk dry
your butteries,

Purloined your lordship's plate, the duke bestow-
ed on you,

For turning handsomely o' th' toe, and trimm'd
your virgins,

Trimm'd 'em of a new cut, an't like your lordship,
'Tis ten to one, your wife too, and the curse is

You had had no remedy against these rascals,
No law, an't like your honour ; would have kill'd
you too,

And roasted you, and eaten you, ere this time :

Notable knaves, my lord, unruly rascals ;
These youths have we tied up, put muzzles on 'em,
And pair'd their nails, that honest civil gentlemen,
And such most noble persons as yourself is,
May live in peace, and rule the land with a twine
thread.

These news I bring.

Bor. And were they thus deliver'd you ?

Theod. My lord, I am no pen-man, nor no orator ;
My tongue was never oil'd, with " Here, an't like ye,
There, I beseech you : " Weigh, I am a soldier,
And truth I covet only, no fine terms, sir ;
I come not to stand treating here ; my business
Is with the duke, and of such general blessing—

Bor. You have overthrown the enemy ; we know
it,
And we rejoice in't ; ye have done like honest sub-
jects,

You have done handsomely and well.

Theod. But well, sir ?

But handsomely and well ? What, are we jugglers ?
I'll do all that in cutting up a capon.

But handsomely and well ? Does your lordship take
us

For the duke's tumblers ? We have done bravely, sir,
Ventured our lives like men.

Bor. Then bravely be it.

Theod. And for as brave rewards we look, and
graces ;

We have sweat and bled for't, sir.

Bor. And you may have it,
If you will stay the giving. Men that thank them-
selves first

For any good they do, take off the lustre,
And blot the benefit.

Theod. Are these the welcomes,
The bells that ring out our rewards ? Pray heartily,

Early and late, there may be no more enemies ;
Do, my good lord, pray seriously, and sigh too ;
For, if there be——

Bor. They must be met, and fought with.

Theod. By whom? by you? they must be met and flatter'd.

Why, what a devil ails you to do these things?
With what assurance dare you mock men thus?
You have but single lives, and those I take it
A sword may find too: Why do you dam the duke
up?

And choke that course of love, that like a river
Should fill our empty veins again with comforts?
But if you use these knick-knacks,
This fast and loose,⁹ with faithful men, and honest,
You'll be the first will find it.

Enter ARCHAS, *Soldiers*, PUTSKIE, ANCIENT, and
Others.

Bo. You are too untemperate.

Theod. Better be so, and thief too, than unthankful:

Pray use this old man so, and then we are paid all.—
The duke thanks you for your service, and the
court thanks you,
And wonderful desirous they are to see you.

⁹ *This fast and loose.*] Sir John Hawkins observes, that "*Fast and loose* is a term to signify a cheating game, of which the following is a description:—A leather belt is made up in a number of intricate folds, and placed edgewise upon a table. One of the folds is made to resemble the middle of the girdle, so that whoever should thrust a skewer into it, would think he held it fast to the table; whereas, when he has so done, the person with whom he plays may take hold of both ends and draw it away. This trick is now known to the common people by the name of *pricking at the belt or girdle*." It was usually practised by the gypsies in the times of Shakspeare.

Pray Heaven we have room enough to march for
may-games,
Pageants, and bonfires, for your welcome home, sir.
Here your most noble friend the lord Boroskie,
A gentleman too tender of your credit,
And ever in the duke's ear, for your good, sir,
Crazy and sickly yet, to be your servant,
Has leap'd into the open air to meet you.

Bor. The best is, your words wound not.—You
are welcome home, sir,

Heartily welcome home; and for your service,
The noble overthrow you gave the enemy,
The duke salutes you too with all his thanks, sir.

Anc. Sure they will now regard us.

Puts. There's a reason:

But, by the changing of the colonel's countenance,
The rolling of his eyes like angry billows,
I fear the wind's not down yet, Ancient.

Archas. Is the duke well, sir?

Bor. Not much unhealthy,
Only a little grudging of an ague,
Which cannot last. He has heard, which makes
him fearful,
And loth as yet to give your worth due welcome,
The sickness hath been somewhat hot i' th' army,
Which happily may prove more doubt than dan-
ger,

And more his fear than faith;^{*} yet, howsoever,

^{*} *And more his fear than fate.*] Mr Sympson calls this absolute nonsense, and reads *faith*, which is proved by Archas's answer, who says it is

A meer opinion, without faith or fear in it.

I admit the conjecture, but cannot think the old reading absolute nonsense.—*Seward.*

If the old text is not nonsense, why then admit the conjecture? But I believe every reader will allow that the old text is absolute nonsense, and that Sympson's reading must be adopted. There

An honest care——

Archas. You say right, and it shall be ;
For though, upon my life, 'tis but a rumour,
A mere opinion, without faith or fear in't ;
(For, sir, I thank Heaven, we never stood more
healthy,

Never more high and lusty) yet to satisfy,
We cannot be too curious, or too careful
Of what concerns his state, we'll draw away, sir,
And lodge at further distance, and less danger.

Bor. It will be well.

Anc. It will be very scurvy : [Aside.
I smell it out, it stinks abominably ;
Stir it no more.

Bor. The duke, sir, would have you too,
For a short day or two, retire to your own house,
Whither himself will come to visit you,
And give you thanks.

Archas. I shall attend his pleasure.

Anc. A trick, a lousy trick ! So ho, a trick,
boys !

Archas. How now ? what's that ?

Anc. I thought I had found a hare, sir,
But 'tis a fox, an old fox ; shall we hunt him ?

Archas. No more such words !

Bor. The soldier's grown too saucy ;
You must tie him straiter up.

Archas. I do my best, sir ;
But men of free-born minds sometimes will fly
out.

Anc. May not we see the duke ?

Bor. Not at this time, gentlemen ;

seems to have been some degree of jealousy between Seward and Sympson, the former of whom was more alive to the beauties of his authors, but the latter a less violent conjecturer, and therefore undoubtedly the best editor of the two.

Your general knows the cause.

Anc. We have no plague, sir,
Unless it be in our pay, nor no pox neither;
Or, if we had, I hope that good old courtier
Will not deny us place there.

Puts. Certain, my lord,
Considering what we are, and what we have done,
(If not, what need you may have) 'twould be better,

A great deal nobler, and taste honester,
To use us with more sweetness. Men that dig,
And lash away their lives at the cart's tail,
Double our comforts; meat, and their master's
thanks too,

When they work well, they have; men of our
quality,

When they do well, and venture for't with valour,
Fight hard, lie hard, feed hard, when they come
home, sir,

And know these are deserving things, things
worthy,

Can you then blame 'em if their minds a little
Be stirr'd with glory? 'Tis a pride hecomes 'em,
A little season'd with ambition,
To be respected, reckon'd well, and honour'd,
For what they have done: When to come home
thus poorly,

And met with such unjointed joy, so look'd on
As if we had done no more but dress'd a horse
well,

So entertain'd as if "I thank ye, gentlemen,
Take that to drink," had power to please a soldier!
Where be the shouts, the bells rung out, the
people?

The prince himself?

Archas. Peace!—I perceive your eye, sir,
Is fix'd upon this captain for his freedom;

And happily you find his tongue too forward :
As I am master of the place I carry,
'Tis fit I think so too ; but were I this man,
No stronger tie upon me, than the truth
And tongue to tell it, I should speak as he does,
And think, with modesty enough, such saints
That daily thrust their loves and lives through
 hazards,
And fearless, for their country's peace, march
 hourly
Through all the doors of death, and know the
 darkest,
Should better be canoniz'd for their service :
What labour would these men neglect, what dan-
 ger,
Where honour is ? though seated in a billow
Rising as high as Heaven, would not these sol-
 diers,
Like to so many sea-gods, charge up to it ?
Do you see these swords ? Time's scythe was ne'er
 so sharp, sir,
Nor ever at one harvest mow'd such handfuls ;
Thoughts ne'er so sudden, nor belief so sure,
When they are drawn ; and were it not sometimes
I swim upon their angers to allay 'em,
And, like a calm, depress their fell intentions,
They are so deadly sure, Nature would suffer.
And whose are all these glories ? why, their
 prince's,
Their country's, and their friends' ! Alas, of all
 these,
And all the happy ends they bring, the blessings,
They only share the labours : A little joy then,
And outside of a welcome, at an upshot,
Would not have done amiss, sir ; but, howsoever,
Between me and my duty no crack, sir,
Shall dare appear : I hope, by my example,

No discontent in them.—Without doubt, gentlemen,

The duke will both look suddenly and truly
On your deserts.—Methinks, 'twere good they
were paid, sir.

Bor. They shall be immediately; I stay for
money;

And any favour else——

Archas. We are all bound to you;
And so I take my leave, sir. When the duke
pleases

To make me worthy of his eyes——

Bor. Which will be suddenly;
I know his good thoughts to you.

Archas. With all duty,
And all humility, I shall attend, sir.

Bor. Once more you are welcome home! These
shall be satisfied.

Theod. Be sure we be; and handsomely——

Archas. Wait you on me, sir.

Theod. And honestly: No juggling!

Archas. Will you come, sir? [Exit.

Bor. Pray do not doubt.

Theod. We are no boys! [Exit.

Enter a Gentleman, and two or three with money.

Bor. Well, sir?

Gent. Here's money from the duke, an't please
your lordship.

Bor. 'Tis well.

Gent. How sour the soldiers look!

Bor. Is't told?

Gent. Yes; and for every company a double
pay,

And the duke's love to all.

Anc. That's worth a ducat.

Bor. You that be officers, see it discharged then.—

Why do not you take it up?

Anc. It is too heavy :

'Body o' me, I have strain'd mine arm.

Bor. Do you scorn it?

Anc. Has your lordship any dice about you?

Sit round, gentlemen,

And come on seven for my share.

Puts. Do you think, sir,

This is the end we fight?² can this dirt draw us
To such a stupid tameness, that our service,
Neglected and look'd lamely on, and skew'd³ at,
With a few honourable words, and this, is righted?
Have not we eyes and ears to hear and see, sir,
And minds to understand, the slights we carry?
I come home old, and full of hurts; men look on
me

As if I had got 'em from a whore, and shun me;
I tell my griefs, and fear my wants; I am answer'd,
"Alas, 'tis pity! pray dine with me on Sunday."
These are the sores we are sick of, the mind's ma-
ladies,

And can this cure 'em? You should have used us
nobly,

And for our doing well, as well proclaim'd us;
To the world's eye, have shew'd and sainted us,
Then you had paid us bravely; then we had shined,
sir,

² *This is the end we fight?*] The modern editions add *for to* these words, most unwarrantably, for they give no notice of such a variation, which is entirely unnecessary; the old reading having the same meaning, according to the old mode of expression, as the needless variation.

³ *Skew'd at.*] Looked at side-long, obliquely, and therefore scornfully. Hence the common word—*askew*.

Not in this gilded stuff, but in our glory !
 You may take back your money.

Gent. This I fear'd still.

Bor. Consider better, gentlemen.

Anc. Thank your lordship ;

And now I'll put on my considering cap.

My lord, that I'm no courtier, you may guess it,

By having no suit to you for this money ;

For though I want, I want not this, nor shall not,

While you want that civility to rank it

With those rights we expected ; money grows,
 sir,

And men must gather it ; all is not put in one
 purse :

And that I am no carter,⁴ I could never whistle
 yet :

But that I am a soldier, and a gentleman,

And a fine gentleman, an't like your honour,

And a most pleasant companion, [Sings.]

*All you that are witty,
 Come, list to my ditty !*

Come, set in, boys !

⁴ *And that I am no carter, I could never whistle yet.]* I take the word *that*, to have crept in from the line beneath, for it seems to hurt both sense and measure. His saying he was no *carter*, seems to relate to the weight of the money, which required a cart to carry it.—*Seward*.

His saying *that I am no CARTER* is explained by his adding, *I could ne'er whistle yet* ; but he soon after *sings*.

The context proves the necessity of the word *that* being retained. The sense of the whole speech is, "*That I'm no courtier, you may guess by not asking for money ; that I'm no carter, by not being able to whistle ; but that I'm a soldier, a gentleman, a fine gentleman, and a pleasant companion, I'll shew you immediately.*" "All you that are witty," &c., singing.—Ed 1778.

With your lordship's patience.—[*Song.*—How do you like my song, my lord?

Bor. Even as I like yourself; "But 'twould be a great deal better, You would prove a great deal wiser,"—and take this money;
In your own phrase I speak now, sir: And 'tis very well
You have learned to sing; for since you prove so liberal,
To refuse such means as this, maintain your voice still;

'Twill prove your best friend.

Anc. 'Tis a singing age, sir,
A merry moon here now; I'll follow it:
Fiddling, and fooling now gain more than fighting.

Bor. What is't you blench at?^s What would you ask? Speak freely.

Sold. And so we dare. A triumph for the general!

Puts. And then an honour special to his virtue!

Anc. That we may be preferred that have served for it,

And cram'd up into favour like the worshipful;
At least upon the city's charge made drunk
For one whole year; we have done 'em ten years service;

That we may enjoy our lechery without grudging,
And *mine or thine* be nothing, all things equal,
And *catch as catch may* be proclaim'd; that when we borrow,

And have no will to pay again, no law
Lay hold upon us, nor no court controul us!

^s Blench.] i. e. *Shrink, start.*

"——— if he but *blench*,

I know my course."—*Hamlet.*—Ed. 1778.

Bor. Some of these may come to pass; the duke may do 'em,
And no doubt will: The general will find too,
And so will you, if you but stay with patience—
I have no power.

Puts. Nor will. Come, fellow-soldiers!

Bor. Pray be not so distrustful.

Puts. There are ways yet,
And honest ways; we are not brought up statues.

Anc. If your lordship
Have any silk stockings that have holes i' th' heels,
Or ever an honourable cassock that wants buttons,
I could have cured such maladies: Your lordship's
custom,

And my good lady's, if the bones want setting
In her old bodice——

Bor. This is disobedience.

Anc. Eightpence a-day, and hard eggs!⁶

Puts. Troop off, gentlemen!
Some coin we have; whilst this lasts, or our credits;

We'll never sell our general's worth for sixpence.
You are beholding to us.

Anc. Fare you well, sir,
And buy a pipe with that. Do you see this scarf,
sir?

By this hand I'll cry brooms in't, birchen brooms,
sir,

Before I eat one bit from your benevolence.
Now to our old occupations again. By your leave,
lord!

[*Exeunt.*

Bor. You will bite when ye are sharper; take
up the money.—
This love I must remove, this fondness to him,

⁶ The pay of a foot-soldier in 1601 was eightpence, in 1669 sixpence.

This tenderness of heart ; I have lost my way
else.—

There is no sending, man ; they will not take it,
They are yet too full of pillage ;
They'll dance for't ere't be long. Come, bring it
after.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now ? refused their money ?

Bor. Very bravely ;

And stand upon such terms, 'tis terrible.

Duke. Where's Archas ?

Bor. He's retired, sir, to his house,
According to your pleasure, full of duty
To outward show ; but what within——

Duke. Refuse it ?

Bor. Most confidently : 'Tis not your revenues
Can feed them, sir, and yet they have found a
general

That knows no ebb of bounty ; there they eat,
sir,

And loath your invitations.

Duke. 'Tis not possible ;
He's poor as they.

Bor. You'll find it otherwise.

Pray make your journey thither presently,
And, as you go, I'll open you a wonder.
Good sir, this morning.

Duke. Follow me ; I'll do it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Palace.

*Enter OLYMPIA, BURRIS, Young ARCHAS, as
ALINDA, PETESCA, and Gentlewoman.*

Olym. But do you think my brother loves her?

Burris. Certain, madam;

He speaks much of her, and sometimes with wonder;

Oft wishes she were nobler born.

Olym. Do you think him honest?

Burris. Your grace is nearer to his heart than I am;

Upon my life, I hold him so.

Olym. 'Tis a poor wench,

I would not have her wrong'd: Methinks my brother——

But I must not give rules to his affections;

Yet, if he weigh her worth——

Burris. You need not fear, madam.

Olym. I hope I shall not. Lord Burris,
I love her well; I know not, there is something
Makes me bestow more than a care upon her.
I do not like that ring from him to her,
I mean to women of her way; such tokens
Rather appear as baits, than royal bounties:
I would not have it so.

Burris. You will not find it;

Upon my troth, I think his most ambition

Is but to let the world know he has a handsome mistress.

Will your grace command me any service to him?

Olym. Remember all my duty.

Burris. Blessings crown you!—

What's your will, lady?

Y. Arch. Any thing that's honest;

And, if you think it fits so poor a service,

Clad in a ragged virtue, may reach him,

I do beseech your lordship speak it humbly.

Burris. Fair one, I will; in the best phrase I have too:

And so I kiss your hand.

[*Exit.*

Y. Arch. Your lordship's servant.

Olym. Come hither, wench. What art thou doing with that ring?

Y. Arch. I am looking on the posy, madam.

Olym. What is't?

Y. Arch. "The jewel's set within."⁷

Olym. But where the joy, wench,

When that invisible jewel's lost? Why dost thou smile so?

What unhappy meaning hast thou?⁸

Y. Arch. Nothing, madam;

But only thinking what strange spells these rings have,

And how they work with some.

Pet. I fear with you too.

[*Aside.*

Y. Arch. This could not cost above a crown.

Pet. 'Twill cost you

[*Aside.*

⁷ *The jewel's set within.*] This is the posy of the ring, being a compliment to the wearer.—*Seward.*

That is, the real jewel is set within, or inclosed in the ring.

⁸ *What unhappy meaning hast thou?*] Unhappy frequently meant waggish. Lafeu calls the Clown, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, "A shrewd knave, and an unhappy."

The shaving of your crown, if not the washing.

Olym. But he that sent it makes the virtue greater.

Y. Arch. Ay, and the vice too, madam. Goodness bless me,
How fit 'tis for my finger!

Gent. No doubt you'll find too, [Aside.
A finger fit for you.

Y. Arch. Sirrah, Petesca,
What wilt thou give me for the good that follows this?

But thou hast rings enough; thou art provided.
Heigh ho! what must I do now?

Pet. You'll be taught that,
The easiest part that e'er you learnt, I warrant you.

Y. Arch. Ay me, ay me!

Pet. You will divide too, shortly;
Your voice comes finely forward.

Olym. Come hither, wanton;
Thou art not surely as thou sayst.

Y. Arch. I would not:
But sure there is a witchcraft in this ring, lady;
Lord, how my heart leaps!

Pet. 'Twill go pit-a-pat shortly.

Y. Arch. And now methinks a thousand of the
duke's shapes——

Gent. Will no less serve you?

Y. Arch. In ten thousand smiles——

Olym. Heaven bless the wench!

Y. Arch. With eyes that will not be denied to
enter;

And such soft sweet embraces—Take it from me:
I am undone else, madam, I am lost else.

[Gives her the ring.

Olym. What ails the girl?

Y. Arch. How suddenly I am alter'd,

And grown myself again! Do not you feel it?

Olym. Wear that, and I'll wear this: I'll try the strength on't. [Gives her a ring.

Y. Arch. How cold my blood grows now! Here's sacred virtue!

*When I leave to honour this,
Every hour to pay a kiss;
When each morning I arise,
I forget a sacrifice;⁹
When this figure in my faith,
And the pureness that it hath,
I pursue not with my will,
Nearer to arrive at still;
When I lose, or change this jewel,
Fly me, faith, and Heaven be cruel!*

Olym. You have half confirm'd me;¹ keep but that way sure,
And what this charm can do, let me endure.

[*Exeunt.*

⁹ Or *I forget a sacrifice.*] Mr Simpson and I both struck out the *or*, as injuring the measure, and utterly spoiling the sense.—*Seward.*

¹ *Confirm'd me.*] That is, convinced me; a very usual acceptance of the word.

SCENE III.

*The Country-house of Archas.**Enter* ARCHAS, THEODORE, HONORA, *and* VIOLA.*Archas.* Carry yourself discreetly, it concerns me;

The duke's come in; none of your froward passions,

Nor no distastes to any. Pr'ythee, Theodore!

By my life, boy, 'twill ruin me.

Theod. I have done, sir,
So there be no foul play.² He brings along with him——*Archas.* What's that to you? Let him bring what please him,
And whom, and how.*Theod.* So they mean well.*Archas.* Is't fit you be a judge, sirrah?*Theod.* 'Tis fit I feel, sir.*Archas.* Get a banquet ready,
And trim yourselves up handsomely.*Theod.* To what end?

Do you mean to make 'em whores? Hang up a sign then,

² *So there be no foul play he brings along with him.*] Mr Sym-son has corrected the pointing here, and seems much to have improved the sense. Theodore would say, that the duke brings Boroskie along with him, but is interrupted by his father.—*Seward.*

And set 'em out to livery.

Archas. Whose son art thou?

Theod. Yours, sir, I hope; but not of your disgraces.

Archas. Full twenty thousand men I have commanded,
And all their minds, with this calm'd all their an-
gers;
And shall a boy, of mine own breed too, of mine
own blood,

One crooked stick——

Theod. Pray take your way, and thrive in't:
I'll quit your house. If taint or black dishonour
Light on you, 'tis your own, I have no share in't:
Yet if it do fall out so, as I fear it,
And partly find it too——

Archas. Hast thou no reverence?
No duty in thee?

Theod. This shall shew I obey you;
I dare not stay. I would have shew'd my love
too,

And that you ask as duty, with my life, sir,
Had you but thought me worthy of your hazards,
Which Heaven preserve you from, and keep the
duke too:

And there's an end of my wishes; God be with
you! [Exit.

Archas. Stubborn, yet full of that we all love,
honesty.

Enter BURRIS.

Lord Burris, where's the duke?

Burris. In the great chamber, sir,
And there stays till he see you. You have a fine
house here.

Archas. A poor contented lodge, unfit for his presence ;

Yet all the joy it hath —³

Burris. I hope a great one,
And for your good, brave sir.

Archas. I thank you, lord :
And now my service to the duke.

Burris. I'll wait on you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Another Room in the same.

Enter Duke, BOROSKIE, Gentlemen, and Attendants.

Duke. May this be credited ?

Bor. Disgrace me else,
And never more with favour look upon me.

Duke. It seems impossible.

Bor. It cannot choose, sir,
Till your own eyes behold it ; but that it is so,
And that by this means the too-haughty soldier
Has been so cramm'd and fed he cares not for you,

³ *Yet all the joy it hath.*] Mason says—"This is not an imperfect sentence, as the last editors make it. Archas means to say, that the lodge was a poor one, unfit for the duke's presence, *though that was all the joy it contained.* The answer of Burris proves this to be the meaning." But surely nothing can be more forced than this interpretation ; indeed, such a stiffness of expression is scarcely to be found in any old dramatist, much less in the easy and natural Fletcher. Burris interrupts Archas, and, taking up his words, says, very obviously,—“ I hope it has now a great joy in it.”

Believe, or let me perish : Let your eye,
As you observe the house, but where I point it
Make stay, and take a view, and then you have
found it.

Duke. I'll follow your direction.—

Enter ARCHAS, BURRIS, HONORA, VIOLA, and
Servant.

Welcome, Archas,
You are welcome home, brave lord ! We are come
to visit you,

And thank you for your service.

Erchas. 'Twas so poor, sir,
In true respect of what I owe your highness,
It merits nothing. [*HONORA and VIOLA kneel.*]

Duke. Are these fair ones yours, lord ?

Erchas. Their mother made me think so, sir.

Duke. Stand up, ladies.

Beshrew my heart, they are fair ones ; methinks
fitter

The lustre of the court, than thus live darken'd.
I would see your house, Lord Archas ; it appears
to me

A handsome pile.

Erchas. 'Tis neat, but no great structure ;
I'll be your grace's guide.—Give me the keys there.

Duke. Lead on, we'll follow you : Begin with
the gallery,

I think that's one.

Archas. 'Tis so, an't please you, sir ;
The rest above are lodgings all.

Duke. Go on, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Moscow. A Street.

Enter THEODORE, PUTSKIE, and ANCIENT.

Puts. The duke gone thither, do you say?

Theod. Yes, marry do I;
And all the ducklings too: But what they'll do
there—

Puts. I hope they'll crown his service.

Theod. With a custard!⁴
This is no weather for rewards. They crown his
service?

Rather they go to shave his crown. I was rated
(As if I had been a dog had worried sheep) out of
doors,⁵

For making but a doubt.

Puts. They must now grace him.

Theod. Mark but the end.

⁴ *With a custard.*] So the former editions, instead of *costard*.
To crown a man with a costard, is to break his head: *Costard*, in
this phrase, meaning a crab-tree stick.—*Seward*.

Custard is certainly the same as *costard*, but there is no occasion to alter the spelling; and *Seward*'s explanation is entirely wrong. *Costard* never signified a crab-tree stick: it means, in some instances, *the head*, in others, as in the text, *an apple shaped like the head*.

⁵ ——— *out of doors.*] The modern editors, without giving any notice of such a needless variation, transfer these words from their present situation to the end of the preceding line. This is a pretty fair specimen of their regard for the text of their authors.

Anc. I am sure they should reward him ; they cannot want him.⁶

Theod. They that want honesty, want any thing.

Puts. The duke's so noble in his own thoughts.

Theod. That I grant you,

If those might only sway him : But 'tis most certain,

So many new-born flies his light gave life to,
Buz in his beams, flesh-flies, and butterflies,
Hornets and humming scarabs, that not one honey-bee,

That's loaden with true labour, and brings home
Encrease and credit, can 'scape rifling ;

And what she sucks for sweet, they turn to bitterness.

Anc. Shall we go see what they do, and talk our mind to 'em ?

Puts. That we have done too much, and to no purpose.

Anc. Shall we be hang'd for him ?

I have a great mind to be hang'd now for doing
Some brave thing for him ; a worse end will take me,

And for an action of no worth. Not honour him ?
Upon my conscience, even the devil, the very devil,

(Not to belie him) thinks him an honest man ;
I am sure he has sent him souls⁷ any time these twenty years,

Able to furnish all his fish-market.

Theod. Leave thy talking ;

And come, let's go to dinner, and drink to him :

⁶ *They cannot want him.*] i. e. Do without him. The word is still used in the same sense in Scotland.

⁷ *Souls to furnish his fish-markets.*] A poor pun upon *soals*.—
Ed. 1778.

We shall hear more ere supper time. If he be honour'd,

He has deserved it well, and we shall fight for't;
If he be ruin'd, so; we know the worst then,
And, for myself, I'll meet it.

Puts. I ne'er fear it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The Country-house. A Room, with a Door in the Back-ground.

Enter Duke, ARCHAS, BOROSKIE, BURRIS, Gentlemen, and Attendants.

Duke. They are handsome rooms all, well contrived and fitted,

Full of convenience; the prospect's excellent.

Archas. Now, will your grace pass down, and do me but the honour

To taste a country banquet?

Duke. What room's that?

I would see all now; what conveyance has it?

I see you have kept the best part yet; pray open it.

Archas. [*Aside.*] Ha! I misdoubted this.—'Tis of no receipt, sir;

For your eyes most unfit.

Duke. I long to see it,

Because I would judge of the whole piece: Some excellent painting,

Or some rare spoils, you would keep to entertain me
Another time, I know.

Archas. In troth there is not,
Nor any thing worth your sight. Below I have
Some fountains and some ponds.

Duke. I would see this now.

Archas. [*Aside.*] Boroskie, thou art a knave!—

It contains nothing

But rubbish from the other rooms, and unneces-
saries :

Will't please you see a strange clock?

Duke. This, or nothing.

Why should you bar it up thus with defences
Above the rest, unless it contain'd something
More excellent, and curious of keeping?

Open't, for I will see it.

Archas. The keys are lost, sir.

Does your grace think, if it were fit for you,
I could be so unmannerly?

Duke. I will see it;

And either shew it——

Archas. Good sir——

Duke. Thank you, *Archas*;

You shew your love abundantly.

Do I use to entreat thus?—Force it open.

Burriss. That were inhospitable; you are his
guest, sir,

And 'tis * his greatest joy to entertain you.

Duke. Hold thy peace, fool!—Will you open it?

Archas. Sir, I cannot.

I must not, if I could.

Duke. Go, break it open.

Archas. I must withstand that force. Be not
too rash, gentlemen!

Duke. Unarm him first; then, if he be not ob-
stinate,

* *And with his greatest joy.*] Former editions, corrected by Mr
Simpson.—*Seward.*

Preserve his life.

Archas. I thank your grace; I take it:
And now take you the keys; go in, and see, sir;

[*The door is opened.*]

There feed your eyes with wonder, and thank
that traitor,

That thing that sells his faith for favour!

[*Exit Duke.*]

Burris. Sir, what moves you?

Archas. I have kept mine pure.—Lord Burris,
there's a Judas,

That for a smile will sell ye all. A gentleman?

The devil has more truth, and has maintain'd it;

A whore's heart more belief in't!

Enter Duke.

Duke. What's all this, Archas?
I cannot blame you to conceal it so,
This most inestimable treasure.

Archas. Yours, sir.

Duke. Nor do I wonder now the soldier slights
me.

Archas. Be not deceived; he has had no favour
here, sir,
Nor had you known this now, but for that pick-
thank,

That lost man in his faith! he has reveal'd it;
To suck a little honey from you, has betray'd it.—
I swear he smiles upon me, and forsworn too!
Thou crack'd, uncurrent lord!—I'll tell you all,
sir:

Your sire, before his death, knowing your temper
To be as bounteous as the air, and open,
As flowing as the sea to all that follow'd you,
Your great mind fit for war and glory, thriftily,
Like a great husband, to preserve your actions,

Collected all this treasure ; to our trusts,—
To mine I mean, and to that long-tongued lord's
there,—

He gave the knowledge and the charge of all this ;
Upon his death-bed too ; and on the sacrament
He swore us thus, never to let this treasure
Part from our secret keepings, till no hope
Of subject could relieve you, all your own wasted,
No help of those that loved you could supply you,
And then some great exploit a-foot : My honesty
I would have kept till I had made this useful,
(I shew'd it, and I stood it to the tempest)
And useful to the end 'twas left : I am cozen'd,
And so are you too, if you spend this vainly.
This worm that crept into you has abused you,
Abused your father's care, abused his faith too ;
Nor can this mass of money make him man more !
A flead dog has more soul, an ape more honesty !
All mine you have amongst it ; farewell that !
I cannot part with't nobler ; my heart's clear,
My conscience smooth as that, no rub upon't.—
But, oh, thy hell ! [To BOROSKIE.

Bor. I seek no heaven from you, sir.

Archas. Thy gnawing hell, Boroskie ! it will find thee.

Would you heap coals upon his head has wrong'd
you,⁹

Has ruin'd your estate ? give him this money,
Melt it into his mouth.

⁹ *Would you heap coals upon his head that wrong'd you.*] See p. 236. The present phrase is from scripture, as pointed out by Mr Henley in a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, act I. sc. I.—“ If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat, and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink ; for thou shalt *heap coals of fire upon his head.*”—Proverbs xxv. 22. See another instance of its use quoted from an old pamphlet, entitled, *News from the North*, (1579, 4.) in Mr Douce's *Illustrations*, II. 176.

Duke. What little trunk's that?
That there o' th' top, that's lock'd?

Bor. You'll find it rich, sir;
Richer, I think, than all.

Archas. You were not covetous,
Nor wont to weave your thoughts with such a
coarseness;

Pray rack not honesty!

Bor. Be sure you see it.

Duke. Bring out the trunk.

Enter Attendant, with a trunk.

Archas. You'll find that treasure too;
All I have left me now. [*The trunk is opened.*]

Duke. What's this? a poor gown?
And this a piece of Seneca?

Archas. Yes, sure, sir,
More worth than all your gold (yet you have
enough on't)

And of a mine far purer, and more precious;
This sells no friends, nor searches into counsels,
And yet all counsel, and all friends live here, sir;
Betrays no faith, yet handles all that's trusty.
Will't please you leave me this?

Duke. With all my heart, sir.

Archas. What says your lordship to't?

Bor. I dare not rob you.

Archas. Poor miserable men, you have robb'd
yourselves both!—

This gown, and this unvalued treasure, your brave
father

Found me a child at school with, in his progress;
Where such a love he took to some few answers
(Unhappy boyish toys, hit in my head then)
That suddenly I made him, thus as I was

(For here was all the wealth I brought his highness)

He carried me to court, there bred me up,
Bestowed his favours on me, taught me arms first,
With those an honest mind: I served him truly,
And where he gave me trust, I think I fail'd not;
Let the world speak. I humbly thank your highness;

You have done more, and nobler, eased mine age,
sir,

And to this care a fair *quietus* given.
Now to my book again!

Duke. You have your wish, sir.—
Let some bring-off the treasure.

Bor. Some is his, sir.

Archas. None, none, my lord; a poor unworthy reaper,

The harvest is his grace's.

Duke. Thank you, *Archas.*

Archas. But will you not repent, lord? When this is gone,

Where will your lordship——

Bor. Pray take you no care, sir.

Archas. Does your grace like my house?

Duke. Wond'rous well, *Archas*;
You have made me richly welcome.

Archas. I did my best, sir.

Is there any thing else may please your grace?

Duke. Your daughters
I had forgot; send them to court.

Archas. How's that, sir?

Duke. I said, your daughters! see it done: I'll have 'em

Attend my sister, *Archas.*

Archas. Thank your highness!

Duke. And suddenly. [Exit with train.

Archas. Through all the ways I dare,
I'll serve your temper, though you try me far.

[*Exit.* .

ACT III. SCENE I.

Moscow. A Street.

*Enter THEODORE, PUTSKIE, and ANCIENT; from
the other side a Servant.*

Theod. I wonder we hear no news.

Puts. Here's your father's servant ;
He comes in haste too ; now we shall know all, sir.

Theod. How now ?

Serv. I am glad I have met you, sir ; your father

Entreats you presently make haste unto him.

Theod. What news ?

Serv. None of the best, sir ; I am ashamed to
tell it ;

Pray ask no more.

Theod. Did not I tell ye, gentlemen ?
Did not I prophesy ?—He is undone then ?

Serv. Not so, sir ; but as near it——

Puts. There's no help now ;
The army's scatter'd all, through discontent,
Not to be rallied up in haste to help this.

Anc. Plague of the devil, have ye watch'd your seasons?

We shall watch you ere long.

Theod. Farewell! there's no cure;

We must endure all now. I know what I'll do.

[*Exeunt THEODORE and Servant.*]

Puts. Nay, there's no striving; they have a hand upon us,

A heavy and a hard one.

Anc. Now I have it;

We have yet some gentlemen, some boys of mettle,
(What, are we bobb'd thus still, colted, and cart-
ed?)³

And one mad trick we'll have to shame these
vipers!

Shall I bless 'em?

Puts. Farewell! I have thought my way too.

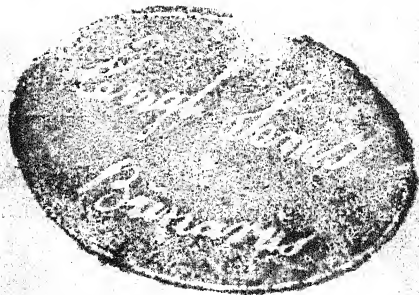
[*Exit.*]

Anc. Were never such rare cries in Christen-
dom,

As Moscow shall afford! We'll live by fooling,
Now fighting's gone, and they shall find and feel
it.

[*Exit.*]

³ *What, are we bobbed thus still, colted, and carted.*] *Bobb'd* and *colted*, as we have repeatedly mentioned, are synonymous terms, meaning *fooled, tricked*. It appears that the latter term was derived from cheating in horse-flesh; as a man so cheated was called a *coll*.



SCENE II.

The Country-house of Archas.

Enter ARCHAS, HONORA, and VIOLA.

Archas. No more ; it must be so. Do ye think
I would send ye,
Your father and your friend——

Viola. Pray, sir, be good to us !
Alas, we know no court, nor seek that knowledge ;
We are content, like harmless things, at home,
Children of your content, bred up in quiet,
Only to know ourselves, to seek a wisdom
From that we understand, easy and honest ;
To make our actions worthy of your honour,
Their ends as innocent as we begot 'em.
What shall we look for, sir, what shall we learn
there,

That this more private sweetness cannot teach us ?
Virtue was never built upon ambition,
Nor the souls' beauties bred out of bravery :^a
What a terrible father would you seem to us,
Now you have moulded us, and wrought our
tempers

To easy and obedient ways, uncrooked,
Where the fair mind can never lose nor loiter,
Now to divert our natures, now to stem us

^a *Bravery.*] Finery, splendid apparel.

Roughly against the tide of all this treasure?
Would you have us proud ('tis sooner bred than
buried)

Wickedly proud? for such things dwell at court, sir.

Hon. Would you have your children learn to
forget their father,

And, when he dies, dance on his monument?

Shall we seek Virtue in a satin gown,

Embroider'd Virtue? Faith in a well-curl'd feather?

And set our credits to the tune of Green-sleeves?³

This may be done; and, if you like, it shall be.

You should have sent us thither when we were
younger,

Our maidenheads at a higher rate, our innocence
Able to make a mart indeed: We are now too
old, sir;

Perhaps they'll think too cunning too, and slight
us;

Besides, we are altogether unprovided,

Unfurnish'd utterly of the rules should guide us:

This lord comes, licks his hand, and protests to me;

Compares my beauty to a thousand fine things,

Mountains, and fountains, trees, and stars, and
goblins;⁴

³ *And set our credit to the tune of Green-sleeves.*] This favourite tune, which was probably pointed at a fashion then prevalent of wearing sleeves of that colour, has been already mentioned in *The Woman's Prize*, vol. V. p. 348.

⁴ *Trees, and stars, and goblins.*] Mr Simpson thinks *goblins* so odd a thing for a courtier to compare a lady's beauty to, and so unfit to be joined to *fountains, stars*, and the rest, that he would strike it out as corrupt, and read *godlins* or *little gods*. The conjecture is ingenious, if any instance could be produced of our poets, or any of their contemporaries, using the word *godline*, or if there was any necessity of a change. *Goblins* is sometimes used for *fairies*, and may not improperly stand for such *angels* as the lewd courtier often compares his mistress to: But it more often stands

Now have not I the fashion to believe him ;
 He offers me the honourable courtesey
 To lie with me all night ; what a misery is this ?
 I am brèd up so foolishly, alas, I dare not ;
 And how madly these things will shew there !

Archas. I send ye not,
 Like parts infected, to draw more corruption ;
 Like spiders, to grow great with growing evil :
 With your own virtues season'd, and my pray'rs,
 The card^s of goodness in your minds, that shews ye
 When ye sail false ; the needle touch'd with honour,
 That through the blackest storms still points at
 happiness ;
 Your bodies the tall barks ribb'd round with good-
 ness,
 Your heavenly souls the pilots ; thus I send you,
 Thus I prepare your voyage, sound before you,
 And ever, as you sail through this world's vanity,
 Discover shoals, rocks, quicksands, cry out to you,

for bugbears, or frightful apparitions, which courtiers often make their mistresses like, when they talk of the *flames*, *darts*, and killing qualities of their eyes. Whatever the poet's design was, it was certainly to convey a ludicrous idea.—*Seward.*

Mason observes, that Seward might have found the word *godlin* in Massinger and Dekkar's *Virgin Martyr* ; but adds, “ the alteration does not seem to be necessary.” I suspect the lines should be thus exhibited, as Honora, after enumerating the other similes, may purposely finish with a ludicrous idea, a practice still usual :

Compares my beauty to a thousand fine things,
 Mountains, and fountains, trees, and stars, and —— goblins !

⁵ *The card.*] The greater part of this beautiful speech is a continued metaphor of a ship at sea. The *card* sometimes, as in the text, means the card upon which the points of the compass are marked, at others a *sea-chart*, which was anciently so denominated. Sometimes it is used for the magnet in the compass. So in the *Chances* :

—— “ We are all *sea-cards*,
 All our endeavours and our motions,
 (As they do to the north) still point at beauty.”

⁷ *Virginia.*] This is a curious anachronism.

Curl'd millers' heads,⁸ I have another ward for them.⁹

And yet I'll flatter too, as fast as they do,
And lie, but not as lewdly. Come; be valiant,
sister!

She that dares not stand the push o' th' court,
dares nothing,

And yet come off ungrazed:¹ Sir, like you, we
both

Affect great dangers now, and the world shall see
All glory lies not in man's victory.

Archas. Mine own Honora!

Viola. I am very fearful:

'Would I were stronger built! You would have
me honest?

Archas. Or not at all, my Viola.

Viola. I'll think on't;

For 'tis no easy promise, and live there.

Do you think we shall do well?

Hon. Why, what should ail us?

Viola. Certain, they'll tempt us strongly. Be-
side the glory

⁸ *Curl'd millers' heads.*] The unnatural fashion of powdering the hair was already prevalent at the time, and was the butt of the dramatic writers, as well as of the godly puritans. So in *Love's Sacrifice*, a tragedy by Ford, Mauruccio, speaking of a conceited picture he means to present to his mistress, with a mirror in the lid, says—"This being to her instead of a looking-glass, she shall no oftener *powder her hair* - - - but she shall as often gaze on my picture." See a note on that passage, (ed. 1811, vol. i. p. 373.)

⁹ *I have another word for them.*] Corrected by Seward and Sympson.

¹ *And yet come off ungrased.*] First folio. Second, *ungraced*. In 1750, Mr Seward (without, as it appears, having consulted the oldest book) altered the word to "*unrased*;" i. e. *uncut, unscratch'd*." He conjectured (and rightly, as we think) that *ungraced* might be a corruption of *ungrazed*, but preferred *unrased*.—Ed. 1778.

Which women may affect, they are handsome gentlemen ;

Every part speaks : Nor is it one denial,
Nor two, nor ten ; from every look we give 'em
They'll frame a hope ; even from our prayers promises.

Hon. Let 'em feed so, and be fat ; there is no fear, wench,
If thou be'st fast to thyself.

Viola. I hope I shall be ;
And your example will work more.

Hon. Thou shalt not want it.

Enter THEODORE.

Theod. How do you, sir ? Can you lend a man an angel ?

I hear you let out money.

Archas. Very well, sir ;
You are pleasantly disposed : I am glad to see it.
Can you lend me your patience, and be ruled by me ?

Theod. Is't come to patience now ?

Archas. Is't not a virtue ?

Theod. I know not ; I ne'er found it so.

Archas. That's because
Thy anger ever knows, and not thy judgment.

Theod. I know you have been rifled.

Archas. Nothing less, boy ?
Lord, what opinions these vain people publish !
Rifled of what ?

Theod. Study your virtue, patience ;
It may get mustard to your meat. Why in such haste, sir,

Sent you for me ?

Archas. For this end only, Theodore,
To wait upon your sisters to the court ;

I am commanded they live there.

Theod. To the court, sir?

Archas. To the court, I say.

Theod. And must I wait upon 'em?

Archas. Yes, 'tis most fit you should; you are their brother.

Theod. Is this the business? I had thought your mind, sir,

Had been set forward on some noble action,
Something had truly stirr'd you. To the court
with these?

Why, they are your daughters, sir.

Archas. All this I know, sir.

Theod. [Sings.] *The good old woman on a bed he threw.*

To the court?

Archas. Thou art not mad?

Theod. Nor drunk as you are;

Drunk with your duty, sir: Do you call it duty?

A pox of duty! What can these do there?

What should they do?—Can ye look babies, sisters,
In the young gallants' eyes,^a and twirl their band-
strings?

Can ye ride out to air yourselves?—Pray, sir,

Be serious with me, do you speak this truly?

Archas. Why, didst thou never hear of women
yet

At court, boy?

Theod. Yes, and good women too, very good
women,

Excellent honest women: But are you sure, sir,
That these will prove so?

^a *Can ye look babies, sisters,*

In the young gallants' eyes.] This conceit was a very fashionable one in the seventeenth century, and occurs in innumerable passages of old authors. Another instance will be found in the last scene of this act. See also vol. V. p. 382.

Hon. There's the danger, brother. [*Laughs.*

Theod. God-a-mercy, wench, thou hast a grudging of it.

Archas. Now be you serious, sir, and observe what I say;

Do it, and do it handsomely : go with 'em.

Theod. With all my heart, sir; I am in no fault now,

If they be thought whores for being in my company.

Pray write upon their backs, they are my sisters,
And where I shall deliver 'em.

Archas. You are wond'rous jocund;
But prythee tell me, art thou so lewd a fellow?
I never knew thee fail a truth.

Theod. I am a soldier;
And spell you what that means.

Archas. A soldier?
What dost thou make of me?

Theod. Your palate's down, sir.

Archas. I thank you, sir.

Theod. Come, shall we to this matter?
You will to court?

Hon. If you will please to honour us.

Theod. I'll honour ye, I warrant; I'll set ye off
With such a lustre, wenches ! Alas, poor Viola,
Thou art a fool, thou criest for eating white bread :
Be a good huswife of thy tears, and save 'em ;
Thou wilt have time enough to shed 'em.—Sister,
Do you weep too? Nay, then I'll fool no more.
Come, worthy sisters, since it must be so,
And since he thinks it fit to try your virtues,
Be you as strong to truth, as I to guard ye,
And this old gentleman shall have joy of ye.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Duke and BURRIS.

Duke. Burris, take you ten thousand of those crowns,
And those two chains of pearl they hold the richest;
I give 'em you.

Bur. I humbly thank your grace;
And may your great example work in me
That noble charity to men more worthy,
And of more wants!

Duke. You bear a good mind, Burris;
Take twenty thousand now. Be not so modest;
It shall be so, I give 'em: Go, there's my ring for't.

Bur. Heaven bless your highness ever! [*Exit.*]

Duke. You are honest.

Enter Young ARCHAS as ALINDA, and PUTSKIE, at the door.

Puts. They are coming now to court, as fair as virtue:^a

^a *Put.* They're coming now to court as fair as virtue:

Two brighter stars ne'er rose here.

Alin. Peace, I have it.] Putskie is directing Alinda to make

Two brighter stars ne'er rose here.

Y. Arch. Peace, I have it,

• And what my art can do—The duke !

Puts. I am gone ;

Remember.

[*Exit.*

Y. Arch. I am counsell'd to the full, sir.

Duke. My pretty mistress, whither lies your business ?

How kindly I should take this, were it to me now ?

Y. Arch. I must confess, immediately to your grace,

At this time.

Duke. You have no address, I do believe you ; I would you had.

Y. Arch. 'Twere too much boldness, sir,

Upon so little knowledge, less deserving.

Duke. You'll make a perfect courtier.

Y. Arch. A very poor one.

Duke. A very fair one, sweet. Come hither to me.—

What killing eyes this wench has ! In his glory,
[*Aside.*

use of the influence her beauty has gain'd over the duke in favour of Archas, and she tells him that she is sufficiently instructed. But how is this an answer to what Putskie is made to say in the former editions ? or what has the two ladies' introduction to court to do with the scheme that Putskie has plann'd ? It is to me evidently a soliloquy of the duke's, whose thoughts are all bent on his pleasures. And it is very artful in our poets to make him, in the very height of his wickedness, acknowledge the beauty of virtue. For *lust* is fired by the opposition of *virtue* as much as by the attractions of *beauty*.—*Seward.*

There is something ingenious and plausible in this note ; but we do not think it will warrant the arbitrary change in the text. If the duke had been speaking of the women, either with desire or remorse, he would most probably have said more on the subject. The sequel, however, proves the old books right.—Ed. 1778. See p. 352.

Not the bright sun, when the Sirian star reigns,
Shines half so fiery.

Y. Arch. Why does your grace so view me?
Nothing but common handsomeness dwells here,
sir;

Scarce that: Your grace is pleased to mock my
meanness.

Duke. Thou shalt not go: I do not lie unto
thee;

In my eye thou appear'st——

Y. Arch. Dim not the sight, sir;
I am too dull an object.

Duke. Canst thou love me?
Canst thou love him will honour thee?

Y. Arch. I can love,
And love as you do too: But 'twill not shew well;
Or, if it do shew here, where all light lustres,
Tinsel affections, make a glorious glistening,
'Twill halt i' th' handsome way.

Duke. Are you so cunning?
Dost think I love not truly?

Y. Arch. No, you cannot;
You never travell'd that way yet. Pray pardon
me,

I prate so boldly to you.

Duke. There's no harm done:
But what's your reason, sweet?

Y. Arch. I would tell your grace,
But happily——

Duke. It shall be pleasing to me.

Y. Arch. I should love you again, and then you
would hate me.

With all my service I should follow you,
And through all dangers.

Duke. This would more provoke me,
More make me see thy worths, more make me
meet 'em.

Y. Arch. You should do so, if you did well and truly:

• But, though you be a prince, and have power in you,

Power of example too, you have fail'd and falter'd.

Duke. Give me example where?

Y. Arch. You had a mistress,
Oh, Heaven, so bright, so brave a dame, so lovely,
In all her life so true——

Duke. A mistress?

Y. Arch. That served you with that constancy,
that care,
That loved your will and woo'd it too.

Duke. What mistress?

Y. Arch. That nursed your honour up, held fast
your virtue,
And when she kiss'd increased, not stole your
goodness.

Duke. And I neglected her?

Y. Arch. Lost her, forsook her,
Wantonly flung her off.

Duke. What was her name?

Y. Arch. Her name as lovely as herself, as noble,
And in it all that's excellent.

Duke. What was it?

Y. Arch. Her name was Beau-desert: Do you
know her now, sir?

Duke. Beau-desert? I not remember⁵——

Y. Arch. I know you do not;
Yet she has a plainer name; lord Archas' service!
Do you yet remember her? There was a mistress
Fairer than women, and far fonder to you, sir,

⁵ *I not remember.*] So the first folio reads, according to the language of the period. The second—*I do not remember*; which the modern editors thus modernize and vulgarize—*I don't remember*.

Than mothers to their first-born joys. Can you
love?

Dare you profess that truth to me, a stranger,
A thing of no regard, no name, no lustre,
When your most noble love you have neglected,
A beauty all the world would woo and honour?
Would you have me credit this? think you can
love me,

And hold you constant, when I have read this
story?

Is't possible you should ever favour me,
To a slight pleasure prove a friend, and fast too,
When, where you were most tied, most bound to
benefit,

Bound by the chains of honesty and honour,
You have broke, and boldly too? I am a weak one,
Arm'd only with my fears: I beseech your grace
Tempt me no further.

Duke. Who taught you this lesson?

Y. Arch. Woeful experience, sir. If you seek
a fair one,

Worthy your love, if yet you have that perfect,
Two daughters of his ruin'd virtue now
Arrive at court, excellent fair indeed, sir:
But this will be the plague on't, they are excellent
honest.

Enter OLYMPIA and PETESCA privately.

Duke. I love thy face.

Y. Arch. Upon my life you cannot:
I do not love it myself, sir; 'tis a lewd one,⁶

⁶ *I do not love it myself, sir, 'tis a lewd one.*] Mr Seward, objecting to the word *lewd*, reads *foul*; but *foul* is too far from the trace of the letters to be adopted. *Lewd*, in the old writers, is not confined to the sense of *lustful*. In the last scene of this very

So truly ill, art cannot mend it. 'Cod, if 'twere handsome,⁷

At least if I thought so, you should hear me talk,
sir,

In a new strain; and, though you are a prince,
Make you petition to me too, and wait my answers;
Yet, o' my conscience, I should pity you,
After some ten years' siege.

Duke. Pr'ythee do now.

Y. Arch. What would you do?

Duke. Why, I would lie with you.

Y. Arch. I do not think you would.

Duke. In troth I would, wench.

Here, take this jewel.

Y. Arch. Out upon't! that's scurvy:

Nay, if we do, sure we'll do for good fellowship,
For pure love, or nothing: Thus you shall be sure,
sir,

You shall not pay too dear for't,

play, Archas says, *I ne'er gave life to lewd and headstrong rebels.*
—Ed. 1778.

In the last instance the word means wicked, which cannot apply to the text, where it means *idle*, as in the following passage from the *Antiquary* by Marmion:

—————“ I am glad yet you tell me this,
I might have else proceeded and gone on
In the *lewd* way of loving you, and so
Have wander'd farther from myself: But now
I'll study to be *wiser*.”

Another instance occurs in Shakspeare's *Richard III.*

But you must trouble him with *lewd* complaints.

“ *Art cannot mend it; 'sod, if 'twere handsome.*”] So the first folio; the other editions, *But if 'twere handsome.* As we do not believe such tame language could come from our poets, we have rejected it. The expression we have inserted, at the same time that it is near the first copy, is very common in old plays, and agrees perfectly with the context.—Ed. 1778.—These editors read —*God.* I prefer the abbreviation in the text, as it better agrees with the sportive humour of the speaker.

Duke. Sure I cannot.

Y. Arch. By'r lady, but you may. When you
have found me able

To do your work well, you may pay my wages.—

Pet. Why does your grace start back?

Olvm. I have seen that shakes me,
Chills all my blood! Oh, where is faith or good-
ness?—

Alinda, thou art false; false, false, thou fair one,
Wickedly false!* and, woe is me, I see it!

For ever false! [*Exit.*

Pet. I am glad 't has taken thus right. [*Exit.*

Y. Arch. I'll go ask my lady, sir.

Duke. What?

Y. Arch. Whether I
Shall lie with you, or no: If I find her willing—
For, look you, sir, I have sworn, while I am in
her service

(Twas a rash oath, I must confess)——

Duke. Thou mock'st me.

Y. Arch. Why, would you lie with me, if I were
willing?

Would you abuse my weakness?

Duke. I would piece it,
And make it stronger.

Y. Arch. I humbly thank your highness!
When you piece me, you must piece me to my
coffin.

* Wickedness false.] Mr Sympson and I concurred in restoring
the adverb here, not only as the natural expression, but as it is
our author's own: In the beginning of this act, scene ii. Viola
says,

—————*Would ye have us proud,
Wickedly proud?*

Seward.

Admirable ingenuity! incomparable fidelity! The book of most
authority (*i. e.* the first folio) reads *wickedly*.—Ed. 1778.

When you have got my maidenhead, I take it,
 'Tis not an inch of ape's tail will restore it:

I love you, and I honour you; but this way
 I'll neither love nor serve you. Heaven change
 your mind, sir! [Exit.

Duke. And thine too; for it must be changed,
 it shall be. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Another in the same.

*Enter BOROSKIE, BURRIS, THEODORE, VIOLA, and
 HONORA.*

Bor. They are goodly gentlewomen.

Burris. They are,
 Wond'rous sweet women both.

Theod. Does your lordship like 'em?
 They are my sisters, sir; good lusty lasses:
 They'll do their labour well, I warrant you;
 You'll find no bed-straw here, sir.

Hon. Thank you, brother.

Theod. This is not so strongly built; but she's
 good mettle,
 Of a good stirring strain too; she goes tith,⁹ sir.

⁹ *Tith.*] We believe there is no such word; very probably the genuine one is *tilth*, which occurs in Shakspeare and Milton. It is a word of husbandry, signifying *ploughed ground*. In the same style, Theodore says of the other sister, *You will find no bed-straw here, Sir*—Ed. 1778.

This is an instance of the profound ignorance and want of me-

Enter two Gentlemen.

Here they be, gentlemen, must make ye merry,
The toys ye wot of. Do ye like their complexions?
They be no Moors: What think ye of this hand,
gentlemen?

Here's a white altar for your sacrifice:
A thousand kisses here—Nay, keep off yet, gentlemen;

Let's start first, and have fair play. What would
ye give now

To turn the globe up, and find the rich Moluccas?
To pass the Straits? Here, (do ye itch?) by Saint
Nicholas,^{*}

Here's that will make you scratch and claw;
Claw, my fine gentlemen, move ye in divers sorts:
Pray ye let me request ye, to forget
To say your prayers, whilst these are courtiers;
Or, if ye needs will think of Heaven, let it be no
higher

Than their eyes.

Bor. How will ye have 'em bestow'd, sir?

Theod. Even how your lordship please, so you
do not bake 'em.

mory of the writer of this note. *Tith*, in the sense of tight, clever, has already occurred in *Monsieur Thomas*, in the *Mad Lover*, in the *Woman's Prize*, in the *Island Princess*, and, in fact, the word is of peculiarly frequent occurrence. How could the ingenious author of the note immediately following overlook this oversight of his colleague!

^{*} By St Nicholas.] *St Nicholas* is the favourite saint of the Russians; they call him, *Scora Pomosnick*, or the Speedy Helper, and say, that he hath three hundred angels of the chiefest appointed by God to attend upon him. See Fletcher's *Russe Commonwealth*, 8vo, 1591, p. 97.—*Reed*.

Bor. Bake 'em?

Theod. They are too high a meat that way, they run to jelly.

But if you'll ha' 'em for your own diet, take my counsel;

Stew 'em between two feather-beds.

Burris. Please you, colonel,
To let them wait upon the princess?

Theod. Yes, sir,
And thank your honour too : But then, happily,
These noble gentlemen shall have no access to 'em ;
And to have 'em buy new clothes, study new faces,
And keep a stinking stir with themselves for nothing,

'Twill not be well, i' faith : They have kept their bodies,

And been at charge for baths. Do ye see that shirt there?

Weigh but the moral meaning ; 'twill be grievous :
Alas, I brought 'em to delight these gentlemen ;
I weigh their wants by mine : I brought 'em wholesome,

Wholesome and young, my lord ; and two such blessings

They will not light upon again in ten years.

Bor. 'Tis fit they wait upon her.

Theod. They are fit for any thing :
They'll wait upon a man (they are not bashful)
Carry his cloak, or untie his points, or any thing :
Drink drunk, and take tobacco ; the familiar'st fools !

This wench will leap o'er stools too, sound a trumpet,

Wrestle, and pitch the bar ; they are finely brought up.

Bor. Ladies, ye are bound to your brother, and have much cause to thank him.—

I'll ease you of this charge; and to the princess,
So please you, I'll attend 'em.

Theod. Thank your lordship!

If there be e'er a private corner as you go, sir,
A foolish lobby out o' th' way, make danger,²

Try what they are, try——

Bor. You are a merry gentleman.

Theod. I would fain be your honour's kinsman.

Bor. You are too curst, sir.³

Theod. Farewell, wenches! keep close your
ports; you are wash'd else.

Hon. Brother, bestow your fears where they are
needful.

Theod. Honour thy name is, and I hope thy na-
ture.

[*Exeunt BOROSKIE, HONORA, and VIOLA.*

Go after, gentlemen, go; get a snatch if ye can.
Yond' old Erra Pater will never please 'em.

Alas, I brought 'em for you; but see the luck on't:
I swear, I meant as honestly toward you——

Nay, do not cry, good gentlemen! A little counsel
Will do no harm: They'll walk abroad i' th' even-
ings,

You may surprise 'em easily; they wear no pistols.
Set down your minds in metre, flowing metre,

² *Make danger.*] From the Latin phrase, *fac periculum*.—Ed.
1778.

³ *You are curst, sir.*] *Curst*, in the old diction, signifies *malicious, froward, shrewish, severe, ill-natured, &c.* So Shakspeare,

———“her only fault

Is, that she is intolerably *curst*.”—*Taming of the Shrew.*

Again, in Philaster,

“*Hadst a curst master when thou went'st to school?*”——

Ed. 1778.

And get some good old linen-woman to deliver it,
That has the trick on't; you cannot fail. Farewell,
gentlemen. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Burris. You have frightened off these flesh-flies.

Theod. Flesh-flies indeed, my lord,
And it must be very stinking flesh they will not
seize on.

Enter Servant, with a Casket.

Serv. Your lordship bid me bring this casket.

Burris. Yes.—Good colonel, [*Exit Servant.*
Commend me to your worthy father, and, as a
pledge

He ever holds my love and service to him,
Deliver him this poor, but hearty token;
And where I may be his——

Theod. You are too noble;
A wonder here, my lord; that dare be honest,
When all men hold it vicious. I shall deliver it,
And with it your most noble love. Your servant.

[*Exit BURRIS.*

Were there but two more such at court, 'twere
sainted.

This will buy brawn this Christmas yet, and mus-
cadine. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A Street.

Enter ANCIENT, crying Brooms! and after him severally, four Soldiers, crying other things. BOROSKIE and Gentlemen over the stage, observing them.

I. SONG.

Anc. Broom, broom, the bonny broom!
Come, buy my birchen broom!
*I th' wars we have no more room,
Buy all my bonny broom!
For a kiss take two;
If those will not do,
For a little, little pleasure,
Take all my whole treasure:
If all these will not do't,
Take the broom-man to boot.
Broom, broom, the bonny broom!*

II. SONG.

1 Sold. *The wars are done and gone,
And soldiers, now neglected, pedlars are.
Come, maidens, come along,
For I can shew you handsome, handsome ware;*

*Powders for the head,
And drinks for your bed,
To make ye blithe and bonny ;
As well in the night
We soldiers can fight,
And please a young wench as any.*
2 Sold. *I have fine potatoes,
Ripe potatoes !*

III. SONG.

3 Sold. *Will ye buy any honesty ? come away,
I sell it openly by day ;
I bring no forced light, nor no candle
To cozen ye ; come buy and handle ;
This will shew the great man good,
The tradesman where he swears and lies,
Each lady of a noble blood,
The city dame to rule her eyes.
Ye're rich men now : Come buy, and then
I'll make ye richer, honest men.*

IV. SONG.

4 Sold. *Have ye any crack'd maidenheads, to new-
leach⁵ or mend ?
Have ye any old maidenheads to sell or change ?
Bring 'em to me, with a little pretty gin,
I'll clout 'em, I'll mend 'em, I'll knock in a pin,
Shall make 'em as good maids again,
As ever they have been.*

⁵ *New-leach.*] *A leach* is a physician ; to *leach* is to treat medicinally.—*Mason.*

Bor. What means all this? why do ye sell brooms,
Ancient?

Is it in wantonness, or want?

Anc. The only reason is,
To sweep your lordship's conscience. Here's one
for the nonce.⁵

Gape, sir; you have swallowed many a goodlier
matter—

The only casting for a crazy conscience.

3 Sold. Will your lordship buy any honesty?
'twill be worth your money.

Bor. How is this?

3 Sold. Honesty, my lord; 'tis here in a quill.

Anc. Take heed you open it not, for 'tis so subtle,
The least puff of wind will blow it out o' th' king-
dom.

2 Sold. Will your lordship please to taste a fine
potatoe?⁶

'Twill advance your wither'd state.

Anc. Fill your honour full of most noble itches,
And make Jack dance in your lordship's breeches.

1 Sold. *If your daughters on their beds,
Have bow'd or crack'd their maidenheads;
If, in a coach, with too much tumbling,
They chance to cry, fy, fo, what fumbling!
If her foot slip, and down fall she,
And break her leg above the knee;
The one and thirtieth of February let this bet'a'en,
And they shall be arrant maids again.*

⁵ For the nonce.] For the purpose. See vol. VII. p. 49.

⁶ ——— Potatoe,

'Twill advance your wither'd state.] Potatoes were considered, soon after their first importation, as strong provocatives, and confections made of the root were sold by the sugar-bakers. The sub-

Bor. Ye are brave soldiers ; keep your wantonness !

• A winter will come on to shake this wilfulness.
Disport yourselves ; and, when you want your money— [Exit.

Anc. *Broom, broom, &c.* [Exeunt singing.

SCENE VI.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter Young ARCHAS as ALINDA, HONORA, and VIOLA.

Y. Arch. You must not be so fearful, little one ;
Nor, lady, you so sad ; you'll ne'er make courtiers,
With these dull sullen thoughts ; this place is
pleasure,

Preserved to that use, so inhabited ;
And those that live here, live delightful, joyful :
These are the gardens of Adonis, ladies ;
Where all sweets to their free and noble uses,
Grow ever young and courted.

Hon. Bless me, Heaven !

Can things of her years arrive at these rudiments ?
—By your leave, fair gentlewoman, how long have
you been here ?

Y. Arch. 'Faith, much about a week.

ject just suited the prurient mind of Mr Collins, who, in a note to Shakspeare's *Troilus and Cressida*, (Ed. 1803, vol. XV. p. 482) has collected no less than thirty-two allusions to this supposed quality of the root from old plays, poems, and pamphlets.

Hon. You have studied hard,
And, by my faith, arrived at a great knowledge.

Viola. Were not you bashful at first?

Y. Arch. Ay, ay, for an hour or two;
But when I saw people laugh at me for it,
And thought it a dull breeding——

Hon. You are govern'd here then
Much after the men's opinions?

Y. Arch. Ever, lady.

Hon. And what they think is honourable——

Y. Arch. Most precisely
We follow, with all faith.

Hon. A goodly catechism!

Viola. But bashful for an hour or two?

Y. Arch. 'Faith, to say true,
I do not think I was so long: For, look ye,
'Tis to no end here; put on what shape ye will,
And sour yourself with ne'er so much austerity,
You shall be courted in the same, and won too;
'Tis but some two hours more, and so much time
lost,

Which we hold precious here. In so much time
now

As I have told you this, you may lose a servant
Your age, nor all your art, can e'er recover.
Catch me occasion as she comes, hold fast there,
Till what you do affect is ripen'd to you!
Has the duke seen you yet?

Hon. What if he have not?

Y. Arch. You do your beauties too much wrong,
appearing

So full of sweetness, newness; set so richly,
As if a council beyond nature framed ye.

Hon. If we were thus, say Heaven had given
these blessings,
Must we turn these to sin-oblations?

Y. Arch. How foolishly this country way shews
in ye!

How full of phlegm! Do ye come here to pray,
ladies?

You had best cry, "Stand away; let me alone,
gentlemen;

I'll tell my father else."

Viola. This woman's naught sure, [Aside.

A very naughty woman.

Hon. Come, say on, friend;

I'll be instructed by you.

Y. Arch. You'll thank me for't.

Hon. Either I or the devil shall. [Aside.]—The
duke you were speaking of.

Y. Arch. 'Tis well remember'd: Yes, let him
first see you.

Appear not openly till he has view'd you.

Hon. He's a very noble prince, they say.

Y. Arch. Oh, wond'rous gracious;

And, as you may deliver yourself, at the first view-
ing.

For, look ye, you must bear yourself; yet take
heed

It be so season'd with a sweet humility,

And graced with such a bounty in your beauty—

Hon. But I hope he'll offer me no ill?

Y. Arch. No, no:

'Tis like he will kiss you, and play with you.

Hon. Play with me? how?

Y. Arch. Why, good lord, that you are such a
fool now!

No harm, assure yourself.

Viola. Will he play with me too?

Y. Arch. Look babies in your eyes, my pretty
sweet one:

There's a fine sport. Do you know your lodgings yet?

Hon. I hear of none.

Y. Arch. I do then; they are handsome, Convenient for access.

Viola. Access?

Y. Arch. Yes, little one,
For visitation of those friends and servants,⁷
Your beauties shall make choice of. Friends and visits:

Do not you know those uses? Alas, poor novice!
There's a close couch or two, handsomely placed too.

Viola. What are those, I pray you?

Y. Arch. Who would be troubled
With such raw things? They are to lie upon,
And your love by you; and discourse, and toy in.

Viola. Alas, I have no love.

Y. Arch. You must by any means:
You'll have a hundred, fear not.

Viola. Honesty keep me!
What shall I do with all those?

Y. Arch. You'll find uses:
You are ignorant yet; let time work. You must learn too,
To lie handsomely in your bed a-mornings, neatly drest

In a most curious waistcoat,⁸ to set you off well,
Play with your bracelets, sing; you must learn to rhyme too,

And riddle neatly; study the hardest language,

⁷ *Servants.*] Lovers: See the preceding volumes *passim*.

⁸ *In a most curious waistcoat.*] A waistcoat, as has been before repeatedly observed, was generally the appropriate dress of a courtesan.

And 'tis no matter whether it be sense, or no,
 So it go seemly off.⁹ Be sure you profit
 In kissing, kissing sweetly; there lies a main point,
 A key that opens to all practic pleasure:
 I'll help you to a friend of mine shall teach you,
 And suddenly: Your country way is fulsome.

Hon. Have you schools for all these mysteries?

Y. Arch. Oh, yes,

And several hours prefix'd to study in:
 You may have calenders to know the good hour,
 And when to take a jewel: For the ill too,
 When to refuse, with observations on 'em;
 Under what sign 'tis best meeting in an arbor,
 And in what bow'r,¹ and hour it works; a thou-
 sand—

⁹ ——— *Study the hardest language,*

And 'tis no matter whether it be sense or no.] The affectation of using new-coined words seems to have been prevalent among the courtiers of the time to a ridiculous degree. Whenever they heard one new to them they set it down in their table-books, or committed it carefully to memory. So in *Twelfth-Night*, when Viola says to Olivia,

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you.

Sir Andrew. That youth's a rare courtier! *Rain odours*, well.

Viola. My matter hath no voice, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir Andrew. *Odours*, *pregnant*, and *vouchsafed*!—I'll get 'em all three ready.

¹ *And in what bow'r, and hour it works a thousand.]* The meaning here is obscure; but by making a *thousand* only a broken sentence, and to stand for a *thousand such mysteries*, it will be tolerably plain, "Under what sign it is best meeting in an arbor, and in what particular arbor, and the precise hour when it is predominant, with a thousand of the like nature."—*Seward*.

Mason, who has a marked aversion against broken sentences, would read—And in what bow'r and hour it works a thousand. And this, he says, means—"it gains you a thousand pounds." The old pointing disproves the propriety of this explanation, and the words used in his sense are a palpable modernism.

When in a coach, when in a private lodging,
With all their virtues.

Hon. Have you studied these ?
How beastly they become your youth ! how bawd-
ily !

A woman of your tenderness, a teacher,
Teacher of these lewd arts ? of your full beauty ?
A man made up in lust would loath this in you,
The rankest Teacher hate such impudence.
They say the devil can assume Heaven's bright-
ness,

And so appear to tempt us ; sure thou art no wo-
man.

Y. Arch. I joy to find you thus. *[Aside.*

Hon. Thou hast no tenderness,
No reluctance in thy heart ; 'tis mischief.

Y. Arch. All's one for that ; read these, and
then be satisfied ; *[Gives them a paper.*
A few more private rules I have gather'd for ye ;
Read 'em, and well observe 'em : So I leave ye.
[Exit.

Viola. A wond'rous wicked woman : Shame go
with thee !

Hon. What new Pandora's box is this ? I'll see it,
Though presently I tear it. Read thine, Viola ;
'Tis in our own wills to believe and follow. *[Reads.*

*Worthy Honora, as you have begun
In Virtue's spotless school, so forward run ;
Pursue that nobleness and chaste desire
You ever had ; burn in that holy fire ;
And a white martyr to fair memory
Give up your name, unsoil'd of infamy.*

How's this ? Read yours out, sister. This amazes
me.

Viola. [*Reads.*] *Fear not, thou yet-unblasted Violet,
Nor let my wanton words a doubt beget;
Live in that peace and sweetness of thy bud;
Remember whose thou art, and grow still good;
Remember what thou art, and stand a story
Fit for thy noble sire,² and thine own glory!*

Hon. I know not what to think.

Viola. Sure a good woman,
An excellent woman, sister.

Hon. It confounds me.
Let 'em use all their arts, if these be their ends;
The court I say breeds the best foes and friends.
Come, let's be honest, wench, and do our best service.

Viola. A most excellent woman; I will love her.
[*Exeunt.*]

² *Fit for thy noble sex.*] The alteration of *sex* to *sire* was made, we think, with propriety, by Mr Seward. We have therefore adopted it, though the old reading might pass.—Ed. 1778. The last words of the line strongly support the amendment.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Another Room in the Palace.

Enter OLYMPIA with a Casket, and YOUNG ARCHAS, as ALINDA.

Y. Arch. Madam, the duke has sent for the two ladies.

Olym. I prythee go: I know thy thoughts are with him.

Go, go, Alinda; do not mock me more!

I have found thy heart, wench; do not wrong thy mistress,

Thy too-much loving mistress; do not abuse her.

Y. Arch. By your own fair hands, I understand you not.

Olym. By thy own fair eyes, I understand thee too much,

Too far, and built a faith there thou hast ruin'd.

Go, and enjoy thy wish, thy youth, thy pleasure;

Enjoy the greatness no doubt he has promised,

Enjoy the service of all eyes that see thee,

The glory thou hast aim'd at, and the triumph:

Only this last love I ask, forget thy mistress!

Y. Arch. Oh, who has wrong'd me? who has ruin'd me?

Poor wretched girl, what poison is flung on thee?—

Excellent virtue, from whence flows this anger?

Olym. Go, ask my brother, ask the faith thou gavest me,

Ask all my favours to thee, ask my love,

Last, thy forgetfulness of good ! then fly me ;
For we must part, Alinda.

Y. Arch. You are weary of me.

I must confess I was never worth your service,
Your bounteous favours less ; but that my duty,
My ready will, and all I had to serve you——
Oh, Heaven, thou know'st my honesty !

Olym. No more :

Take heed ! Heaven has a justice. Take this ring
with you, [Gives him his ring back.

This doting spell you gave me : Too well, Alinda,
Thou knew'st the virtue in't ; too well I feel it :
Nay, keep that too ; it may sometimes remember
you,

When you are willing to forget, who gave it,
And to what virtuous end.

Y. Arch. Must I go from you ?

Of all the sorrows Sorrow has,—must I part with
you ?

Part with my noble mistress ?

Olym. Or I with thee, wench.

Y. Arch. And part, stain'd with opinion ? Fare-
well, lady !

Happy and blessed lady, goodness keep you !
Thus your poor servant, full of grief, turns from
you,

For ever full of grief, for ever from you.
I have no being now, no friends, no country ;
I wander Heaven knows whither, Heaven knows
how !

No life, now you are lost ! Only mine innocence,
That little left me of myself, goes with me ;
That's all my bread and comfort ! I confess, ma-
dam,

Truly confess, the duke has often courted me.

Olym. And pour'd his soul into thee, won thee.

Y. Arch. Do you think so ?

Well, Time, that told this tale, will tell my truth
too,

And say you had a faithful honest servant.
The business of my life is now to pray for you,
Pray for your virtuous loves, pray for your children,

When Heaven shall make you happy !

Olym. How she wounds me ! [*Aside.*

Either I am undone, or she must go !—Take these
with you,

Some toys may do you service ; and this money ;
And when you want, I love you not so poorly
(Not yet, Alinda !) that I would see you perish.
Pr'ythee be good, and let me hear. Look on me ;
I love those eyes yet dearly ! I have kiss'd thee,
And now I'll do't again. Farewell, Alinda !
I am too full to speak more, and too wretched !

[*Exit.*

F. Arch. You have my faith, and all the world
my fortune ! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Court of the same.

Enter THEODORE.

Theod. I would fain hear what becomes of these
two wenches ;
And if I can, I'll do 'em good.

Enter Gentleman, and passes over the stage.

Do ye hear, my honest friend?—

He knows no such name. What a world of business

(Which by interpretation are mere nothings)

These things have here! 'Mass, now I think on't better,

I wish he be not sent for one of them,

To some of these by-lodgings. Methought I saw

A kind of reference in his face to bawdry.

Re-enter Gentleman, with a Gentlewoman, passing over the stage.

He has her; but 'tis none of them. Hold fast, thief!

An excellent touzing knave! Mistress, you are To suffer your penance some half hour hence now. How far a fine court custard, with plums in it, Will prevail with one of these waiting gentlewomen!

They are taken with these soluble things exceedingly.

This is some yeoman o' th' bottles now that has sent for her,

That she calls father: Now, woe to this ale-incense!

Enter a Servant.

By your leave, sir.

Serv. Well, sir; what's your pleasure with me?

Theod. You do not know the way to the maids' lodgings?

Serv. Yes, indeed do I, sir.

Theod. But you will not tell me?

Serv. No, indeed will not I, because you doubt it.
[*Exit.*

Enter second Servant, with a flaggon of wine.

Theod. These are fine gim-cracks. Hey! here comes another;

A flaggon full of wine in's hand, I take it.—
Well met, my friend! Is that wine?

2 Serv. Yes, indeed is it.

Theod. 'Faith, I'll drink on't then.

2 Serv. You may, because you have sworn, sir.

Theod. [*Drinks.*] 'Tis very good; I'll drink a great deal now, sir.

2 Serv. I cannot help it, sir.

Theod. I'll drink more yet.

2 Serv. 'Tis in your own hands.

Theod. There's your pot; I thank you.

Pray let me drink again.

2 Serv. 'Faith, but you shall not.

Now have I sworn, I take it. Fare you well, sir!
[*Exit.*

Theod. This is the finest place to live in I e'er enter'd.

Enter a Court Lady.

Here comes a gentlewoman, and alone; I'll to her.
Madam, my lord my master——

Lady. Who's your lord, sir?

Theod. The Lord Boroskie, lady.

Lady. Pray excuse me!

Here's something for your pains. Within this hour, sir,

One of the choice young ladies shall attend him.
Pray let it be in that chamber juts out to the water;
'Tis private and convenient. Do my humble service

To my honourable good lord, I beseech you, sir.
If it please you to visit a poor lady——

You carry the 'haviour of a noble gentleman.

Theod. I shall be bold.

Lady. 'Tis a good aptness in you.

I lie here in the wood-yard, the blue lodgings, sir;

They call me merrily the lady of the ——, sir.³

A little I know what belongs to a gentleman,

And if it please you to take the pains——

Theod. Dear lady!—— [*Exit Lady.*

Take the pains?

Why, a horse would not take the pains that thou
requisite now

To cleave old Crab-tree. "One of the choice
young ladies?"

I would I had let this bawd go; she has frighted
me;

I am cruelly afraid of one of my tribe now:

But if they will do, the devil cannot stop 'em.

Why should he have a young lady? Are women
now

O' th' nature of bottles,⁴ to be stopp'd with corks?

Oh, the thousand little furies that fly here now!

Enter PUTSKIE.

How now, captain?

Puts. I come to seek you out, sir,

And all the town I have travell'd.

Theod. What's the news, man?

Puts. That that concerns us all, and very nearly.

³ —— the lady of the ——, sir.] So the text is exhibited in all the copies. The import of the text may be easily imagined, though perhaps the rejected word may not be so readily hit upon.

⁴ O' th' nature of bottles, &c.]

"And maids, turn'd bottles, cry aloud for corks."—*Pope,*

—Ed. 1778.

The duke this night holds a great feast at court,
To which he bids for guests all his old counsellors,
And all his favourites : Your father's sent for.

Theod. Why he is neither in council nor in favour.

Puts. That's it : Have an eye now, or never,
and a quick one ;

An eye that must not wink from good intelligence.

I heard a bird sing, they mean him no good office.

Theod. Art sure he sups here ?

Puts. Sure as 'tis day.

Enter ANCIENT.

Theod. 'Tis like then——How now ? where hast thou been, Ancient ?

Anc. Measuring the city. I have left my brooms at gate here ;

By this time the porter has stole 'em, to sweep out rascals.

Theod. Brooms ?

Anc. I have been crying brooms all the town over,

And such a mart I have made ! there's no trade near it.

Oh, the young handsome wenches, how they twitter'd,

When they but saw me shake my ware, and sing too !

"Come hither, Master Broom-man, I beseech you !"

"Good Master Broom-man, hither," cries another.

Theod. Thou art a mad fellow.

Anc. They are all as mad as I ; they all have trades now,

And roar about the streets like bull-beggars.

Theod. What company
Of soldiers are they ?

Anc. By this means I have gather'd
Above a thousand tall and hardy soldiers,
If need be, colonel.

Theod. That need's come, Ancient ;
And 'twas discreetly done. Go, draw 'em pre-
sently,
But without suspicion ; this night we shall need
'em ;

Let 'em be near the court, let Putskie guide 'em ;
And wait me for occasion. Here I'll stay still.

Puts. If it fall out, we are ready ; if not, we
are scatter'd :
I'll wait you at an inch.

Theod. Do ; farewell !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the same.

Enter Duke and BOROSKIE.

Duke. Are the soldiers still so mutinous ?

Bor. More than ever :

No law nor justice frights 'em ; all the town over
They play new pranks and gambols ; no man's
person,

Of what degree soever, free from abuses :
And durst they do this, (let your grace consider)
These monstrous, most offensive things, these vil-
lainies,

If not set on, and fed ? if not by one

They honour more than you, and more awed by him?

Duke. Happily, their own wants——

Bor. I offer to supply 'em,

And every hour make tender of their monies :

They scorn it, laugh at me that offer it.

I fear the next device will be my life, sir ;

And willingly I'll give it, so they stay there.

Duke. Do you think Lord Archas privy ?

Bor. More than thought,

I know it, sir ; I know they durst not do

These violent rude things, abuse the state thus,

But that they have a hope by his ambitions——

Duke. No more ! He's sent for ?

Bor. Yes, and will be here sure.

Duke. Let me talk further with you anon.

Bor. I'll wait, sir.

Duke. Did you speak to the ladies ?

Bor. They'll attend your grace presently.

Duke. How do you like 'em ?

Bor. My eyes are too dull judges.

They wait here, sir.

[*Exit.*

Enter HONORA and VIOLA.

Duke. Be you gone then.—Come in, ladies !
Welcome to th' court, sweet beauties ! Now the
court shines,

When such true beams of beauty strike amongst us.
Welcome, welcome ! even as your own joys wel-
come !

How do you like the court ? How seems it to you ?

Is't not a place created for all sweetness ?

Why were ye made such strangers to this happi-
ness,

Barr'd the delights this holds ? The richest jewels,
Set ne'er so well, if then not worn to wonder,

By judging eyes not set off, lose their lustre.
 Your country shades are faint; blasters of beauty;
 The manners, like the place, obscure and heavy;
 The rose-buds of the beauties turn to cankers,
 Eaten with inward thoughts, whilst there ye wander.⁵

Here, ladies, here, (you were not made for cloisters)
 Here is the sphere you move in; here shine nobly,
 And, by your powerful influence, command all!—
 What a sweet modesty dwells round about 'em,
 [Aside.

And, like a nipping morn, pulls in their blossoms!

Hon. Your grace speaks cunningly: You do not
 this,

I hope, sir, to betray us; we are poor triumphs,
 Nor can our loss of honour add to you, sir:
 Great men, and great thoughts, seek things great
 and worthy,

Subjects to make 'em live, and not to lose 'em;
 Conquests so nobly won can never perish.
 We are two simple maids, untutor'd here, sir,
 Two honest maids; is that a sin at court, sir?
 Our breeding is obedience, but to good things,
 To virtuous, and to fair. What would you win on
 us?

Why do I ask that question, when I have found
 you?

Your preamble has pour'd your heart out to us;
 You would dishonour us; which, in your translation

⁵ *The rose-buds of the beauties turn to cankers,
 Eaten with inward thoughts.*] This is a very beautiful imitation of that exquisite passage in *Twelfth Night*:—

——“She never told her love,
 But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
 Feed on her damask cheek; she pined in thought,” &c.

Here at the court, reads thus, your grace would
love us,

Most dearly love us ; stick us up for mistresses :
Most certain, there are thousands of our sex, sir,
That would be glad of this, and handsome women,
And crowd into this favour, fair young women,
Excellent beauties, sir : When you have enjoy'd 'em,
And suck'd those sweets they have, what saints
are these then ?

What worship have they won, what name ? you
guess, sir !

What story added to their time ? a sweet one !

Duke. A brave-spirited wench. [*Aside.*

Hon. I'll tell your grace,

And tell you true ; you are deceived in us two,
Extremely cozen'd, sir : And yet, in my eye,
You are the handsomest man I ever look'd on,
The goodliest gentleman ; take that hope with
you ;

And, were I fit to be your wife (so much I honour
you)

Trust me I would scratch for you but I would
have you :

I would woo you then.

Duke. [*Aside.*] She amazes me !——

But how am I deceived ?

Hon. Oh, we are too honest,

Believe it, sir, too honest, far too honest ;
The way that you propound, too ignorant,
And there's no meddling with us ; for we are fools
too,

Obstinate, peevish fools : If I would be ill,
And had a wanton's itch to kick my heels up,
I would not leap into the sun, and do it there,
That all the world might see me ; an obscure
shade, sir,

Dark as the deed ; there is no trusting light with it,

Northat, that's lighter far, vain-glorious greatness!

Duke. You'll love me as your friend?

Hon. I'll honour you,

As your poor humble handmaid, serve and pray
for you.

Duke. What says my little one? you are not so
obstinate?

Lord, how she blushes! Here are truly fair souls.
Come, you will be my love?

Viola. Good sir, be good to me;

Indeed, I'll do the best I can to please you.

I do beseech your grace! Alas, I fear you.

Duke. What shouldst thou fear?

Hon. Fy, sir! this is not noble.

Duke. Why do I stand entreating, where my
power—

Hon. You have no power; at least, you ought
to have none

In bad and beastly things: Arm'd thus, I'll die
here,

Before she suffer wrong!

Duke. Another Archas?

Hon. His child, sir, and his spirit.

Duke. I'll deal with you then,

For here's the honour to be won. Sit down, sweet;
Pr'ythee, Honora, sit.

Hon. Now you entreat, I will, sir.

Duke. I do, and will deserve it.

Hon. That's too much kindness.

Duke. Pr'ythee look on me.

Hon. Yes; I love to see you,

And could look on an age thus, and admire you.

While you are good and temperate, I dare touch
you,

Kiss your white hand.

Duke. Why not my lips?

Hon. I dare, sir.

Duke. I do not think you dare.

Hon. I am no coward.— [Kisses him.

Do you believe me now? or now? or now, sir? —
You make me blush: But sure, I mean no ill, sir.
It had been fitter you had kiss'd me.

Duke. That I'll do too. [Kisses her.

What hast thou wrought into me?

Hon. I hope all goodness.

Whilst you are thus, thus honest, I dare do any
thing;

Thus hang about your neck, and thus dote on you;
Bless those fair lights! Hell take me, if I durst
not—

But, good sir, pardon me. Sister, come hither;
Come hither; fear not, wench! Come hither;
blush not!

Come, kiss the prince, the virtuous prince, the
good prince!

Certain, he's excellent honest.

Duke. Thou wilt make me—

Hon. Sit down, and hug him softly.

Duke. Fy, Honora!

Wanton Honora! Is this the modesty,
The noble chastity, your onset shew'd me;
At first charge beaten back? Away!

Hon. Thank you!

Upon my knees I pray, Heaven too may thank
you!

You have deceived me cunningly, yet nobly;
You have cozen'd me: In all your hopeful life
yet

A scene of greater honour you ne'er acted:
I knew Fame was a liar, too long and loud-tongued,
And now I have found it. Oh, my virtuous mas-
ter!

Viola. My virtuous master too!

Hon. Now you are thus,

What shall become of me let Fortune cast for't.

Duke. I'll be that fortune, if I live, Honora ;
- Thou hast done a cure upon me counsel could not.

Enter Young ARCHAS as ALINDA.

Y. Arch. Here, take your ring, sir ; and whom
you mean to ruin,
Give it to her next : I have paid for't dearly.

Hon. A ring to her ?

Duke. Why frowns my fair Alinda ?
I have forgot both these again.

Y. Arch. Stand still, sir !
You have that violent killing fire upon you,
Consumes all honour, credit, faith !

Hon. How's this ?

Y. Arch. My royal mistress' favour towards me,
(Woe-worth you, sir !) you have poison'd, blasted.

Duke. I, sweet ?

Y. Arch. You have taken that unmanly liberty,
Which, in a worse man, is vain-glorious feigning,
And kill'd my truth.

Duke. Upon my life, 'tis false, wench.

Y. Arch. Ladies, take heed ! you have a cun-
ning gamester,
A handsome, and a high : Come stored with an-
tidotes ;
He has infections else will fire your bloods.

Duke. Pr'ythee, Alinda, hear me !

Y. Arch. Words steep'd in honey,
That will so melt into your minds, buy chastity,^s

^s — *buy chastity.*] Mason says this is not sense, and wishes to read—*b'ye chastity!* that is, good-bye, farewell ! I suppose an explanation is unnecessary for any one but the commentator himself. The text evidently means—words that will buy *your* chastity. Such elliptical phrases occur many times in this very play.

A thousand ways, a thousand knots to tie ye ;
And when he has bound you his, a thousand ruins !
—A poor lost woman you have made me.

Duke. I'll maintain thee,
And nobly too.

Y. Arch. That gin's too weak to take me.—
Take heed, take heed, young ladies, still take
heed !

Take heed of promises, take heed of gifts,
Of forced, feigned sorrows, sighs, take heed !

Duke. By all that's mine, Alinda——

Y. Arch. Swear by your mischiefs !
Oh, whither shall I go ?

Duke. Go back again ;
I'll force her take thee, love thee.

Y. Arch. Fare you well, sir !
I will not curse you ; only this dwell with you,
Whene'er you love, a false belief light on you !
[*Exit.*

Hon. We'll take our leaves too, sir.

Duke. Part all the world now,
Since she is gone.

Hon. You are crooked yet, dear master ;
And still I fear—— [Exeunt ladies.

Duke. I am vex'd, and some shall find it. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

The Court of the Palace.

Enter ARCHAS and a Servant.

Archas. 'Tis strange to me to see the court,
and welcome.

Oh, royal place, how have I loved and served
thee !—

Who lies on this side ? know'st thou ?

Serv. The Lord Burris.

Archas. Thou hast named a gentleman I stand
much bound to :

I think he sent the casket, sir ?

Serv. The same, sir.

Archas. An honest-minded man, a noble cour-
tier !

The duke made perfect choice when he took him.
Go you home ; I shall hit the way without a guide
now.

Serv. You may want something, sir.

Archas. Only my horses,

Which, after supper, let the groom wait with :
I'll have no more attendance here.

Serv. Your will, sir.

[*Exit.*

Enter THEODORE.

Theod. You are well met here, sir.

Archas. How now, boy ? how dost thou ?

Theod. I should ask you that question : How do you, sir?

How do you feel yourself?

Archas. Why, well, and lusty.

Theod. What do you here then?

Archas. Why, I am sent for,
To supper with the duke.

Theod. Have you no meat at home?

Or do you long to feed as hunted deer do,
In doubt and fear?

Archas. I have an excellent stomach,
And can I use it better than among my friends,
boy?

How do the wenches?

Theod. They do well enough, sir;
They know the worst by this time. Pray be ruled,
sir;

Go home again, and, if you have a supper,
Eat it in quiet there : This is no place for you,
Especially at this time, take my word for't.

Archas. May be, they'll drink hard; I could have
drank my share, boy :
Though I am old, I will not out.

Theod. I hope you will.
Hark in your ear ! the court's too quick of hearing.

Archas. Not mean me well ? thou art abused
and cozen'd.

Away, away !

Theod. To that end, sir, I tell you.
Away, if you love yourself !

Archas. Who dare do these things,
That ever heard of honesty ?

Theod. Old gentleman,
Take a fool's counsel.

Archas. 'Tis a fool's indeed,
A very fool's ! Thou hast more of these flames in
thee,

These musty doubts—Is't fit the duke send for me,

And honour me to eat within his presence,
And I, like a tall fellow,⁶ play at bo-peep
With his pleasure?

Theod. Take heed of bo-peep with your pate,
your pate, sir!

I speak plain language now.

Archas. If 'twere not here,
Where reverence bids me hold, I would so swinge
thee,

Thou rude, unmanner'd knave! Take from his
bounty

His honour that he gives me, to beget
Saucy and sullen fears!

Theod. You are not mad, sure?
By this fair light, I speak but what is whisper'd,
And whisper'd for a truth.

Archas. A dog! Drunken people,
That in their pot see visions, and turn states,⁷
Madmen and children—Pr'ythee do not follow me!

⁶ *Like a tall fellow.*] *Tall* is generally, in old plays, used for *stout*, *brave*; but here it seems to mean, ironically, a great, or lubberly fellow.

⁷ *A dog: Drunken people*

That in their pot see visions,

And turn states, madmen and children.] In the first line, *is't* was inserted by Mr Seward, who, in the third, for *states* reads *statists*; but, as the old lection is good sense, the change is too arbitrary.—Ed. 1778. Mason, who seems to have slumbered over this play, would read—*amongst* drunken people, which he says differs but little from the text; but there is no occasion for any alteration whatever.

States, which Seward did not know, was used (as well as *estates*) for persons of high rank. So in *Cymbeline*:

“ kings, queens, and *states*,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave,
This viperous slander enters.”

I tell thee I am angry : Do not follow me !

Theod. I am as angry as you for your heart,
Ay, and as wilful too : Go like a woodcock,⁸
And thrust your neck i' th' noose !

Archus. I'll kill thee,
An' thou speak'st but three words more. Do not
follow me ! *[Exit.*

Theod. A strange old foolish fellow ! I shall hear
yet ;

And, if I do not my part, hiss at me. *[Exit.*

SCENE V.

The Presence-Chamber in the same.

Enter two Servants, preparing a Banquet.

1 *Serv.* Believe me, fellow, here will be lusty
drinking.

Many a washed pate in wine, I warrant thee.

2 *Serv.* I am glad the old general's come : Upon
my conscience,
That joy will make half the court drunk. Hark,
the trumpets !

They are coming on ; away !

1 *Serv.* We'll have a rouse too.⁹

⁸ *Go like a woodcock.*] It has been before observed, that a woodcock was anciently supposed to have no brains, and therefore became a type for a foolish fellow.

⁹ *We'll have a rouse too.*] Generally a large dose of liquor ; sometimes a drunken debauch, which meaning suits the text. In the former sense the word occurs on the next page.

Enter Duke, ARCHAS, BURRIS, BOROSKIE, Attendants, and Gentlemen.

Duke. Come, seat yourselves! Lord Archas, sit you there.

Archas. 'Tis far above my worth.

Duke. I'll have it so.—

Are all things ready? [*Apart to BOROSKIE.*

Bor. All the guards are set,
The court-gates shut.

Duke. Then do as I prescribed you;
Be sure, no further.

Bor. I shall well observe you.—

Duke. Come, bring some wine. Here's to my
sister, gentlemen! [*Drinks.*

A health, and mirth to all!

Archas. Pray fill it full, sir;

'Tis a high health to virtue. Here, Lord Burris,
A maiden health: You are most fit to pledge it,
You have a maiden soul, and much I honour it.
Passion o' me, you are sad, man.

Duke. How now, Burris?

Go to; no more of this! [*Aside to him.*

Archas. Take the rouse freely;

'Twill warm your blood, and make you fit for jollity.—

Your grace's pardon! when we get a cup, sir,
We old men prate apace.

Duke. Mirth makes a banquet.—

As you love me, no more. [*Aside to BURRIS.*

Burris. I thank your grace.

Give me it.—Lord Boroskie!

Bor. I have ill brains, sir—

Burris. Damnable ill, I know it. [*Aside.*

Bor. But I'll pledge, sir,

This virtuous health.

Burris. The more unfit for thy mouth.

Enter two Servants, with Cloaks, and distribute them among the guests, giving a black one to ARCHAS.

Duke. Come, bring out robes, and let my guests look nobly,
Fit for my love and presence. Begin downward.
Off with your cloaks, take new.

Archas. Your grace deals truly
Like a munificent prince, with your poor subjects.
Who would not fight for you? What cold dull
coward

Durst seek to save his life when you would ask it?
Begin a new health in your new adornments;
The duke's, the royal duke's!—Ha! what have I
got,

Sir? Ha! the robe of death?

Duke. You have deserved it.

Archas. The livery of the grave? Do you start
all from me?

Do I smell of earth already? Sir, look on me,
And like a man; is this your entertainment?
Do you bid your worthiest guests to bloody banquets?

Enter a Guard, who seize ARCHAS.

A guard upon me too? This is too foul play,
Boy, to thy good, thine honour; thou wretched
ruler,

Thou son of fools and flatterers, heir of hypocrites!
Am I served in a hearse, that saved ye all?
Are ye men or devils? Do ye gape upon me?
Wider! and swallow all my services:

² ——— Do ye gape upon me,

Wider and swallow all my services?] This is one of the innumerable passages the sense whereof has been totally obscured by

Entomb them first, my faith next, then my integrity;
And let these struggle with your mangy minds,
Your sear'd and seal'd-up consciences, till they burst.

Bor. These words are death.

Archas. No, those deeds that want rewards,
sirrah,
Those battles I have fought, those horrid dangers
(Leaner than death, and wilder than destruction)
I have march'd upon, these honour'd wounds,
Time's story,
The blood I have lost, the youth, the sorrows
suffer'd,

These are my death, these that can ne'er be recompenced,

These that ye set a-brooding on like toads,
Sucking from my deserts the sweets and savours,
And render me no pay again but poisons!

Bor. The proud vain soldier thou hast set.

Archas. Thou liest!

Now, by my little time of life, liest basely,
Maliciously, and loudly! How I scorn thee!
If I had swell'd the soldier, or intended
An act in person leaning to dishonour,
As you would fain have forced me, witness, Heaven,

Where clearest understanding of all truth is,
(For these are spiteful men, and know no piety)
When Olin came, grim Olin, when his marches,
His last incursions, made the city sweat,
And drove before him, as a storm drives hail,
Such showers of frosted fears shook all your heart-strings;

false pointing. What Archas afterwards says proves the propriety of our variation in that respect.—Ed. 1778.

Then, when the Volga trembled at his terror,
 And hid his seven curl'd heads, afraid of bruising
 By his arm'd horses' hoofs; had I been false then,
 Or blown a treacherous fire into the soldier,
 Had but one spark of villainy lived within me,
 You had had some shadow for this black about me.
 Where was your soldiership? Why went not you
 out,

And all your right-honourable valour with you?
 Why met you not the Tartar, and defied him?
 Drew your dead-doing sword, and buckled with
 him?

Shot through his squadrons like a fiery meteor?
 And, as we see a dreadful clap of thunder
 Rend the stiff-hearted oaks, and toss their roots up,
 Why did not you so charge him? You were sick
 then;

You, that dare taint my credit, slipp'd to bed then,
 Stewing and fainting with the fears you had;
 A whoreson shaking fit oppress'd your lordship.
 Blush, coward, knave, and all the world hiss at
 thee!

Duke. Exceed not my command. [*Exit Duke.*]

Bor. I shall observe it.

Archas. Are you gone too?—Come, weep not,
 honest Burris,

Good loving lord, no more tears: 'Tis not his ma-
 lice,

This fellow's malice, nor the duke's displeasure,
 By bold bad men crowded into his nature,
 Can startle me. Fortune ne'er razed this fort yet;
 I am the same, the same man; living, dying,
 (The same mind to 'em both) I poize thus equal:
 Only the juggling way that toll'd me to it,²

² — that toll'd me to it.] To toll was often used for train-

The Judas way, to kiss me, bid me welcome,
 And cut my throat, a little sticks upon me.
 Farewell ! commend me to his grace, and tell him
 The world is full of servants ; he may have many,
 (And some I wish him honest ; he's undone else)
 But such another doting Archas never,
 So tried and touch'd a faith ! Farewell for ever !

Burris. Be strong, my lord : You must not go
 thus lightly.

Archas. Now, what's to do ? What says the law
 unto me ?

Give me my great offence, that speaks me guilty.

Bor. Laying aside a thousand petty matters,
 As scorns and insolencies, both from yourself and
 followers,

Which you put first fire to, (and these are deadly)
 I come to one main cause, which, though it carries
 A strangeness in the circumstance, it carries death
 too,

Not to be pardon'd neither : You have done a sa-
 crilege.

Archas. High Heaven defend me, man ! How,
 how, Boroskie ?

Bor. You have took from the temple those
 vow'd arms,

The holy ornament you hung up there,
 No absolution of your vow, no order
 From holy church to give 'em back unto you,
 After they were purified from war, and rested
 From blood, made clean by ceremony : From the
 altar

You snatch'd 'em up again, again you wore 'em,

ing, drawing on, as in the Faithful Shepherdess, (vol. IV. p. 24.)—

—— “ voices calling me in dead of night
 To make me follow, and so *toll* me on
 Through mire and standing pools, to find my ruin.”

Again you stain'd 'em, stain'd your vow, the church
too,

And robb'd it of that right was none of yours, sir ;
For which the law requires your head, you know it.

Archas. Those arms I fought in last ?

Bor. The same.

Archas. God-a-mercy !

Thou hast hunted out a notable cause to kill me,
A subtle one : I die, for saving all you.

Good sir, remember, if you can, the necessity,
The suddenness of time, the state all stood in ;

I was entreated to, kneel'd to, and pray'd to,
The duke himself, the princess, all the nobles,

The cries of infants, bed-rid fathers, virgins !

Pr'ythee find out a better cause, a handsomer ;

This will undo thee too ; people will spit at thee ;

The devil himself would be ashamed of this cause.

Because my haste made me forget the ceremony,

The present danger every where, must my life
satisfy ?

Bor. It must and shall.

Archas. Oh, base ungrateful people !

Have ye no other sword to cut my throat with,

But mine own nobleness ? I confess I took 'em,

The vow not yet absolved I hung 'em up with ;

Wore 'em, fought in 'em, gilded 'em again

In the fierce Tartars' bloods ; for you I took 'em,

For your peculiar safety, lord, for all ;

I wore 'em for my country's health, that groan'd
then ;

Took from the temple, to preserve the temple :

That holy place, and all the sacred monuments,

The reverend shrines of saints, adored and ho-
nour'd,

Had been consumed to ashes, their own sacrifice,

Had I been slack ; or staid that absolution,

No priest had lived to give it. My own honour,

Cure of my country, murder me !

Bor. No, no, sir ;

I shall force that from you, will make this cause
light too.

Away with him ! I shall pluck down that heart, sir.

Archas. Break it thou may'st ; but if it bend for
pity,

Dogs and kites eat it ! Come ; I am honour's mar-
tyr. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Another Apartment in the same.

Enter DUKE and BURRIS.

Duke. Exceed my warrant ?

Burris. You know he loves him not.

Duke. He dares as well meet death³ as do it ;
eat wildfire.

Through a few fears, I mean to try his goodness,
That I may find him fit to wear here, Burris.

I know Boroskie hates him, to death hates him ;
I know he is a serpent too,⁴ a swol'n one ;

³ *He dares as well meet death.*] The editors of the second folio read *eat* for *meet* ; and the subsequent ones in 1750 concur in mentioning this strange meal. We have restored the genuine word from the first folio.—Ed. 1778.

⁴ *I know he is a serpent too, &c.*] Meaning *Boroskie* ; but the pronoun is used rather confusedly, both here and in the lines that follow.—Ed. 1778.

But I have pull'd his sting out. [*Noise within.*]

What noise is that?

Theod. [*Within.*] Down with 'em, down with
'em, down with the gates!

Sold. [*Within.*] Stand, stand, stand!

Puts. [*Within.*] Fire the palace before ye!

Burris. Upon my life, the soldier, sir, the soldier!

A miserable time is come.

Enter Gentleman.

Gent. Oh, save him!

Upon my knees, my heart's knees, save Lord
Archas!

We are undone else.

Duke. Dares he touch his body?

Gent. He racks him fearfully, most fearfully.

Duke. Away, Burris;

Take men, and take him from him, clap him up;
And if I live, I'll find a strange death for him.

[*Exit BURRIS.*]

Are the soldiers broke in?

Gent. By this time, sure they are, sir;

They beat the gates extremely, beat the people.

Duke. Get me a guard about me; make sure
the lodgings,

And speak the soldiers fair.

Gent. Pray Heaven that take, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

The Court of the Palace.

*Enter PUTSKIE, ANCIENT, and Soldiers, with
Torches.*

Puts. Give us the general ; we'll fire the court
else !

Render him safe and well.

Anc. Do not fire the cellar,
There's excellent wine in't, captain ; and though
it be cold weather,
I do not love it mull'd.—Bring out the general !
We'll light ye such a bonfire else—Where are ye ?
Speak, or we'll toss your turrets ; peep out of your
hives,
We'll smoke ye else. Is not that a nose there ?
Put out that nose again, and if thou darest
But blow it before us——Now he creeps out on's
burrow.

Enter Gentleman.

Puts. Give us the general !

Gent. Yes, gentlemen ;
Or any thing ye can desire.

Anc. You musk-cat,
Cordevan-skin !⁶ we will not take your answer.

⁶ *Cordevan-skin.*] Spanish leather hide.—Ed. 1778.

Puts. Where is the duke? speak suddenly, and send him hither.

Anc. Or we'll so fry your buttocks——

Gent. Good sweet gentlemen——

Anc. We are neither good nor sweet; we are soldiers,

And you miscreants that abuse the general.—

Give fire, my boys! 'tis a dark evening;

Let's light 'em to their lodgings.

Enter OLYMPIA, HONORA, VIOLA, THEODORE,
and Women.

Hon. Good brother, be not fierce.

Theod. I will not hurt her.—

Fear not, sweet lady.

Olym. You may do what you please, sir;⁷
I have a sorrow that exceeds all yours,
And more contemns all danger.

Enter Duke above.

Theod. Where's the Duke?

Duke. He's here.—What would ye, soldiers?

Wherefore troop ye

Like mutinous madmen thus?

Theod. Give me my father!

Puts. and Anc. Give us our general!

Theod. Set him here before us;

You see the pledge we have got; you see these
torches;

All shall to ashes, as I live, immediately!

A thousand lives for one!

Duke. But hear me!

⁷ 'May do what you please, sir.] First folio. Other copies substitute *nay* for *may*.—Ed. 1778.

Puts. No ;
We come not to dispute.

Enter ARCHAS *and* BURRIS.

Theod. By Heaven
I swear he is rack'd and whipt.

Hon. Oh, my poor father !

Puts. Burn, kill and burn !

Archas. Hold, hold, I say ! hold, soldiers !
On your allegiance, hold !

Theod. We must not.

Archas. Hold ! I swear
By Heaven, he is a barbarous traitor stirs first,*
A villain and a stranger to obedience,
Never my soldier more, nor friend to honour !—
Why did you use your old man thus ? thus cruelly
Torture his poor weak body ? I ever loved you.

Duke. Forget me in these wrongs, most noble
Archas.

Archas. I have balm enough for all my hurts :
Weep no more, sir ;
A satisfaction for a thousand sorrows.
I do believe you innocent, a good man,
And Heaven forgive that naughty thing that
wrong'd me !—
Why look ye wild, my friends ? why stare ye on
me ?
I charge ye, as ye are men, my men, my lovers,

* *I swear by Heaven he is a barbarous traitor stirs first.*] *Barbarous* does not always signify *cruel*, but often means *uncivilized*, and in this place might import *undisciplined*. *Barbarous traitor* ; i. e. as the next line explains it,

A villain and a stranger to obedience.—Ed. 1778.

Seward proposes to read *base* for the sake of metre and sense, when neither stands in need of his helping hand.

As ye are honest faithful men, fair soldiers,
 Let down your anger ! Is not this our sovereign ?
 The head of mercy and of law ? Who dares then,
 But rebels, scorning law, appear thus violent ?
 Is this a place for swords, for threatening fires ?
 The reverence of this house dares any touch,
 But with obedient knees, and pious duties ?
 Are we not all his subjects, all sworn to him ?
 Has not he power to punish our offences,
 And do not we daily fall into 'em ? Assure your-
 selves

I did offend, and highly, grievously ;
 This good sweet prince I offended, my life for-
 feited,

Which yet his mercy and his old love met with,
 And only let me feel his light rod this way.
 Ye are to thank him for your general,
 Pray for his life and fortune, sweat your bloods
 for him.

Ye are offenders too, daily offenders ;
 Proud insolencies dwell in your hearts, and ye do
 'em,

Do 'em against his peace, his law, his person ;
 Ye see he only sorrows for your sins,
 And where his power might persecute, forgives ye.
 For shame, put up your swords ! for honesty,
 For order's sake, and whose ye are, my soldiers,
 Be not so rude !

Theod. They have drawn blood from you, sir.

Archas. That was the blood rebell'd, the naugh-
 ty blood,

The proud, provoking blood ; 'tis well 'tis out, boy.
 Give you example first ; draw out, and orderly.

Hon. Good brother, do !

Archas. Honest and high example,
 As thou wilt have my blessing follow thee,

Inherit all mine honours.—Thank you, Theodore,
My worthy son.

Theod. If harm come, thank yourself, sir;
I must obey you. [Exit.

Archas. Captain, you know the way now:
A good man, and a valiant, you were ever,
Inclined to honest things.—I thank you, captain.
Soldiers, I thank ye all! And love me still
But do not love me so you lose allegiance;
Love that above your lives. Once more I thank ye.

[*Exeunt PUTSKIE, ANCIENT, and Soldiers.*

Duke. Bring him to rest, and let our cares wait
on him.

Thou excellent old man, thou top of honour,
Where justice and obedience only build,
Thou stock of virtue, how am I bound to love thee,
In all thy noble ways to follow thee!

Burris. Remember him that vex'd him, sir.

Duke. Remember?

When I forget that villain, and to pay him
For all his mischiefs, may all good thoughts forget
me!

Archas. I am very sore.

Duke. Bring him to bed with ease, gentlemen.
For every stripe I'll drop a tear to wash 'em;
And, in my sad repentance——

Archas. 'Tis too much;

I have a life yet left to gain that love, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Duke, BURRIS, and Gentlemen.

Duke. How does lord Archas yet?

Burris. But weak, an't please you;
Yet all the helps that art can are applied to him:
His heart's untouch'd, and whole yet; and no
doubt, sir,

His mind being sound, his body soon will follow.

Duke. Oh, that base knave that wrong'd him!
without leave too!

But I shall find an hour to give him thanks for't.
He's fast, I hope.

Burris. As fast as irons can keep him:
But the most fearful wretch——

Duke. He has a conscience,
A cruel stinging one, I warrant him,
A loaden one. But what news of the soldier?
I did not like their parting; 'twas too sullen.

Burris. That they keep still, and I fear a worse
clap.

They are drawn out of the town, and stand in
councils,

Hatching unquiet thoughts, and cruel purposes.
I went myself unto 'em, talk'd with the captains,
Whom I found fraught with nothing but loud
murmurs

And desperate curses, sounding these words often,
Like trumpets to their angers: "We are ruin'd,
Our services turn'd to disgraces, mischiefs;
Our brave old general, like one had pilfer'd,
Tortured and whipt!" The colonel's eyes, like
torches,

Blaze every where, and fright fair peace.

Gent. Yet worse, sir;

The news is current now, they mean to leave you,
Leave their allegiance; and under Olin's charge,
The bloody enemy, march straight against you.

Burris. I have heard this too, sir.

Duke. This must be prevented,
And suddenly and warily.

Burris. 'Tis time, sir;

But what to minister, or how?

Duke. Go in with me,
And there we'll think upon't. Such blows as these
Equal defences ask, else they displease. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another in the same.

Enter PETESCA and Gentlewoman.

Pet. Lord, what a coil has here been with these
soldiers!

They are cruel fellows.

Gent. And yet methought we found 'em

Handsome enough. I'll tell thee true, Petesca,
I look'd for other manner of dealings from 'em,
And had prepared myself. But where's my lady?

Pet. In her old dumps within, monstrous melancholy :

Sure she was mad of this wench.

Gent. An she had been a man,
She would have been a great deal madder. I am
glad she's shifted.

Pet. 'Twas a wicked thing for me to betray her;
And yet I must confess she stood in our lights.

Enter Young ARCHAS in his own shape.

What young thing's this?

Y. Arch. Good morrow, beauteous gentle-
women !

'Pray ye is the princess stirring yet?

Gent. He has her face.

Pet. Her very tongue, and tone too; her youth
upon him.

Y. Arch. I guess ye to be the princess' women.

Pet. Yes, we are, sir.

Y. Arch. Pray, is there not a gentlewoman wait-
ing on her grace,

Ye call Alinda?

Pet. The devil sure, in her shape.

Gent. I have heard her tell my lady of a brother,
An only brother, that she had in travel.

Pet. 'Mass, I remember that : This may be he
too.

I would this thing would serve her.

Enter OLYMPIA.

Gent. So would I, wench ;

We should love him better, sure.—Sir, here's the princess ;

She best can satisfy you.

Y. Arch. How I love that presence ! [*Apart.*
Oh, blessed eyes, how nobly shine your comforts !

Olym. What gentleman is that ?

Gent. We know not, madam :

He ask'd us for your grace ; and, as we guess it,
He is Alinda's brother.

Olym. Ha ! let me mark him.

My grief has almost blinded me. Her brother ?

By Venus, he has all her sweetness on him !

Two silver drops of dew were never liker.

Y. Arch. Gracious lady——

Olym. That pleasant pipe he has too.

Y. Arch. Being my happiness to pass by this
way,

And having, as I understood by letters,
A sister in your virtuous service, madam——

Olym. Oh, now my heart, my heart aches !

Y. Arch. All the comfort

My poor youth has, all that my hopes have built
me ;

I thought it my first duty, my best service,
Here to arrive first, humbly to thank your grace
For my poor sister, humbly to thank your noble-
ness,

That bounteous goodness in you——

Olym. 'Tis he, certainly.

Y. Arch. That spring of favour to her ; with my
life, madam,

If any such most happy means might meet me,
To shew my thankfulness !

Olym. What have I done ? fool !

Y. Arch. She came a stranger to your grace, no
courtier,

Nor of that curious breed befits your service ;

Yet one, I dare assure my soul, that loved you
Before she saw you; doted on your virtues;
Before she knew those fair eyes, long'd to read
'em;

You only had her prayers, you her wishes;
And that one hope to be yours once, preserved her.

Olym. I have done wickedly.

Y. Arch. A little beauty,
Such as a cottage breeds, she brought along with
her;

And yet our country eyes esteem'd it much too:
But for her beauteous mind (forget, great lady,
I am her brother, and let me speak a stranger)
Since she was able to beget a thought, 'twas ho-
nest.

The daily study how to fit your services,
Truly to tread that virtuous path you walk in,
So fired her honest soul, we thought her sainted.
I presume she's still the same: I would fain see
her;

For, madam, 'tis no little love I owe her.

Olym. Sir, such a maid there was, I had——

Y. Arch. There was, madam?

Olym. Oh, my poor wench! Eyes, I will ever
curse ye

For your credulity:—Alinda?

Y. Arch. That's her name, madam.

Olym. Give me a little leave, sir, to lament her.

Y. Arch. Is she dead, lady?

Olym. Dead, sir, to my service:

She is gone. Pray you ask no further.

Y. Arch. I obey, madam.

Gone?—Now must I lament too. [*Aside.*—Said
you “gone,” madam?

Olym. Gone, gone for ever!

Y. Arch. That's a cruel saying.

Her honour too?

Olym. Pr'ythee look angry on me,
And, if thou ever lov'dst her, spit upon me :
Do something like a brother, like a friend,
And do not only say thou lov'st her !

Y. Arch. You amaze me.

Olym. I ruin'd her, I wrong'd her, I abused her ;
Poor innocent soul, I flung her.⁹—Sweet Alinda,
Thou virtuous maid ! my soul now calls thee vir-
tuous.—

Why do you not rail now at me !

Y. Arch. For what, lady ?

Olym. Call me base treacherous woman ?

Y. Arch. Heaven defend me !

Olym. Rashly I thought her false, and put her
from me ;

Rashly and madly I betrayed her modesty :

Put her to wander, Heaven knows where : Nay,
more, sir,

Stuck a black brand upon her !

Y. Arch. 'Twas not well, lady.

Olym. 'Twas damnable ; she loving me so dearly,
Never poor wench loved so. Sir, believe me,
'Twas the most duteous wench, the best compa-
nion ;

When I was pleased, the happiest and the gladdest ;
The modestest sweet nature dwelt within her :
I saw all this, I knew all this, I loved it,
I doted on it too, and yet I kill'd it.

Oh, what have I forsaken ? what have I lost ?

Y. Arch. Madam, I'll take my leave ; since she
is wand'ring,

'Tis fit I know no rest.

Olym. Will you go too, sir ?

⁹ *I flung her.*] Probably we ought to read, *I stung her.*—Ed.
1778.

The old words may possibly mean—I flung her off.

I have not wrong'd you yet. If you dare trust me—

For yet I love Alinda there, I honour her,
I love to look upon those eyes that speak her,
To read that face again—Modesty keep me!

[*Aside.*

Alinda, in that shape!—But why should you trust me?

'Twas I betray'd your sister, I undid her;
And, believe me, gentle youth, 'tis I weep for her.
Appoint what penance you please; but stay then,
And see me perform it; ask what honour this place
Is able to heap on you, or what wealth:
If following me will like you, my care of you,
Which, for your sister's sake, for your own good-
ness—

Y. Arch. Not all the honour earth has, now
she's gone, lady,
Not all the favour—Yet, if I sought preferment,
Under your bounteous grace I would only take it.
Peace rest upon you! One sad tear every day,
For poor Alinda's sake, 'tis fit you pay! [*Exit.*

Olym. A thousand, noble youth; and when I
sleep,
Even in my silver slumbers¹ still I'll weep.
[*Exeunt.*

¹ Silver slumbers.] Perhaps originally, SILENT slumbers—Ed. 1778.

The text is perfectly right. In Henry IV. part I. we have *golden sleep*, upon which Mr Holt White observes—"The various epithets borrowed from the qualities of metals which have been bestowed on *sleep* may serve to show how vaguely words are applied in poetry. In the line before us *sleep* is called *golden*, and in King Richard III. we have *leaden slumbers*. But in Virgil it is *ferreus somnus*; while Homer terms *sleep* *brazen*, or more strictly *copper*, χαλκεος υπνος."—Shakspeare, ed. 1803. XI. 262. Fletcher is perhaps singular in applying the epithet *silver* to *sleep*.

SCENE III.

Another in the same.

Enter Duke and Gentlemen.

Duke. Have you been with 'em?

Gent. Yes, an't please your grace;
But no persuasion serves 'em, nor no promise:
They are fearful angry, and by this time, sir,
Upon their march to the enemy.

Duke. They must be stopp'd.

Gent. Ay, but what force is able? and what
leader—

Enter BURRIS.

Duke. How now? have you been with Archas?

Burris. Yes, an't please you,
And told him all: He frets like a chafed lion,
And calls for his arms, and all those honest cour-
tiers

That dare draw swords.

Duke. Is he able to do any thing?

Burris. His mind is well enough; and where
his charge is,
Let him be ne'er so sore, 'tis a full army.

Duke. Who commands the rebels?

Burris. The young colonel;
That makes the old man almost mad. He swears,
sir,

He will not spare his son's head for the dukedom.

Duke. Is the court in arms?

Burris. As fast as they can bustle.
Every man mad to go now; inspired strangely,
As if they were to force the enemy.
I beseech your grace to give me leave.

Duke. Pray go, sir,
And look to the old man well. Take up all fairly,
And let no blood be spilt; take general pardons,
And quench this fury with fair peace.

Burris. I shall, sir,
Or seal it with my service.² They are villains.
The court is up: Good sir, go strengthen 'em;
Your royal sight will make 'em scorn all dangers;
The general needs no proof.

Duke. Come, let's go view 'em. [Exeunt.

² Or seal it with my service.] This expression is obscure; but the following seems to be the meaning of it: "I'll either quench this fury, or, in endeavouring so to do, put a period to my service."

SCENE IV.

Open Country.

Enter THEODORE, PUTSKIE, ANCIENT, Soldiers, drums and colours.

Theod. 'Tis known we are up, and marching.
No submission,
No promise of base peace, can cure our maladies :
We have suffer'd beyond all repair of honour ;
Your valiant old man's whipt ; whipt, gentlemen,
Whipt like a slave ! that flesh that never trem-
bled,
Nor shrunk one sinew at a thousand charges,
That noble body, ribb'd in arms, the enemy
So often shook at, and then shunn'd like thunder,
That body's torn with lashes.

Anc. Let's turn head.

Puts. Turn nothing, gentlemen ; let's march
on fairly,
Unless they charge us.

Theod. Think still of his abuses,
And keep your angers.

Anc. He was whipt like a top ;
I never saw a whore so laced : Court school-
butter ?
Is this their diet ? I'll dress 'em one running ban-
quet :
What oracle can alter us ? Did not we see him ?

See him we loved?

Theod. And though we did obey him;
Forced by his reverence for that time; is't fit,
gentlemen,

My noble friends, is't fit we men and soldiers,
Live to endure this, and look on too?

Puts. Forward!

They may call back the sun as soon, stay time,
Prescribe a law to death, as we endure this.

Theod. They make ye all fair promises.

Anc. We care not.

Theod. Use all their arts upon ye.

Anc. Hang all their arts!

Puts. And happily they'll bring him with 'em.

Anc. March apace then;

He's old, and cannot overtake us.

Puts. Say he do?

Anc. We'll run away with him; they shall never
see him more.

The truth is, we'll hear nothing; stop at nothing,
Consider nothing but our way; believe nothing,
Not though they say their prayers; be content
with nothing,

But the knocking out their brains; and last do
nothing

But ban 'em and curse 'em, till we come to kill
'em.

Theod. Remove then forwards bravely! Keep
your minds whole,
And the next time we face 'em shall be fatal.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Country.

Enter ARCHAS, Duke, BURRIS, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Archas. Peace to your grace! Take rest, sir;
they are before us.

Gent. They are, sir, and upon the march.

[*Exit Duke.*]

Archas. Lord Burris,
Take you those horse and coast 'em :³ Upon the
first advantage,

³ *Take you those horse, and coast 'em.*] Probably we should read *cote*, which signifies *overtake*. So in Shakspeare's *Hamlet*, Rosencrantz, speaking of the players, says, "we *coted* them on the way." Also, in *The Return from Parnassus*, a Comedy, 1606, reprinted in Hawkins's *Origin of the Drama*,

"—— marry, we presently *coted*, and outstript them."

Reed.

There is no absolute occasion for any amendment, as the verb *to coast* may mean, to reconnoitre along the enemies' lines, take a side-long view of them. This supports Steevens' interpretation of the following lines in *Troilus and Cressida*, alluding to the latter, Shakspeare, XV. 407.

"O, these encounterers so glib of tongue,
That give a *coasting* welcome ere it comes!"

If they will not slack their march, charge 'em
up roundly ;

By that time I'll come in.

Burris. I'll do it truly. [Exit.]

Gent. How do you feel yourself, sir?

Archas. Well, I thank you ;

A little weak, but anger shall supply that.

You will all stand bravely to it?

All. While we have lives, sir.

Archas. Ye speak like gentlemen. I'll make
the knaves know,

The proudest, and the strongest-hearted rebel,
They have a law to live in, and they shall have.

Beat up apace ; by this time he's upon 'em ;

And, sword, but hold me now, thou shalt play ever !

[Drum within. Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Another Part of the Country.

*Enter, drums beating, THEODORE, PUTSKIE, AN-
CIENT, and their Soldiers.*

Theod. Stand, stand, stand close, and sure ! The
horse will charge us !

Anc. Let 'em come on ; we have provender fit
for 'em.

Enter BURRIS, and one or two Soldiers.

Puts. Here comes Lord Burris, sir, I think to
parley.

Theod. You are welcome, noble sir ; I hope to our part.

Burris. No, valiant colonel, I am come to chide ye,

To pity ye, to kill ye, if these fail me.

Fy, what dishonour seek ye ! what black infamy !
Why do ye draw out thus ? draw all shame with ye ?

Are these fit cares in subjects ? I command ye
Lay down your arms again ; move in that peace,
That fair obedience, you were bred in.

Puts. Charge us !

We come not here to argue.

Theod. Charge up bravely,
And hotly too ; we have hot spleens to meet ye,
Hot as the shames are offer'd us.

Enter ARCHAS, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Burris. Look behind ye :

Do ye see that old man ? do ye know him, soldiers ?

Puts. Your father, sir, believe me !

Burris. You know his marches,
You have seen his executions : Is it yet peace ?

Theod. We'll die here first.

Burris. Farewell ! You'll hear on's presently.

Archas. Stay, Burris :

This is too poor, too beggarly a body,
To bear the honour of a charge from me ;
A sort of tatter'd rebels.⁴ Go, provide gallowses !
Ye are troubled with hot heads ; I'll cool ye presently !

⁴ *A sort of tatter'd rebels.*] Sort means here, as in many passages of old plays, a company.

These look like men that were my soldiers,
Now I behold 'em nearly, and more narrowly,
My honest friends: Where got they these fair
figures?

Where did they steal these shapes?

Burris. They are struck already.

Archas. Do you see that fellow there, that
goodly rebel?

He looks as like a captain I loved tenderly,
A fellow of a faith indeed——

Burris. He has shamed him.

Archas. And that that bears the colours there,
most certain

So like an Ancient of mine own, a brave fellow,
A loving and obedient, that, believe me, *Burris*,
I am amazed and troubled: And, were it not
I know the general goodness of my people,
The duty, and the truth, the stedfast honesty,
And am assured they would as soon turn devils
As rebels to allegiance, for mine honour——

Burris. Here needs no wars.

Puts. I pray forgive us, sir.

Anc. Good general, forgive us, or use your
sword;

Your words are double death.

All. Good noble general!

Burris. Pray, sir, be merciful.

Archas. Weep out your shames first;

Ye make me fool for company. *Fy*, soldiers!
My soldiers too, and play these tricks? What's he
there?

Sure I have seen his face too! Yes; most certain
I have a son (but I hope he is not here now)
Would much resemble this man, wond'rous near
him;

Just of his height and making too. You seem a leader.

Theod. Good sir, do not shame me more : I know your anger,
And less than death I look not for.

Archas. You shall be my charge, sir ; it seems you want foes,
When you would make your friends your enemies.
A running blood you have, but I shall cure you.

Burris. Good sir——

Archas. No more, good lord.—Beat forward, soldiers!—

And you march in the rear ; you have lost your places. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Moscow. The Court of the Palace.

Enter Duke, OLYMPIA, HONORA and VIOLA.

Duke. You shall not be thus sullen with me,
sister ;

You do the most unnobly to be angry,
For, as I have a soul, I never touch'd her ;
I never yet knew one unchaste thought in her.
I must confess I loved her ; as who would not ?
I must confess I doted on her strangely ;
I offer'd all, yet so strong was her honour,

So fortified as fair, no hope could reach her :
 And while the world beheld this, and confirm'd it,
 Why would you be so jealous ?

Olym. Good sir, pardon me ;
 I feel sufficiently my folly's penance,
 And am ashamed ; that shame a thousand sorrows
 Feed on continually. 'Would I had never seen her,
 Or with a clearer judgment look'd upon her !
 She was too good for me ; so heavenly good, sir,
 Nothing but Heaven can love that soul sufficiently,
 Where I shall see her once again !

Enter BURRIS.

Duke. No more tears ;
 If she be within the dukedom, we'll recover her.—
 Welcome, Lord Burris ; fair news I hope.

Burris. Most fair, sir :
 Without one drop of blood these wars are ended,
 The soldier cool'd again, indeed ashamed, sir,
 And all his anger ended.

Duke. Where's Lord Archas ?

Burris. Not far off, sir ; with him his valiant
 son,
 Head of this fire, but now a prisoner ;
 And, if by your sweet mercy not prevented,
 I fear some fatal stroke. [Drums.

Duke. I hear the drums beat.—

*Enter ARCHAS, THEODORE, Gentlemen, and
 Soldiers.*

Welcome, my worthy friend !

Archas. Stand where you are, sir ;
 Even as you love your country, move not forward,
 Nor plead for peace, till I have done a justice,
 A justice on this villain, (none of mine now !)

A justice on this rebel.

Hon. Oh, my brother!

Archas. This fatal firebrand——

Duke. Forget not, old man,
He is thy son, of thine own blood.

Archas. In these veins
No treachery e'er harbour'd yet, no mutiny;
I ne'er gave life to lewd and headstrong rebels.

Duke. 'Tis his first fault.

Archas. Not of a thousand, sir;
Or, were it so, it is a fault so mighty,
So strong against the nature of all mercy,
His mother, were she living, would not weep for
him.

He dare not say he would live.

Theod. I must not, sir,
While you say 'tis not fit.—Your grace's mercy,
[*Kneels.*
Not to my life applied, but to my fault, sir!
The world's forgiveness next! last, on my knees,
sir,

I humbly beg,
Do not take from me yet the name of father!
Strike me a thousand blows, but let me die yours!

Archas. He moves my heart: I must be sudden
with him, [Draws.
I shall grow faint else in my execution.—
Come, come, sir, you have seen death; now meet
him bravely.

Duke. Hold, hold, I say, a little, hold! Con-
sider,

Thou hast no more sons, Archas, to inherit thee.

Archas. Yes, sir, I have another, and a nobler:
No treason shall inherit me: Young Archas,
A boy as sweet as young; my brother breeds him,
My noble brother Briskie, breeds him nobly:

Him let your favour find, give him your honour.

Enter PUTSKIE, (alias BRISKIE) and Young ARCHAS.

Puts. Thou hast no child left, Archas, none to inherit thee,
If thou strikest that stroke now. Behold young Archas!

Behold thy brother here, thou bloody brother,
As bloody to this sacrifice as thou art!
Heave up thy sword, and mine's heaved up!
Strike, Archas,

And I'll strike too, as suddenly, as deadly!
Have mercy, and I'll have mercy! the duke gives it.
Look upon all these, how they weep it from thee;
Chuse quickly, and begin.

Duke. On your obedience,
On your allegiance, save him!

Archas. Take him to ye: [*Soldiers shout.*]
And, sirrah, be an honest man; you have reason.
I thank you, worthy brother! Welcome, child,
Mine own sweet child!

Duke. Why was this boy conceal'd thus?

Puts. Your grace's pardon!
Fearing the vow you made against my brother,
And that your anger would not only light
On him, but find out all his family,
This young boy, to preserve from after-danger,
Like a young wench, hither I brought; myself,
In the habit of an ordinary captain
Disguised, got entertainment, and served here,
That I might still be ready to all fortunes.
The boy your grace took, nobly entertain'd him,
But thought a girl; Alinda, madam.

Olym. Stand away,

And let me look upon him !

Duke. My young mistress ?—

This is a strange metamorphosis.—Alinda ?

Y. Arch. Your grace's humble servant.

Duke. Come hither, sister.—

I dare yet scarce believe mine eyes. How they
view one another ?—

Dost thou not love this boy well ?

Olym. I should lie else, trust me,
Extremely lie else.

Duke. Didst thou ne'er wish, Olympia,
It might be thus ?

Olym. A thousand times.

Duke. Here, take him !

Nay, do not blush : I do not jest ; kiss sweetly !
Boy, you kiss faintly, boy. Heaven give ye com-
fort !

Teach him ; he'll quickly learn. There's two
hearts eased now.

urchas. You do me too much honour, sir.

Duke. No, Archas ;

But all I can, I will.—Can you love me ? Speak
truly.

Hon. Yes, sir, dearly.

Duke. Come hither, Viola ; can you love this
man ?

Viola. I'll do the best I can, sir.

Duke. Seal it, Burris.

We'll all to church together instantly ;

And then a vie for boys !⁵ Stay, bring Boroskie !
I had almost forgot that lump of mischief.

⁵ *And then a vie for boys.*] *Vie* and *revie* are terms at an old game at cards, formerly played at, called *gleeck*. It seems to have

BOROSKIE is brought in.

There, Archas, take the enemy to honour,
The knave to worth; do with him what thou wilt.

Archas. Then, to my sword again, you to your
prayers; [*Draws.*

Wash off your villainies; you feel the burden.

Bor. Forgive me ere I die, most honest Archas!
[*Kneels.*

'Tis too much honour that I perish thus.

Oh, strike my faults to kill them, that no memory,
No black and blasted infamy, hereafter——

Archas. Come, are you ready?

Bor. Yes.

Archas. And truly penitent, to make your way
straight?

Bor. Thus I wash off my sins.

Archas. Stand up, and live then,
And live an honest man; I scorn men's ruins.—
Take him again, sir, try him; and believe
This thing will be a perfect man.

Duke. I take him.

Bor. And when I fail those hopes, Heaven's
hopes fail me!

Duke. You are old: No more wars, father!—
Theodore,

Take you the charge; be general.

Theod. All good bless you!

Duke. And, my good father, you dwell in my
bosom;

been much like the present game *brag*. The manner in which it was played is described in "The Compleat Gamester, or Instructions how to play at Billiards, Trucks, Bowls, and Chess, together with all Manner of usual and most genteel Games, either on Cards or Dice." 2d edit. 1680.—*Reed.*

From you rise all my good thoughts: When I
would think

And examine time for one that's fairly noble,
And the same man through all the straits of virtue,
Upon this silver book I'll look, and read him.—

Now forward merrily to Hymen's rites,
To joys, and revels, sports! and he that can
Most honour Archas, is the noblest man.

[*Exeunt.*]

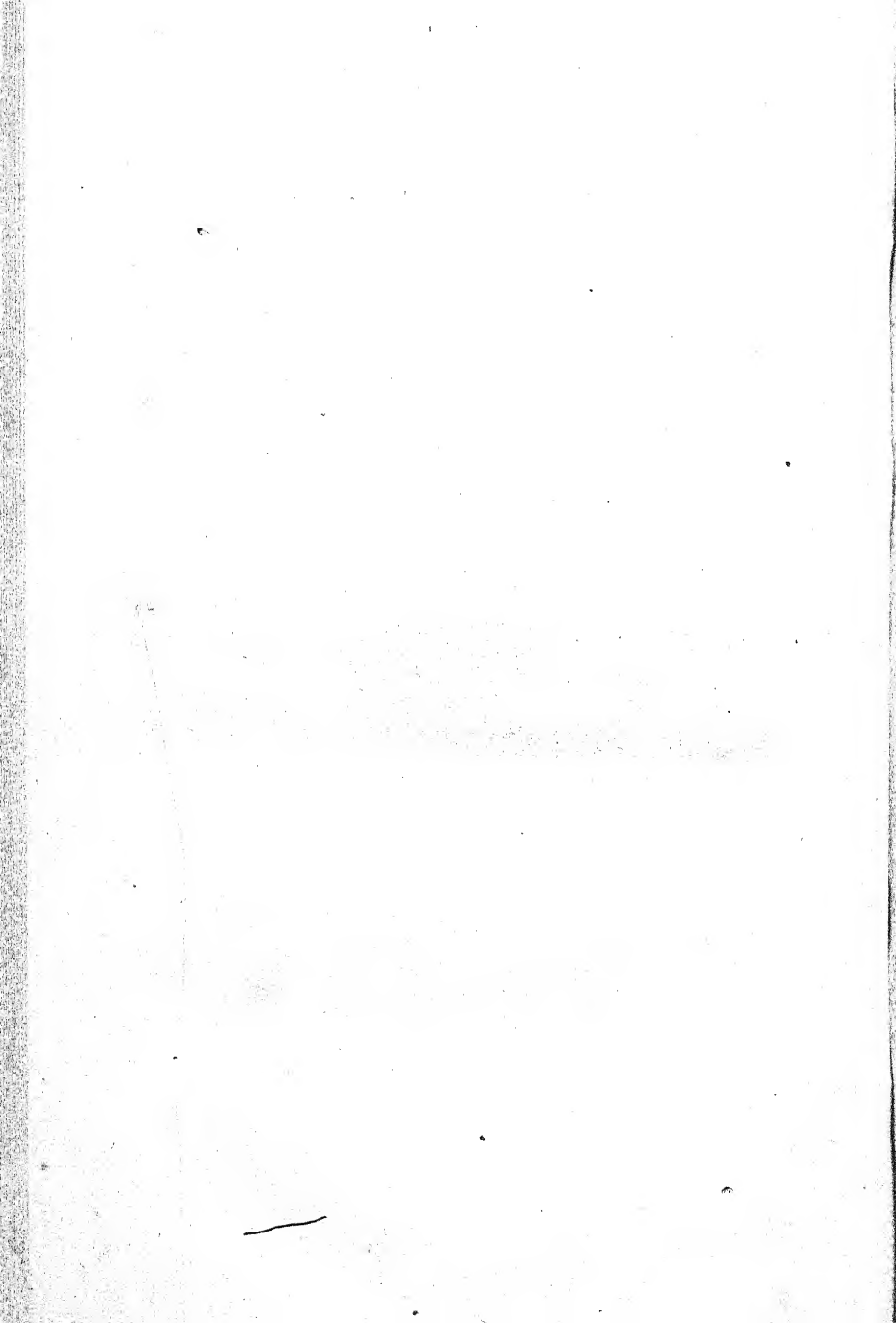
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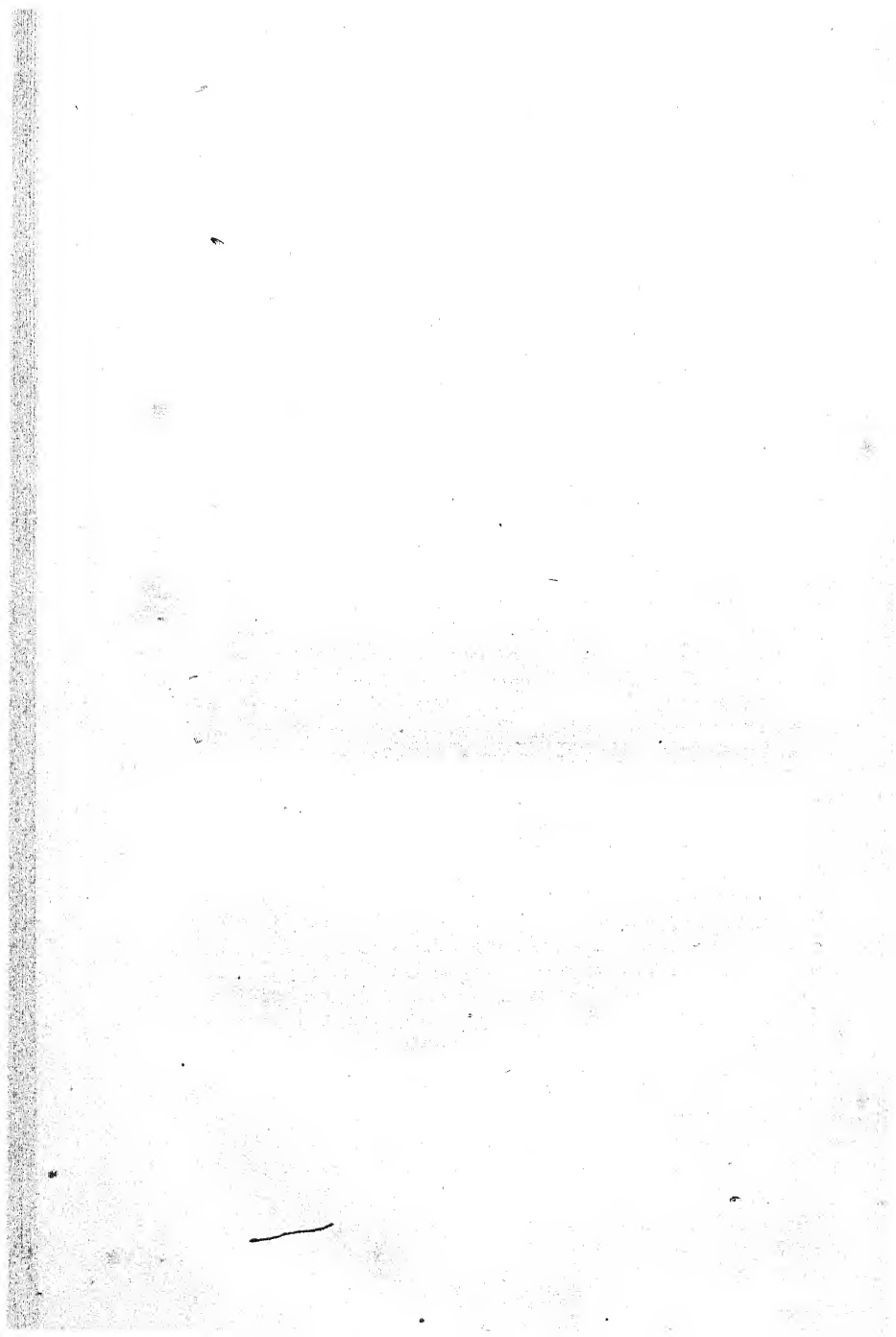
Though something well assured, few here repent
Three hours of precious time, or money spent
On our endeavours; yet, not to rely
Too much upon our care and industry,
'Tis fit we should ask, but a modest way,
How you approve our action in the play?
If you vouchsafe to crown it with applause,
It is your bounty, and you give us cause
Hereafter with a general consent
To study as becomes us, your content.



MONSIEUR THOMAS.

BY

JOHN FLETCHER.



MONSIEUR THOMAS.

THIS comedy was first published in quarto with this title—"Monsieur Thomas; a Comedy. Acted at the Private House in Blacke Fryers. The Author, John Fletcher, Gent. London: Printed by Thomas Harper, for John Waterson, and are to be sold at his shop, in Paul's Church-yard, at the Signe of the Crowne. 1639." Having been preserved by Richard Brome, once the servant of Ben Jonson, and a dramatic author of no inconsiderable popularity and merit, it was by him given to the press, with a dedication and a copy of verses;^{*} from which, as well as from the title, it appears unquestionable that the comedy was the sole production of Fletcher, most probably after Beaumont's death.

In 1678, that notorious pirate, Tom Durfey, made some alterations (as usual, for the worse,) in this play, and brought it (almost without acknowledgment to the original author) on the stage, under the title of *Trick for Trick; or the Debauch'd Hypocrite*. During the last century it appears to have suffered entire, and certainly very undeserved, neglect.

Monsieur Thomas is an excellent comedy, of a very sprightly and entertaining cast. Like the contemporary Spanish plays, it is full of bustle, and of amusing, though perhaps not always very probable incidents. The several characters of the madcap who gives name to the comedy, of his roaring father, and of Hylas, the general and superficial lover, are well discriminated, and not beyond the bounds of probability. The humour is not so elaborate as in many others of these plays, and consists more in the incidents than in the dialogue. The serious part of the play contains some exquisite scenes, and is not inferior to the generality of Fletcher's dramas of the second rank, such as *The Pilgrim*, *The Beggar's*

^{*} These have not been preserved in either of the modern editions. They are now printed from the quarto.

Bush, The Maid of the Mill, &c. It must, at the same time, be confessed, that our poet, in this instance, was certainly not sufficiently attentive to increase the interest of the plot in its progress from the first to the last act.

The original idea of the plot of Valentine, Cellidè and Francisco, was probably borrowed from the celebrated novel of Tito and Gissippo, in the last *giornata* of Boccaccio's Decameron, which is again borrowed from the fabliau *Des deux Amis loiax*, in the collection of tales translated from Petrus Alphonsus, under the title of *Le Castoïement d'un Pere à son fils*, published by Barbazan separately, and reprinted in the new edition of his *Fabliaux*, Paris, 1808, tome II. The obligation, however, which Fletcher owes to these originals is so trifling, and the tales themselves so well known, that it has not been thought necessary to abridge them in this place. In the first scene of the third act, where Cellidè endeavours to subdue the affection of Francisco by assuming a light and wanton behaviour, our poet may have had in his recollection the similar conduct of Clorin towards her lover, Thenot, in his own pastoral, The Faithful Shepherdess.

To the noble Honourer of the dead Author's Works and Memory,
Master CHARLES COTTON.²

SIR,

MY directing of this piece unto you renders me obvious to many censures which I would willingly prevent by declaring mine own and your right thereto. Mine was the fortune to be made the unworthy preserver of it; yours is the worthy opinion you have of the author and his poems: neither can it easily be determined whether your affection to them hath made you (by observing) more able to judge of them, than your ability to judge of them hath made you to affect them, deservedly, not partially. In this presumptuous act of mine, I express my two-fold zeal; to him, and your noble self, who have built him a more honourable monument in that fair opinion you have of him, than any in-

² Charles Cotton, Esq. of Beresford, in Staffordshire, was a gentleman of considerable fortune. His character is drawn by Lord Clarendon in very favourable colours. The latter part of his life was rendered gloomy by some severe misfortunes. He died in 1658. He was father to the more celebrated person of the same name, who is well known for his burlesque poetry; but his miscellaneous poems deserve more attention than they have hitherto obtained.

scription subject to the wearing of time can be. You will find him in this poem as active as in others, to many of which the dull apprehensions of former times gave but slender allowance, from malicious custom more than reason ; yet they have since, by your candid self and others, been clearly vindicated. You shall oblige by your acceptance of this acknowledgment (which is the best I can render you, mine own weak labours being too unworthy your judicious perusal) him that is ambitious to be known your most humble servant,

RICHARD BROME.

In Praise of the Author and his following Poem.

'Tis both the life of action and of wit,
 When actors so the fancied humours hit,
 As if 'twixt them and th' author there were strife
 How each to other should give mutual life.
 The last this wanted not. Invention strays
 Here in full many pleasant turning ways,
 That, like meanders, their curl'd circles bend,
 Yet, in a smooth stream, run to crown the end.
 Then 'tis authoriz'd by the author's name,
 Who never writ but with such sprightly flame,
 As if the muses jointly did inspire
 His raptures only with their sacred fire.
 And yet perhaps it did participate
 At first presenting but of common fate ;
 When Ignorance was judge, and but a few
 What was legitimate, what bastard, knew.
 The world's grown wiser now : each man can say,
 If Fletcher made it, 'tis an excellent play.
 Thus poems, like their authors, may be said,
 Never to live till they have first been dead.

RICHARD BROME.³

³ See a general eulogium on these plays by Richard Brome, and some account of him, in the first volume.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- ✓ Valentine, *a gentleman lately returned from travel.*
- ✓ Monsieur Thomas, *his fellow-traveller.*
- ✓ Sebastian, *his father.*
- ✓ Francisco,¹ *Valentine's son, in love with Cellidè.*
- ✓ Hylas, *a general lover.*
- ✓ Sam, *a gentleman, his friend.*
- ✓ Launcelot, *Monsieur Thomas's man.*
- ✓ Michael, *a gentleman, Valentine's neighbour.*
- Three Physicians, and an Apothecary.
- A Barber.

- ✓ Alice, *Valentine's sister.*
- ✓ Cellidè, *beloved by Valentine, in love with Francis.*
- ✓ Mary, *niece to Valentine and Alice, in love with Monsieur Thomas.*
- ✓ Dorothea, *Monsieur Thomas's sister.*
- Abbess of St Katherine's, *aunt to Monsieur Thomas.*
- ✓ Madge, Kate, a Black-a-moor, and other Maids.

SCENE—London.²

¹ This character is called Francisco, Francis, and Frank in the course of the play.

² There is no enumeration of the Dramatis Personæ in the quarto and folio.

MONSIEUR THOMAS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in the House of Valentine.

Enter ALICE and VALENTINE.

Alice. How dearly welcome you are !

Val. I know it ;

And, my best sister, you as dear to my sight,
And pray let this confirm it : How you have govern'd

My poor state in my absence, how my servants,
I dare, and must believe (else I should wrong ye)
The best and worthiest.

Alice. As my woman's wit, sir,
Which is but weak and crazy.

Val. But, good Alice,
Tell me how fares the gentle Cellidè,
The life of my affection, since my travel,
My long and lazy travel ? Is her love still
Upon the growing hand ? does it not stop
And wither at my years ? has she not view'd

And entertain'd some younger smooth behaviour,
Some youth but in his blossom, as herself is?
There lie my fears.

Alice. They need not ; for, believe me,
So well you have managed her, and won her mind,
Even from her hours of childhood to this ripeness,
(And, in your absence, that by me enforced still)
So well distill'd your gentleness into her,
Observed her, fed her fancy, lived still in her,
And, though Love be a boy, and ever youthful,
And young and beauteous objects ever aim'd at,
Yet here you have gone beyond Love, better'd
Nature,

Made him appear in years, in grey years fiery,
His bow at full bent ever. Fear not, brother ;
For though your body has been far off from her,
Yet every hour your heart, which is your goodness,

I have forced into her, won a place prepared too,
And willingly, to give it ever harbour ;
Believe she is so much your's, and won by miracle,
(Which is by age) so deep a stamp set on her
By your observances, she cannot alter.
Were the child living now you lost at sea
Among the Genoa gallies, what a happiness !
What a main blessing !

Val. Oh, no more, good sister ;
Touch no more that string, 'tis too harsh and jarring !

With that child all my hopes went, and, you know,
The root of all those hopes, the mother too,
Within few days.

Alice. 'Tis too true, and too fatal ;
But peace be with their souls !

Val. For her loss, .
I hope the beauteous Cellidè—

Alice. You may, sir,

For all she is, is yours.

Val. For the poor boy's loss,
I have brought a noble friend I found in travel;
A worthier mind, and a more temperate spirit;
If I have so much judgment to discern 'em,
Man yet was never master of.

Alice. What is he?

Val. A gentleman, I do assure myself,
And of a worthy breeding, though he hide it.
I found him at Valentia, poor and needy,
Only his mind the master of a treasure:
I sought his friendship, won him by much violence,

His honesty and modesty still fearing
To thrust a charge upon me. How I love him,
He shall now know, where want and he hereafter
Shall be no more companions. Use him nobly;
It is my will, good sister; all I have
I make him free companion in, and partner,
But only——

Alice. I observe you; hold your right there:
Love and high rule allow no rivals, brother.
He shall have fair regard, and all observance.

Enter HYLAS.

Hylas. You are welcome, noble sir.

Val. What, Monsieur Hylas!

I'm glad to see your merry body well yet.

Hylas. I'faith you're welcome home! What
news beyond seas?

Val. None, but new men expected, such as you
are,

To breed new admirations. 'Tis my sister;

Pray you know her, sir.

Hylas. With all my heart. Your leave, lady?

Alice. You have it, sir. [*They salute.*]

Hylas. A shrewd smart touch ! which does prognosticate
[*Aside.*

A body keen and active : Somewhat old,
But that's all one ; age brings experience
And knowledge to dispatch.—I must be better,
And nearer in my service, with your leave, sir,
To this fair lady.

Val. What,* the old 'Squire of Dames still ?

Hylas. Still the admirer of their goodness.—

With all my heart now, [*Aside.*

I love a woman of her years, a pacer,
That, lay the bridle on her neck, will travel—
Forty, and somewhat fulsome, is a fine dish ;
These young colts are too skittish.

Enter MARY.

Alice. My cousin Mary,
In all her joy, sir, to congratulate
Your fair return.

Val. My loving and kind cousin,
A thousand welcomes !

Mary. A thousand thanks to Heaven, sir,
For your safe voyage and return !

Val. I thank you.
But where's my blessed Cellidè ? Her slackness
In visitation——

Mary. Think not so, dear uncle ;

* *What, the old squire of dames still ?* Alluding to the *squire of dames*, who, in the seventh canto of the *Legend of Chastity*, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, tells Satyrane, that, by order of his mistress, Columbel, (after having served the ladies for a year) he was sent out a second time, not to return till he could find three hundred women incapable of yielding to any temptation.—*Reed.*

In act II. sc. III., a very evident allusion to the same adventure may be found. A similar legend occurs in *The Arabian Nights Entertainments*.

I left her on her knees, thanking the gods
With tears and prayers.

Val. You have given me too much comfort.

Mary. She will not be long from you.

Hylas. Your fair cousin?

Val. It is so, and a bait you cannot balk, sir,
If your old rule reign in you. You may know her.

Hylas. A happy stock you have.—Right worthy
lady,

The poorest of your servants vows his duty
And obliged faith.²

Mary. Oh, 'tis a kiss you would, sir ;
Take it, and tie your tongue up.

Hylas. I'm an ass,
I do perceive now, a blind ass, a blockhead ;
For this is handsomeness, this that that draws us,
Body and bones. Oh, what a mounted forehead,
What eyes and lips, what every thing about her !
How like a swan she swims her pace, and bears
Her silver breasts ! This is the woman, she,
And only she, that I will so much honour
As to think worthy of my love ; all older idols
I heartily abhor, and give to gunpowder,
And all complexions besides hers, to gypsies.

*Enter FRANCISCO at one door, and CELLIDE at
another.*

Val. Oh, my dear life, my better heart ! all dan-
gers,
Distresses in my travel, all misfortunes,
Had they been endless like the hours upon me,

² *A happy stock ye have, &c.]* This is made a continuation of
Valentine's speech, by an omission of *Hylas's* name in the for-
mer editions.—*Seward.*

In this kiss had been buried in oblivion.
How happy have you made me, truly happy!

Cel. My joy has so much over-master'd me,
That, in my tears for your return——

Val. Oh, dearest!—

My noble friend too? What a blessedness
Have I about me now! how full my wishes
Are come again! A thousand hearty welcomes
I once more lay upon you! All I have,
The fair and liberal use of all my servants
To be at your command, and all the uses
Of all within my power,—

Fran. (You're too munificent;
Nor am I able to conceive those thanks, sir——

Val. You wrong my tender love now)—even
my service;

Nothing excepted; nothing stuck between us
And our entire affections, but this woman;³

³ ——— and all the uses

Of all within my power,—

Fran. Ye are too munificent,

Nor am I able to conceive those thanks, sir.

Val. Ye wrong my tender love now, even my service,

Nothing accepted, nothing stuck between us

And our entire affections, but this woman.] The change of *accepted* to *excepted* is Seward's, and needs no defence. But when that editor makes *even* a verb, and explains the words—Even my service, “You shall be served equal with myself; or expect a service equal to that which is paid to me,” he is evidently wrong, and confounds confusion. The present regulation of the pointing makes all plain, and is one of the happiest propositions of Mr Mason. “Valentine is proceeding,” he observes, “to express his love for Francis, and his kind attention to him; but, in the midst of his speech, is interrupted by Francis, who cannot contain his expressions of gratitude: To this Valentine makes a short reply, and then proceeds as he first intended. If the speech of Francis, and Valentine's reply to it, be included in a parenthesis, and the passage be properly pointed, the sense of it will be evident. *Even my services* means, even my own service, as well as that of my servants.”

This I beseech ye, friend——

Fran. It is a jewel,
I do confess, would make a thief, but never
Of him that's so much yours, and bound your ser-
vant :

That were a base ingratitude.

Val. You are noble !
Pray be acquainted with her. Keep your way, sir ;
My cousin, and my sister.

Alice. You are most welcome.

Mary. If any thing in our poor powers, fair sir,
To render you content, and liberal welcome,
May but appear, command it.

Alice. You shall find us
Happy in our performance.

Fran. The poor servant
Of both your goodnesses presents his service.

Val. Come, no more compliment ; custom has
made it
Dull, old, and tedious : You are once more wel-
come
As your own thoughts can make ye, and the same
ever :

And so we'll in to ratify it.

Hylas. Hark ye, Valentine :
Is Wild-Oats yet come over ?

Val. Yes, with me, sir.

Mary. How does he bear himself ?

Val. A great deal better.

Why do you blush ? The gentleman will do well.

Mary. I should be glad on't, sir.

Val. How does his father ?

Hylas. As mad a worm as e'er he was.

Val. I look'd for't :

Shall we enjoy your company ?

Hylas. I'll wait on ye :

Only a thought or two.

Val. We bar all prayers. [*Exeunt all but HYLAS.*

Hylas. This last wench! ay, this last wench
was a fair one,

A dainty wench, a right one! A devil take it,
What do I ail? to have fifteen now in liking!
Enough, a man would think, to stay my stomach:
But what's fifteen, or fifteenscore, to my thoughts?
And wherefore are mine eyes made, and have lights,
But to increase my objects? This last wench
Sticks plaguy close unto me; a hundred pound
I were as close to her! If I loved now,
As many foolish men do, I should run mad. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Sebastian's House.

Enter SEBASTIAN and LAUNCELOT.

Seb. Sirrah, no more of your French shrugs, I
advise you!

If you be lousy, shift yourself.

Laun. May it please your worship——

Seb. Only to see my son; my son, good Laun-
celot;

Your master and my son! Body o' me, sir,
No money, no more money, Monsieur Launcelot,
Not a denier, sweet signior! Bring the person,
The person of my boy, my boy Tom, Monsieur
Thomas,

Or get you gone again! *Du gata whee*,⁴ Sir!

⁴ *Du gata whee.*] The expression *Du cat a whee* occurs in the

Bassa mi cu, good Launcelot ! *valetote* !⁵

My boy, or nothing !

Laun. Then, to answer punctually,—

Seb. I say to th' purpose.

Laun. Then I say to th' purpose ;

Because your worship's vulgar understanding

May meet me at the nearest : Your son, my master,

Or Monsieur Thomas, (for so his travel styles him)

Through many foreign plots that virtue meets with,

And dangers (I beseech you give attention)

Is at the last arrived,

To ask your (as the Frenchman calls it sweetly)

Benediction de jour en jour.

Seb. Sirrah, don't conjure me with your French furies.⁶

Laun. *Che ditt'a vous*, monsieur ?

Seb. *Che dog'a vou*, rascal !

Leave me your rotten language, and tell me plainly,

Custom of the Country ; upon which we have said (vol. II. p. 300,) that “ we were assured it was not Welch,” as Theobald had asserted, though without declaring its signification. The genuine Welch, of which this is a vitiation, is *Duw cadw chwi*, God bless or preserve you. *Duw cadw ni* is, God bless or preserve us,—Ed. 1778.

⁵ *Valetote.*] A corruption of *voila tout* !—Ed. 1778.

⁶ *Don't conjure me with your French furies.*] The old man, not understanding the expression *de jour en jour*, repeats the English words that are nearest it in sound ; and, in the old quarto of this play, it is hard to distinguish whether the last word be *juries* or *furies* ; I prefer the former, and think the similitude of sounds more in character than any allusion between the *furies* and conjuration.—*Seward.*

Furies is the *visible* lection of the old quarto, and every edition prior to Mr Seward's ; it is also good sense and natural ; and *conjure me* is play enough upon Launcelot's *de jour en jour*.—Ed. 1778.

I strongly suspect Seward in the present case is right, though the lection in the quarto is plainly *furies*.

And quickly, sirrah, lest I crack your French crown,
What your good master means. I have maintain'd
You and your monsieur, as I take it, Launcelot,
These two years at your *ditty vous*, your *jours* !
Four me no more ; for not another penny
Shall pass my purse.

Laun. Your worship is erroneous ;
For, as I told you, your son Tom, or Thomas,
My master and your son, is now arrived
To ask you (as our language bears it nearest)
Your quotidian blessing ; and here he is in person.

Enter THOMAS.

Seb. What, Tom, boy ! welcome with all my
heart, boy !
Welcome, 'faith ! thou hast gladdened me at soul,
boy !
Infinite glad I am. I have pray'd too, Thomas,
For you, wild Thomas. Tom, I thank thee heartily
For coming home.

Tho. Sir, I do find your prayers
Have much prevail'd above my sins——

Seb. How's this ?

Tho. Else certain I had perish'd with my rude-
ness,

Ere I had won myself to that discretion
I hope you shall hereafter find.

Seb. Humh, humh !

Discretion ? is it come to that ? the boy's spoil'd.

Tho. Sirrah, you rogue, look for't ! for I will
make thee

Ten times more miserable than thou thought'st
thyself

Before thou travell'dst : Thou hast told my father
(I know it, and I find it) all my rogueries,

By mere way of prevention, to undo me.

Laun. Sir, as I speak eight languages, I only
Told him you came to ask his benediction,
De jour en jour !

Tho. But that I must be civil,
I would beat thee like a dog.—Sir, howsoever
The time I have misspent, may make you doubtful,
Nay, harden your belief 'gainst my conversion—

Seb. A pox o' travel, I say !

Tho. Yet, dear father,
Your own experience in my after-courses——

Enter DOROTHEA.

Seb. Pr'ythee no more ; 'tis scurvy ! There's
thy sister.—

Undone, without redemption ! he eats with picks ;⁷
Utterly spoil'd, his spirit baffled in him !
How have I sinn'd, that this affliction
Should light so heavy on me ? I have no more sons,
And this no more mine own ; no spark of nature
Allows him mine now ; he's grown tame. My
grand curse
Hang o'er his head that thus transform'd thee :
Travel !

⁷ —— *he eats with picks.*] The use of tooth-picks, and of forks
also, was first introduced in the time of our poets by the travelled
gentry, and they were considered by home-bred people as foppish
and fantastical. In Massinger's *Great Duke of Florence*, Calan-
drino, when describing the various accomplishments which he had
acquired since he became a courtier, says,—

———“ I have all that's requisite
To the making up of a signior ; my spruce ruff,
My hooded cloak, long stocking, and paned hose,
My case of tooth-picks, and my silver fork,
To convey an olive neatly to my mouth.”—*Mason.*

See Mr Gifford's very curious note on this passage. vol. II. p.
479.

You had rather blind him with that poor opinion
Than in yourself correct it. Dearest brother,
Since there is in our uniform resemblance
No more to make us two but our bare sexes,
And since one happy birth produced us hither,
Let one more happy mind——

Tho. It shall be, sister ;
For I can do it when I list, and yet, wench,
Be mad too when I please ; I have the trick on't :
Beware a traveller.

Dor. Leave that trick too.

Tho. Not for the world. But where's my mistress ?
And pr'ythee say how does she ? I melt to see her,
And presently : I must away.

Dor. Then do so,
For o' my faith she will not see you, brother.

Tho. Not see me ? I'll——

Dor. Now you play your true self ;
How would my father love this ! I'll assure you
She will not see you ; she has heard (and loudly)
The gambols that you play'd since your departure,
In every town you came, your several mischiefs,
Your rouses⁹ and your wenches ; all your quarrels,
And the no-causes of 'em ; these, I take it,
Although she love you well, to modest ears,
To one that waited for your reformation,
To which end travel was propounded by her uncle,
'Must needs, and reason for it, be examined,
And by her modesty : and fear'd too light too,
To file with her affections : You have lost her,
For any thing I see, exiled yourself.

⁹ *Your rouses.*] A *rouse* is a large dose of liquor, or a drunken debauch. Folly, in the Sun's Darling, by Ford and Dekkar, when Autumn proposes to dance, says—"I am for that too ; 'twill jog down the lees of these *rouses* into a freer passage."

Tho. No more of that, sweet Doll; I will be civil.

Dor. But how long?

Tho. Wouldst thou have me lose my birth-right?

For yond old thing will disinherit me,
If I grow too demure. Good sweet Doll, pr'ythee,
Pr'ythee, dear sister, let me see her!

Dor. No.

Tho. Nay, I beseech thee. By this light——

Dor. Ay, swagger.

Tho. Kiss me, and be my friend; we two were twins,

And shall we now grow strangers?

Dor. 'Tis not my fault.

Tho. Well, there be other women; and remember you,

You, you were the cause of this; there be more lands too,

And better people in 'em, (fare ye well!)
And other loves. What shall become of me,
And of my vanities, because they grieve you?

Dor. Come hither, come; do you see that cloud that flies there?

So light are you, and blown with every fancy.
Will you but make me hope you may be civil?
I know your nature's sweet enough, and tender,
Not grated on, nor curb'd: Do you love your mistress?

Tho. He lies that says I do not.

Dor. Would you see her?

Tho. If you please, for it must be so.

Dor. And appear to her

A thing to be beloved?

Tho. Yes.

Dor. Change then

A little of your wildness into wisdom,

And put on a more smoothness.

I'll do the best I can to help you ; yet

I do protest she swore, and swore it deeply,

She would never see you more. Where's your
man's heart now ?

What, do you faint at this ?

Tho. She is a woman :

But he she entertains next for a servant,*

I shall be bold to quarter !

Dor. No thought of fighting.

Go in, and there we'll talk more ; be but ruled,

And what lies in my power, ye shall be sure of.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in the Lodge of Mary.

Enter ALICE and MARY.

Alice. He cannot be so wild still !

Mary. 'Tis most certain ;

I have now heard all, and all the truth.

Alice. Grant all that ;

Is he the first that has been given a lost man,

And yet come fairly home ? He is young and ten-
der,

And fit for that impression your affections

* *But he she entertains next for a servant.* That is, engages or accepts for a lover. Both words have been already sufficiently illustrated.

Shall stamp upon him. Age brings on discretion;
A year hence, these mad toys that now possess him
Will shew like bugbears to him, shapes to fright
him;

Marriage dissolves all these like mists.

Mary. They are grounded
Hereditary in him, from his father,
And to his grave they'll haunt him.

Alice. 'Tis your fear,
Which is a wise part in you; yet your love,
However you may seem to lessen it
With these dislikes, and choak it with these errors,
Do what you can, will break out to excuse him:
You have him in your heart, and planted, cousin,
From whence the power of reason, nor discretion,
Can ever root him.

Mary. Planted in my heart, aunt?
Believe it, no; I never was so liberal.
What though he shew a so-so-comely fellow,
Which we call pretty, or say it may be handsome;
What though his promises may stumble at
The power of goodness in him, sometimes use too—

Alice. How willingly thy heart betrays thee!
cousin,

Cozen thyself no more: Thou hast no more power
To leave off loving him, than he that's thirsty
Has to abstain from drink, standing before him.
His mind is not so monstrous; for his shape,
If I have eyes, I have not seen his better;
A handsome brown complexion——

Mary. Reasonable,
Inclining to a tawny.

Alice. Had I said so
You would have wish'd my tongue out. Then
his making——

Mary. Which may be mended; I have seen legs
straighter,
And cleaner made.

Alice. A body too——

Mary. Far neater,
And better set together.

Alice. God forgive thee!
For 'gainst thy conscience thou liest stubbornly.

Mary. I grant 'tis neat enough.

Alice. 'Tis excellent;
And where the outward parts are fair and lovely,
(Which are but moulds o' th' mind) what must
the soul be?

Put case, youth has his swinge, and fiery nature
Flames to mad uses many times——

Mary. All this
You only use to make me say I love him:
I do confess I do; but that my fondness
Should fling itself upon his desperate follies——

Alice. I do not counsel that; see him reclaim'd
first,
Which will not prove a miracle: Yet, Mary,
I am afraid 'twill vex thee horribly
To stay so long.

Mary. No, no, aunt; no, believe me.

Alice. What was your dream to-night?² for I
observed you
Hugging of me, with, "Good, dear, sweet Tom!"

Mary. Fy, aunt!
Upon my conscience——

Alice. On my word 'tis true, wench.
And then you kiss'd me, Mary, more than once,
too,
And sigh'd, and "Oh, sweet Tom" again. Nay,
do not blush;

² *What was your dream, &c.*] We have had occasion to observe before, that Congreve was much obliged to our authors upon several occasions; and we cannot but think he had been reading this scene before he wrote the third scene in the second act of the *Old Bachelor*.—*Reed.*

You have it at the heart, wench.

Mary. I'll be hang'd first;
But you must have your way.

Alice. And so will you too,
Or break down hedges for it. Dorothea !

Enter DOROTHEA.

Thou welcomest woman living. How does thy
brother ?

I hear he's turn'd a wond'rous civil gentleman,
Since his short travel.

Dor. 'Pray Heaven he make it good, Alice.

Mary. How do you, friend ? I have a quarrel
to you ;

You stole away and left my company.

Dor. Oh, pardon me, dear friend ; it was to
welcome

A brother, that I have some cause to love well.

Mary. Pr'ythee how is he ? thou speak'st truth.

Dor. Not perfect ;
I hope he will be.

Mary. Never. He has forgot me,
I hear, wench, and his hot love too——

Alice. Thou wouldst howl then.

Mary. And I am glad it should be so : His tra-
vels

Have yielded him variety of mistresses,
Fairer in his eye far.

Alice. Oh, cogging² rascal !

Mary. I was a fool, but better thoughts, I thank
Heaven——

Dor. Pray do not think so, for he loves you
dearly,
Upon my troth, most firmly ; would fain see you.

² Cogging.] i. e. Lying.

Mary. See me, friend ! Do you think it fit ?

Dor. It may be,

Without the loss of credit too : He's not
Such a prodigious thing, so monstrous,
To fling from all society.

Mary. He's so much contrary
To my desires, such an antipathy,
That I must sooner see my grave.

Dor. Dear friend,
He was not so before he went.

Mary. I grant it,
For then I daily hoped his fair conversion.

Alice. Come, do not mask yourself, but see him
freely ;

You have a mind.

Mary. That mind I'll master then.

Dor. And is your hate so mortal ?

Mary. Not to his person,
But to his qualities, his mad-cap follies,
Which still, like Hydra's heads, grow thicker on
him.

I have a credit, friend ; and maids of my sort
Love where their modesties may live untainted.

Dor. I give up that hope then : Pray, for your
friend's sake,

If I have any interest within you,
Do but this courtesy, accept this letter.

Mary. From him ?

Dor. The same. 'Tis but a minute's reading ;
And, as we look on shapes of painted devils,
Which for the present may disturb our fancy,
But with the next new object lose 'em, so,
If this be foul, you may forget it. 'Pray !

Mary. Have you seen it, friend ?

Dor. I will not lie, I have not ;
But I presume, so much he honours you,
The worst part of himself was cast away

When to his best part he writ this.

Mary. For your sake;

Not that I any way shall like his scribbling——

Alice. A shrewd dissembling quean!

Dor. I thank you, dear friend.

I know she loves him.

Alice. Yes, and will not lose him,

Unless he leap into the moon, believe that,

And then she'll scramble too. Young wenches
loves

Are like the course of quartans; they may shift,

And seem to cease sometimes, and yet we see

The least distemper pulls 'em back again,

And seats 'em in their old course: Fear her not,

Unless he be a devil.

Mary. Now Heaven bless me!

Dor. What has he writ?

Mary. Out, out upon him!

Dor. Ha! what has the madman done?

Mary. Worse, worse, and worse still!

Alice. Some Northern toy, a little broad.³

Mary. Still fouler!

Hey, hey, boys! Goodness keep me! Oh!

Dor. What ail you?

Mary. Here, take your spell again; it burns
my fingers.

Was ever lover writ so sweet a letter,

So elegant a style? Pray look upon't;

The rarest inventory of rank oaths

That ever cut-purse cast.

³ *Some Northern toy, a little broad.*] Frequent and not very flattering allusions to the North of England occur in the old poets. So in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Costard, the clown, says,—“ I will not fight with a pole like a *Northern* man.” And, in the *Sun's Darling*, quoted above, Winter says to the rebellious clowns,

“ What sullen murmurings does your gall bring forth?

Will you prove't true *no good comes from the North*?”

Alice. What a mad boy is this!

Mary. Only i' th' bottom

A little julep gently sprinkled over
To cool his mouth, lest it break out in blisters;
"Indeed la, yours for ever."

Dor. I am sorry.

Mary. You shall be welcome to me, come when
you please,

And ever may command me virtuously;
But for your brother, you must pardon me:
Till I am of his nature, no access, friend,
No word of visitation, as you love me.
And so for now I'll leave you. [Exit.

Alice. What a letter

Has this thing written! how it roars like thunder!
With what a state he enters into style!
"Dear mistress!"

Dor. Out upon him, bedlam!

Alice. Well, there be ways to reach her yet:
Such likeness

As you two carry, methinks——

Dor. I am mad too,

And yet can apprehend you. Fare you well!
The fool shall now fish for himself.

Alice. Be sure then

His tewgh be tith and strong;⁴ and next, no
swearing;

He'll catch no fish else. Farewell, Doll!

Dor. Farewell, Alice! [Exeunt.

⁴ — Be sure then

His tewgh be tith and strong.] Skinner explaine *tew* materials for any thing, and derives it from the Dutch *towe*, a hempen rope. In the text, *tewgh* seems to be used for the fishing line, more consonantly to this etymology. *Tith* means tight, strong. The allusion in the two next hemistichs is still proverbial.

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you please,

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Till I am of his nature, no access, friend,

No word of visitation, as you love me.

And so for now I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

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Dor. Farewell, Alice ! [*Exeunt.*

⁴ ——— *Be sure then*

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ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment in Valentine's House.

Enter VALENTINE, ALICE, and CELLIDE.

Cel. Indeed he is much changed, extremely altered,
His colour faded strangely too.

Val. The air,
The sharp and nipping air of our new climate,
I hope, is all, which will as well restore
To health again the affected body by it,
And make it stronger far, as leave it dangerous.
How does my sweet? Our blessed hour comes on
now

Apace, my Cellidè, (it knocks at door)
In which our loves and long desires, like rivers
Rising asunder far, shall fall together.
Within these two days, dear——

Cel. When Heaven and you, sir,
Still think it fit; for by your wills I am govern'd.

Alice. 'Twere good some preparation——

Enter FRANCISCO.

Val. All that may be;
It shall be no blind wedding: And all the joy
Of all our friends, I hope.—He looks worse hourly:
How does my friend? myself? He sweats too,
coldly;
His pulse, like the slow dropping of a spout,

Scarce gives his function. How is't, man? Alas,
sir,

You look extreme ill : Is it any old grief,
The weight of which——

Fran. None, gentle sir, that I feel ;
Your love is too, too tender. Nay, believe, sir——

Cel. You cannot be the master of your health :
Either some fever lies in wait to catch you,
Whose harbingers already in your face
We see preparing, or some discontent,
Which, if it lie in this house—I dare say,
Both for this noble gentleman, and all
That live within it—shall as readily
Be purged away, and with as much care soften'd,
And where the cause is——

Fran. 'Tis a joy to be ill,
Where such a virtuous fair physician
Is ready to relieve : Your noble cares
I must, and ever shall, be thankful for ;
And would my service—(I dare not look upon
her)——

But be not fearful ; I feel nothing dangerous ;
A grudging, caused by the alteration
Of air, may hang upon me : My heart's whole.—
I would it were !—— [Aside.

Val. I knew the cause to be so.

Fran. No, you shall never know it. [Aside.

Alice. Some warm broths,
To purge the blood, and keep your bed a day, sir,
And sweat it out.

Cel. I have such cordials,
That, if you will but promise me to take 'em,
Indeed you shall be well, and very quickly.
I'll be your doctor ; you shall see how finely
I'll fetch you up again.

Val. He sweats extremely ;

Hot, very hot: His pulse beats like a drum now.
Feel, sister, feel! feel, sweet!

Fran. How that touch stung me! [Aside.

Val. My gown there!

Cel. And those juleps in the window!

Alice. Some see his bed made.

Val. This is most unhappy!

Take courage, man; 'tis nothing but an ague.

Cel. And this shall be the last fit.

Fran. Not by thousands! [Aside.

Now what 'tis to be truly miserable,
I feel at full experience.

Alice. He grows fainter.

Val. Come, lead him in; he shall to bed. A vomit;

I'll have a vomit for him.

Alice. A purge first;

And if he breathed a vein——

Val. No, no, no bleeding;

A clyster will cool all.

Cel. Be of good chear, sir!

Alice. He's loth to speak.

Cel. How hard he holds my hand, aunt!

Alice. I do not like that sign.

Val. Away to his chamber,

Softly; he's full of pain; be diligent,

With all the care ye have. 'Would I had 'scused
him!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Room in Sebastian's House.

Enter DOROTHEA and THOMAS.

Dor. Why do you rail at me? Do I dwell in her,
To force her to do this or that? Your letter!
A wild-fire on your letter, your sweet letter!
You are so learned in your writs! You stand now
As if you had worried sheep. You must turn
tippet,

And suddenly, and truly, and discreetly,
Put on the shape of order and humanity,
Or you must marry Malkyn the May-lady;
You must, dear brother. Do you make me carrier
Of your confound-me's, and your culverins?
Am I a seemly agent for your oaths?
Who would have writ such a debosh'd⁵——

Tho. Your patience;
May not a man profess his love?

Dor. In blasphemies?
Rack a maid's tender ears with damns and devils?
Out,⁶ out upon thee!

Tho. How would you have me write?

⁵ *Debosh'd.*] This was the old proper way of pronouncing, but erroneous way of spelling—debauch'd. The word occurs again in the next scene. In Scotland it is still pronounced in the same manner.

⁶ *Tho. Out, out upon thee.*] This seems the conclusion of *Dorothea's* speech, not the beginning of *Thomas's*, whose style widely differs from this.—*Seward.*

Begin with "My love premised; surely,
And by my truly, mistress?"

Dor. Take your own course,
For I see all persuasion's lost upon you,
Humanity all drown'd: From this hour fairly
I'll wash my hands of all you do. Farewell, sir!

Tho. Thou art not mad?

Dor. No; if I were, dear brother,
I would keep you company. Get a new mistress,
Some suburb saint,⁷ that sixpence and some oaths
Will draw to parley; carouse her health in cans
And candles' ends,⁸ and quarrel for her beauty;

⁷ *Some suburb saint, that sixpence and some others*

Will draw to parley.] The necessity of reading *oaths* here instead of *others* is too evident to need a proof. The mistake probably arose from spelling *oaths* with an *othes*, which I have often met with in our authors, and in other writings of their age.—*Seward.*

Sixpence was probably the lowest price of this brittle ware. See the note on the following lines in the *Woman's Prize*, vol. V. p. 372.

—————"She has dress'd herself
(Saving your worship's reverence) just i' th' cut
Of one of those that multiply i' th' suburbs
For single money."

⁸ ———— *Carouse her health in cans*

And candles' ends.]

"To drink off *candles' ends* for flap-dragons,"

is one of the qualifications which Falstaff assigns for Prince Henry's love for Poins. It seems to have been a cant phrase amongst drinkers, which hitherto has not been satisfactorily explained. The only illustration we can give of it is that quoted by Mr Steevens, from Nash, in Pierce Pennylesse his supplication to the Devil, who advises hard drinkers "to have some shoeing-horns to pull on their wine, as a rasher on the coals, or a red herring; or to stir it about with a *candle's end* to make it taste better," &c.—*Reed.*

From this passage it should seem to have been a piece of gallantry to drink off the liquor with the *candles' ends* in it; and the passage in Shakespeare proves it was customary "to drink off *candles' ends*,"—Ed. 1778.

The gallants of the time testified the extravagance of their de-

Such a sweetheart must serve your turn : Your old
love

Releases you of all your ties, disclaims you,
And utterly abjures your memory,
Till time has better managed you. Will you com-
mand me——

Tho. What, bobb'd of all sides ?

Dor. Any worthy service

Unto my father, sir, that I may tell him,
Even to his peace of heart, and much rejoicing,
You are his true son Tom still ? Will it please you
To beatsome half-a-dozen of his servants presently,
That I may testify you have brought the same
faith

Unblemish'd home, you carried out ? Or, if it like
you,

There be two chambermaids within, young wen-
ches,

Handsome, and apt for exercise : You have been
good, sir,

And charitable, though I say it, signior,
To such poor orphans. And now, by th' way, I
think on't,

Your young rear-admiral, I mean your last bastard,
Don John,⁹ you had by Lady Blanch the dairy-
maid,

Is by an acadèmy of learn'd gypsies,
Foreseeing some strange wonder in the infant,

votion to their mistress by far more disgusting deeds than drinking
off candles' ends.

⁹ *Your young rear-admiral, I mean your bastard,*

Don John.] This is evidently an allusion to the celebrated
bastard Don John of Austria, who gained the naval battle of Le-
panto, in 1571, against the Turks.

Stolen from the nurse, and wanders with those prophets.

There is plate in the parlour, and good store, sir, When you want,¹ shall supply it. So most humbly (First rend'ring my due service) I take leave, sir!

[*Exit.*

Tho. Why, Doll! why, Doll, I say!—My letter fubb'd too,

And no access without I mend my manners?

All my designs in limbo? I will have her,

Yes, I will have her, though the devil roar,

I am resolved that, if she live above ground,

I'll not be bobb'd i' th' nose with every bobtail.

I will be civil too, now I think better,

Exceeding civil, wond'rous finely carried;

And yet be mad upon occasion,

And stark mad too, and save my land: My father,

I'll have my will of him, howe'er my wench goes.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Street before the same.

Enter SEBASTIAN and LAUNCELOT.

Seb. Sirrah, I say still you have spoil'd your master: Leave your stitches!²

¹ *When your wants shall supply it.*] Former editions.—*Seward.*

² *Leave your stiches.*] “Probably we should read *speeches*.”

I say, thou hast spoil'd thy master.

Laun. I say, how, sir?

Seb. Marry, thou hast taught him, like an arrant rascal,

First, to read perfectly, which on my blessing I warn'd him from; for I knew if he read once, He was a lost man. Secondly, Sir Launcelot, Sir lousy Launcelot, you have suffer'd him, Against my power first, then against my precept, To keep that simpering sort of people company, That sober men call civil: Mark you that, sir?

Laun. An't please your worship——

Seb. It does not please my worship,
Nor shall not please my worship! Third and lastly,
Which, if the law were here, I would hang thee
for,

(However, I will lame thee) like a villain,
Thou hast wrought him
Clean to forget what 'tis to do a mischief,
A handsome mischief, such as thou knew'st I
loved well.

My servants all are sound now, my drink sour'd,
Not a horse pawn'd, nor play'd away; no warrants
Come for the breach of peace;
Men travel with their money, and nothing meets
'em.

I was accursed to send thee! thou wert ever

say the editors of 1778. Mason properly observes, that "*stitches* is the right reading, and means grimaces, or contortions of the face, to which travellers are frequently addicted. So Frederick says of Lodowick, in the second act of *The Captian*——

———"If you talk,
Or pull your face into a *stitch* again,
As I love truth I shall be very angry."

"One of the senses of the word *stitch* [in Chapman's *Homer*] is a *furrow*."

Leaning to laziness, and loss of spirit ;
Thou sleep'st still like a cork upon the water.

Laun. Your worship knows I ever was accounted
The most debosh'd—And, please you to remember,
Every day drunk too, for your worship's credit ;
I broke the butler's head too.

Seb. No, base palliard,³
I do remember yet that onslought ;⁴ thou wast
beaten,
And fled'st before the butler, a black jack
Playing upon thee furiously ; I saw it ;
I saw thee scatter'd, rogue. Behold thy master !

Enter THOMAS, with a book.

Tho. What sweet content dwells here !

Laun. Put up your book, sir ;
We are all undone else.

Seb. Tom, when is the horse-race ?

Tho. I know not, sir.

Seb. You will be there ?

Tho. Not I, sir ;
I have forgot those journies.

Seb. Spoil'd for ever !—
The cocking holds at Derby, and there will be
Jack Wild-Oats and Will Purser.

Tho. I am sorry, sir,
They should employ their time so slenderly ;
Their understandings will bear better courses.

Seb. [*Aside.*] Yes, I will marry again !—But,
Monsieur Thomas,

³ Base palliard.] *Adebauchee, a whore-master ; from the French, Skinner.—Seward.*

⁴ *Anslought.*] So both the quarto and folio exhibit this word.
Onslought means attack, onset ; and the last instance of its use
is in *Hudibras*

What say you to the gentleman that challenged
you

Before ye went,⁵ and the fellow ye fell out with?

Tho. Oh, good sir,
Remember not those follies. Where I have wrong'd,
sir,

(So much I have now learn'd to discern myself)
My means, and my repentance shall make even;
Nor do I think it any imputation
To let the law persuade me.

Seb. Any woman;
I care not of what colour, or complexion;
Any that can bear children!—Rest you merry!

[*Exit.*

Laun. Ye have utterly undone, clean discharged me;
I am for the ragged regiment.

Tho. Eight languages,
And wither at an old man's words?

Laun. Oh, pardon me!
I know him but too well. Eightscore, I take it,
Will not keep me from beating, if not killing:
I'll give him leave to break a leg, and thank him.
You might have saved all this, and sworn a little;
What had an oath or two been? or a head broke,
Though 't had been mine, to have satisfied the
old man?

Tho. I'll break it yet.

Laun. Now 'tis too late, I take it.
Will you be drunk to night, (a less entreaty
Has served your turn) and save all yet? not mad
drunk,

For then you are the devil; yet the drunker,

⁵ *Before he went.*] So all copies; but surely erroneously, as the least attention will demonstrate. The corruption is very easy.

The better for your father still. Your state is desperate,

And with a desperate cure you must recover it:
Do something, do, sir; do some drunken thing,
Some mad thing, or some any thing to help us.

Tho. Go for a fiddler then; the poor old fiddler
That says his songs. But first, where lies my
mistress?

Did you inquire out that?

Laun. I' th' lodge alone, sir,
None but her own attendants.

Tho. 'Tis the happier:
Away then, find this fiddler, and do not miss me
By nine o'clock.

Laun. *Via!*⁶ [Exit.

Tho. My father's mad now,
And ten to one will disinherit me:
I'll put him to his plunge, and yet be merry.

Enter HYLAS and SAM.

What, Rybabalde?⁷

Hylas. Don Thomasio!
*De bene venew.*⁸

⁶ *Via.*] i. e. Away! avaunt!

———“Avaunt, dull flat-cap then!
Via, the curtain that shadowed Borgia!”

Eastward Hoe, act ii.

“Come now, *via*, alone to Celia.”

Marston's What You Will, act ii.—*Reed.*

⁷ *Rybabalde.*] This I take to be an intentional corruption of *ribald*, a lewd fellow.

⁸ *Bene venew.*] A corruption of *bien venue*.—Ed. 1778. Or of *bene veneto* (I suppose rather *bevenuto*) as Mason will have it. Either derivation will serve.

Tho. I do embrace your body.—
How dost thou, Sam?

Sam. The same Sam still; your friend, sir.

Tho. And how is't, bouncing boys?

Hylas. Thou art not alter'd;

They said thou wert all Monsieur.

Tho. Oh, believe it,

I am much alter'd, much another way;

The civil'st gentleman in all your country:

Do not ye see me alter'd? "Yea and nay," gentlemen;

A much-converted man. Where's the best wine, boys?

Hylas. A sound convertite!

Tho. What, hast thou made up twenty yet?

Hylas. By'r lady,

I have given a shrewd push at it, for, as I take it,
The last I fell in love with scored sixteen.

Tho. Look to your skin; Rambaldo the sleeping giant

Will rouse and rent thee piece-meal.

Sam. He ne'er perceives 'em

Longer than looking on.

Tho. Thou never mean'st then

To marry any that thou lov'st?

Hylas. No surely,

Nor any wise man, I think. Marriage?

Would you have me now begin to be 'prentice,

And learn to cobble other men's old boots?

Sam. Why, you may take a maid.

Hylas. Where? can you tell me?

Or, if 'twere possible I might get a maid,

To what use should I put her? Look upon her,

Dandle her upon my knee, and give her sugar-sops?

All the new gowns i' th parish will not please her,

If she be high bred, (for there's the sport she aims
at)

Nor all the feathers in the Fryars.

Tho. Then take a widow,

A good staunch wench, that's tith.⁹

Hylas. And begin a new order?

Live in a dead man's monument? Not I, sir.

I'll keep mine old road, a true mendicant;

What pleasure this day yields me, I never covet
To lay up for the morrow: And methinks ever
Another man's cook dresses my diet neatest.

Tho. Thou wast wont to love old women, fat
and flat-nosed,

And thou wouldst say they kiss'd like flounders,
flat

All the face over.

Hylas. I have had such damsels,
I must confess.

Tho. Thou hast been a precious rogue.

Sam. Only his eyes; and, o' my conscience,
They lie with half the kingdom.

Enter, over the Stage, Physicians and others.

Tho. What's the matter?

Whither go all these men-menders, these physi-
cians?

Whose dog lies sick o' th' mulligrubs?

Sam. Oh, the gentleman,
The young smug signior, Master Valentine
Brought out of travel with him, as I hear,
Is fallen sick o' th' sudden, desperate sick;
And likely they go thither.

⁹ *A good staunch wench, that's tith.*] i. e. Tight, clever, active.
See vol. IV. p. 204.

Tho. Who? young Frank?
The only temper'd spirit, scholar, soldier,
Courtier, and all in one piece? 'tis not possible.

Enter ALICE.

Sam. There's one can better satisfy you.

Tho. Mistress Alice,

I joy to see you, lady.

Alice. Good Monsieur Thomas,

You are welcome from your travel. I am hasty;
A gentleman lies sick, sir.

Tho. And how dost thou?

I must know, and I will know.

Alice. Excellent well;

As well as may be, thank you.

Tho. I am glad on't;

And, pr'ythee hark!

Alice. I cannot stay.

[*They walk apart.*]

Tho. A while, Alice!

Sam. Never look so narrowly; the mark's in
her mouth still.

Hylas. I am looking at her legs; pr'ythee be
quiet.

Alice. I cannot stay.

Tho. Oh, sweet Alice!

Hylas. A clean instep,

And that I love a' life.² I did not mark
This woman half so well before; how quick
And nimble, like a shadow, there her leg shew'd!
By th' mass, a neat one! the colour of her stock-
ing,

² *And that I love a life.*] Seward substitutes the modern phrase—as *life*; but the old text (an abbreviation of—at life, as Tyrwhit conjectures) is common in the plays of the time. In the *Winter's Tale*, Mopsa says—"I love a ballad in print a' life."

A much-inviting colour.

Alice. My good Monsieur,
I have no time to talk now.

Hylas. Pretty breeches,
Finely becoming too.

Tho. By Heaven——

Alice. She will not,
I can assure you that, and so——

Tho. But this word!

Alice. I cannot, nor I will not. Good Lord!

[*Exit.*

Hylas. Well, you shall hear more from me.

Tho. We'll go visit;

'Tis charity; besides, I know she is there;
And under visitation I shall see her.

Will ye along?

Hylas. By any means.

Tho. Be sure then

I be a civil man. I have sport in hand, boys,
Shall make mirth for a marriage-day.

Hylas. Away then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in Valentine's House.

Enter three Physicians, with an urinal.

1 *Phys.* A pleurisy, I see it.

2 *Phys.* I rather hold it
For tremor cordis.

3 *Phys.* Do you mark the *faeces*?

'Tis a most pestilent contagious fever;
A surfeit, a plaguy surfeit; he must bleed.

1 *Phys.* By no means.

3 *Phys.* I say bleed.

1 *Phys.* I say 'tis dangerous,
The person being spent so much before hand,
And nature drawn so low; clysters, cool clysters—

2 *Phys.* Now, with your favours; I should think
a vomit;

For, take away the cause, the effect must follow:
The stomach's foul and furr'd, the pot's unflam'd
yet.²

3 *Phys.* No, no, we'll rectify that part by mild
means;

Nature so sunk must find no violence.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Will't please ye draw near? The weak
gentleman
Grows worse and worse still.

1 *Phys.* Come, we will attend him.

2 *Phys.* He shall do well, my friend.

Serv. My master's love, sir.

1 *Phys.* Excellent well, I warrant thee; right
and straight, friend.

² *The pot's unflam'd yet.*] The stomach, by a coarse metaphor, is here call'd the *pot*, but *unflam'd* should either be *enflamed* or *unclean'd*; the former is nearer the trace of the letters; the latter makes the metaphor more consistent, and is the more common expression. I prefer the latter, but think it not material which takes place.—*Seward.*

Seward forgot that the physicians come in with a urinal, when he supposed *pot* to mean the stomach. The old reading might easily be fully explained if the nature of the allusion admitted it. Suffice it to say, that the second doctor means that the *phlegm* is not discharged into the vessel, and must therefore still be in the stomach of the patient.

3 *Phys.* There's no doubt in him, none at all ;
ne'er fear him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another in the same.

Enter VALENTINE and MICHAEL.

Mich. That he is desperate sick, I do believe
well,

And that without a speedy cure it kills him ;
But that it lies within the help of physic
Now to restore his health, or art to cure him,
Believe it you are cozen'd ; clean beside it.
I would tell you the true cause too, but 'twould
vex you,
Nay, run you mad.

Val. May all I have restore him ?
So dearly and so tenderly I love him——
(I do not know the cause why) yea, my life too ?

Mich. Now I perceive ye so well set, I'll tell
you ;

Hei mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis !

Val. 'Twas that I only fear'd ! Good friend, go
from me ;

I find my heart too full for further conference.
You are assured of this ?

Mich. 'Twill prove too certain ;
But bear it nobly, sir ; youth hath his errors.

Val. I shall do, and I thank you ; pray you no
words on't.

Mich. I do not use to talk, sir.

Val. You are welcome. [*Exit* MICHAEL.]

Is there no constancy in earthly things,
No happiness in us but what must alter?
No life without the heavy load of fortune?
What miseries we are, and to ourselves!
Even then when full content seems to sit by us,
What daily sores and sorrows!

Enter ALICE.

Alice. Oh, dear brother!
The gentleman, if ever you will see him
Alive, as I think——

Enter CELLIDE.

Cel. Oh, he faints! For Heaven sake,
For Heaven sake, sir——

Val. Go comfort him, dear sister. [*Exit* ALICE.]
And one word, sweet, with you; then we'll go to
him.

What think you of this gentleman?

Cel. My pity thinks, sir,
'Tis great misfortune that he should thus perish.

Val. It is, indeed; but, Cellidè, he must die.

Cel. That were a cruelty, when care may cure
him.

Why do ye weep so, sir? he may recover.

Val. He may, but with much danger. My sweet
Cellidè,

You have a powerful tongue.

Cel. To do you service.

Val. I will betray his grief: He loves a gentle-
woman,

A friend of yours, whose heart another holds;
He knows it too: yet such a sway blind fancy,

And his not daring to deliver it,
Have won upon him, that they must undo him :
Never so hopeful and so sweet a spirit
Misfortune fell so foul on.

Cel. Sure she's hard-hearted,
That can look on and not relent, and deeply,
At such a misery. She is not married?

Val. Not yet.

Cel. Nor near it?

Val. When she please.

Cel. And pray, sir,
Does he deserve her truly, that she loves so?

Val. His love may merit much, his person little,
For there the match lies mangled.

Cel. Is he your friend?

Val. He should be, for he is near me.

Cel. Will not he die then,
When the other shall recover?

Val. You have posed me.

Cel. Methinks he should go near it, if he love
her,
If she love him.

Val. She does, and would do equal.

Cel. 'Tis a hard task you put upon me; yet, for
your sake,

I will speak to her: All the art I have;
My best endeavours; all his youth and person,
His mind more full of beauties; all his hopes;
The memory of such a sad example,
Ill spoken of, and never old; the curses
Of loving maids, and what may be alledged,
I'll lay before her. What's her name? I am ready.

Val. But will you deal effectually?

Cel. Most truly;

Nay, were it myself, at your entreaty.

Val. And could you be so pitiful?

Cel. So dutiful,
Because you urge it, sir.

Val. It may be then
It is yourself.

Cel. It is indeed ; I know it,
And now know how you love me.

Val. Oh, my dearest,
Let but your goodness judge ; your own part's
pity ;³

Set but your eyes on his afflictions ;
He's mine, and so becomes your charge : But think
What ruin Nature suffers in this young man,
What loss humanity, and noble manhood ;
Take to your better judgment my declining,
My age hung full of impotence and ills,
My body budding now no more ; sear winter
Hath seal'd that sap up ; at the best and happiest
I can but be your infant, you my nurse,
And how unequal, dearest ! where⁴ his years,
His sweetness, and his ever spring of goodness,
My fortunes growing in him, and myself too,
Which makes him all your old love—Misconceive
not ;

I say not this as weary of my bondage,
Or ready to infringe my faith ; bear witness,
Those eyes that I adore still, those lamps that
light me
To all the joy I have !

³ *Let but your goodness judge : your own part : pity.*] So the quarto ; the folio, and all subsequent copies, as in the text. By altering the last colon in the former into a comma, a sense is produced perhaps more poetical than in the text, and which I strongly suspect to have been the one intended by the poet. If we adopt that reading, Valentine means to say—"Let but your goodness, and pity, which is your own proper attribute, judge."

⁴ *Where.*] i. e. Whereas.

Cel. You have said enough, sir,
And more than e'er I thought that tongue could
utter ;

But you are a man, a false man too !

Val. Dear Cellidè !

Cel. And now, to shew you that I am a woman
Robb'd of her rest, and fool'd out of her fondness,
The gentleman shall live, and, if he love me,
Ye shall be both my triumphs. I will to him ;
And, as you carelessly fling off your fortune,
And now grow weary of my easy winning,
So will I lose the name of Valentine,
From henceforth all his flatteries ; and, believe it,
Since you have so slightly parted with affection,
And that affection you have pawn'd your faith for,
From this hour no repentance, vows, nor prayers,
Shall pluck me back again : What I shall do,
(Yet I will undertake his cure) expect it,
Shall minister no comfort, no content,
To either of ye, but hourly more vexations !

Val. Why, let him die then.

Cel. No ; so much I have loved
To be commanded by you, that even now,
Even in my hate, I will obey your wishes.

Val. What shall I do ?

Cel. Die like a fool unsorrow'd,
A bankrupt fool, that flings away his treasure !
I must begin my cure.

Val. And I my crosses.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Another Apartment in the same.

FRANCISCO *discovered sick in a bed; the three Physicians and an Apothecary.*

1 *Phys.* Clap on the cataplasm.

Fran. Good gentlemen,

Good learned gentlemen——

2 *Phys.* And see those broths there,
Ready within this hour. Pray keep your arms in;
The air is raw, and ministers much evil.

Fran. Pray leave me; I beseech ye leave me,
gentlemen;

I have no other sickness but your presence.
Convey your cataplasms to those that need 'em,
Your vomits, and your clysters.

3 *Phys.* Pray be ruled, sir.

1 *Phys.* Bring in the lettuce cap. You must be
shaved, sir,⁵

And then how suddenly we'll make you sleep!

Fran. Till dooms-day. What unnecessary no-
things

Are these about a wounded mind!

2 *Phys.* How do ye?

⁵ *Bring in the lettuce cap. You must be shaved, sir.*] This was probably a common medicinal cooling application in those times. In the Chances, Antonio, who had been wounded, complains of the *sallads*, green salves, and searches, used by the physicians.

Fran. What questions they propound too ! How
do you, sir ?

I am glad to see you well.

3 *Phys.* A great distemper ; it grows hotter still.

1 *Phys.* Open your mouth, I pray, sir.

Fran. And can you tell me

How old I am then ? There's my hand ; pray shew
me

How many broken shins within this two year.—
Who would be thus in fetters !—Good master doc-
tor,

And you, dear doctor, and the third sweet doctor,
And precious master apothecary, I do pray ye
To give me leave to live a little longer :
Ye stand before me like my blacks.⁶

2 *Phys.* 'Tis dangerous ;
For now his fancy turns too.

Enter CELLIDE.

Cel. By your leave, gentlemen ;
And pray ye your leave a while too ; I have some-
thing

Of secret to impart unto the patient.

1 *Phys.* With all our hearts

3 *Phys.* Ay, marry, such a physic
May chance to find the humour. Be not long,
lady,
For we must minister within this half-hour.

6 — *like my blacks.*] That is, my mourning weeds. The
word is used in the same sense in Massinger and Field's *Fatal*
Dowry, by Charlarois, when following his father's corpse :

“ How like a silent stream, shaded by night,
And gliding softly with our windy sighs,
Moves the whole frame of their solemnity !
Tears, sighs, and *blacks* filling the simile.”

Cel. You shall not stay for me.

[*Exeunt Physicians and Apothecary.*

Fran. 'Would you were all rotten, [*Rises.*
That ye might only intend one another's itches!
Or would the gentlemen, with one consent,
Would drink small beer but seven years, and
abolish

That wildfire of the blood, unsatiate wenching,
That your two Indies, springs and falls, might
fail ye!

What torments these intruders into bodies——

Cel. How do you, worthy sir?

Fran. Bless me, what beams

Flew from those angel eyes! Oh, what a misery,
What a most studied torment 'tis to me now
To be an honest man!—Dare you sit by me?

Cel. Yes, and do more than that too, comfort
you;

I see you have need.

Fran. You are a fair physician:

You bring no bitterness gilt o'er to gull us,
No danger in your looks; yet there my death lies!

Cel. I would be sorry, sir, my charity,
And my good wishes for your health, should merit
So stubborn a construction. Will it please you
To taste a little of this cordial?

Enter VALENTINE, privately.

For this I think must cure you.

Fran. Of which, lady?—

Sure she has found my grief.—Why do you blush
so?

Cel. Do you not understand? of this, this cor-
dial.

[*Kisses him.*

Val. Oh, my afflicted heart! She is gone for
ever.

Fran. What Heaven you have brought me,
lady!

Cel. Do not wonder:
For 'tis not impudence, nor want of honour,
Makes me do this; but love, to save your life, sir,
Your life too excellent to lose in wishes;
Love, virtuous love.

Fran. A virtuous blessing crown you!
Oh, goodly sweet, can there be so much charity,
So noble a compassion in that heart,
That's fill'd up with another's fair affections?
Can mercy drop from those eyes?
Can miracles be wrought upon a dead man,
When all the power you have,⁷ and perfect object,
Lies in another's light, and his deserves it?

Cel. Do not despair; nor do not think too
boldly

I dare abuse my promise: 'Twas your friend's,
And so fast tied I thought no time could ruin:
But so much has your danger, and that spell
The powerful name of Friend, prevail'd above him⁸
To whom I ever owe obedience,
That here I am, by his command, to cure ye;
Nay more, for ever, by his full resignation;
And willingly I ratify it.

Fran. Hold, for Heaven sake!
Must my friend's misery make me a triumph?
Bear I that noble name, to be a traitor?
Oh, virtuous goodness, keep thyself untainted:

⁷ *When all the power ye have, and perfect object*

Lies in another's light.] That is, "When all the power you have, and the perfect object of that power, lies in the light of another, who deserves the exercise of that power." Seward reads—*this* perfect object.

⁸ *Prevail'd above him.*] *Above him*, in this place, seems to signify *on him*, or *over him*.—Ed. 1778. Rather, above the strength of his affections.

You have no power to yield, nor he to render,
Nor I to take : I am resolved to die first ;—

Val. Ha ! say'st thou so ? Nay, then thou shalt
not perish. [*Aside.*

Fran. And though I love ye above the light
shines on me ;

Beyond the wealth of kingdoms, free content ;⁹
Sooner would snatch at such a blessing offer'd
Than at my pardoned life by the law forfeited ;
Yet, yet, oh, noble beauty, yet, oh, Paradise,
(For you are all the wonder reveal'd of it)

⁹ *Beyond the wealth of kingdoms, free content.*] If *content* be a substantive, it seems unnecessary, and an anticlimax : For though *content* be philosophically preferable to the wealth of kingdoms, it will not be allowed so in poetry, as it is not in common life. The old quarto reads *content* with a small *c* ; I therefore make it an adjective, taken, as the former, adverbially, and connect it with the following sentence :—*I would freely and contentedly sooner snatch at such a blessing.*—*Seward.*

Mr Seward prints thus :

*Beyond the wealth of kingdoms ; free, content,
Sooner would snatch at such a blessing, &c.*

In the old quarto, substantives are not distinguished by capitals ; that, therefore, is no argument : and the old reading is better sense, and most poetical. Mr Seward's is hard, stiff, cold, and uncouth.—*Ed.* 1778.

Mason would read—*free to consent*, which, he says, means, “ if Francis were at liberty to accept her love : ” but surely this is stiffer and more obscure than either Seward's alteration or the old text, which I have no doubt is right. The words, by a stretch of meaning by no means uncommon in old plays, may mean—“ unbounded contentment to whatever I may desire.” *Content* and *contentment* are continually confounded ; and the following passage from Ford's *Broken Heart*, (ed. 1811, I. 295) strongly supports the old reading :

“ Some such there are whose *liberal contents*
Swarm without care in every sort of plenty.”

When commenting upon these lines, I expressed some doubts about the propriety of the explanation there offered, not adverting at the time to the passage in the present text.

Yet is a gratitude to be preserved,
A worthy gratitude, to one most worthy
The name and nobleness of friends.

Cel. Pray tell me,
If I had never known that gentleman,
Would you not willingly embrace my offer?

Fran. Do you make a doubt?

Cel. And can you be unwilling,
He being old and impotent? his aim too
Levell'd at you, for your good? not constrain'd,
But out of cure, and counsel? Alas, consider,
Play but the woman with me,¹ and consider,
As he himself does, and I now dare see it,
Truly consider, sir, what misery——

Fran. For Virtue's sake, take heed!

Cel. What loss of youth,
What everlasting banishment from that
Our years do only covet to arrive at,
Equal affections,² [born] and shot together?
What living name can dead age leave behind him,
What art of memory,³ but fruitless doting?

Fran. This cannot be.

Cel. To you, unless you apply it

¹ *Play but the woman with me.*] i. e. Suppose yourself, as I am, a woman.—Ed. 1778.

² *Equal affections and shot together.*] Thus the quarto and folio. Mr Seward,

Equal affections, and shot up together.

We think it more probable that the word *born* should supply the void;

Equal affections, born and shot together.—Ed. 1778.

³ *What art of memory.*] The old reading is “art of memory,” which Theobald has injudiciously changed to *act*. He ought to have recollected the number of passages in all the old dramatic writers in which *art* is used in the same sense. It is used so in *The Custom of the Country* and in *The Beggar's Bush*.—*Mason*.

See vol. II. 406, and III. 142.

With more and firmer faith, and so digest it;
 I speak but of things possible, not done,
 Nor like to be; a posset cures your sickness,
 And yet I know you grieve this; and howsoever
 The worthiness of friend may make you stagger,
 (Which is a fair thing in you) yet, my patient,
 My gentle patient, I would fain say more,
 If you would understand.

Val. Oh, cruel woman!

Cel. Yet sure your sickness is not so forgetful,
 Nor you so willing to be lost!

Fran. Pray stay there:

Methinks you are not fair now; methinks more,
 That modest virtue, men deliver'd of you,
 Shews but like shadow to me, thin and fading!

Val. Excellent friend! [*Apart.*

Fran. You have no share in goodness;
 You are belied; you are not Cellidè,
 The modest, [the] immaculate!* Who are you?
 For I will know! What devil, to do mischief
 Unto my virtuous friend, hath shifted shapes
 With that unblemish'd beauty?

Cel. Do not rave, sir,
 Nor let the violence of thoughts distract you:
 You shall enjoy me; I am yours; I pity,
 By those fair eyes I do.

Fran. Oh, double-hearted!

Oh, woman, perfect woman! what distraction
 Was meant to mankind when thou wast made a
 devil!

What an inviting hell invented! Tell me,
 And, if you yet remember what is goodness,
 Tell me by that, and truth, can one so cherish'd,

* *The modest, unaculate.*] So quarto; the folio, *the* *at*;
 and Mr Seward adds the article *the*, to complete the

So sainted in the soul of him whose service
 Is almost turn'd to superstition,
 Whose every day endeavours and desires
 Offer themselves like incense on your altar,
 Whose heart holds no intelligence but holy
 And most religious with his love, whose life
 (And let it ever be remember'd, lady)
 Is drawn out only for your ends——

Val. Oh, miracle!—— [*Apart.*

Fran. Whose all, and every part of man (pray
 mark me⁵)

Like ready pages wait upon your pleasures,
 Whose breath is but your bubble—Can you, dare
 you,
 Must you cast off this man, (though he were wil-
 ling,

Though, in a nobleness to cross⁶ my danger,
 His friendship durst confirm it) without baseness,
 Without the stain of honour? Shall not people
 Say liberally hereafter, “There’s the lady
 That lost her father, friend, herself, her faith too,
 To fawn upon a stranger;” for aught you know
 As faithless as yourself, in love as fruitless?

Val. [*Apart.*] Take her, with all my heart!

Thou art so honest

That ’tis most necessary I be undone.

With all my soul possess her.⁷

Cel. Till this minute,

⁵ *Pray make me.*] Corrected by Mr Seward.

⁶ —— so cross.] Corrected silently in 1750.

⁷ *Cel.* *With all my soul possess her.*] The giving this to *Cellidè* is a very gross error which has run through all the editions.—*Seward.*

In the quarto, the words lower down—“Or does she play still with me?” are also given to *Cellidè*; but in both cases the breaks in the lines prove that the names have been accidentally removed.—See *The Mad Lover*, vol. IV. p. 210.

I scorn'd and hated you, and came to cozen you;
Utter'd those things might draw a wonder on me,
To make you mad.

Fran. Good Heaven, what is this woman? •

Cel. Nor did your danger, but in charity,
Move me a whit; nor you appear unto me
More than a common object: Yet now truly,
Truly, and nobly, I do love you dearly,
And from this hour you are the man I honour;
You are the man, the excellence, the honesty,
The only friend: And I am glad your sickness
Fell so most happily at this time on you,
To make this truth the world's.

Fran. Whither do you drive me?

Cel. Back to your honesty; make that good
ever;

'Tis like a strong-built castle, seated high,
That draws on all ambitions; still repair it,
Still fortify it: There are thousand foes,
Besides the tyrant Beauty, will assail it:
Look to your centinels that watch it hourly,
Your eyes, let them not wander!

Fran. Is this serious,
Or does she play still with me?

Cel. Keep your ears,
The two main ports that may betray you, strongly
From light belief first, then from flattery,
Especially where woman beats the parley;
The body of your strength, your noble heart,
From ever yielding to dishonest ends,
Ridged round about with virtue, that no breaches,
No subtle mines may meet you!

Fran. How like the sun
Labouring in his eclipse, dark and prodigious,
She shew'd till now! when having won his way,
How full of wonder he breaks out again,
And sheds his virtuous beams! Excellent angel,

For no less can that heavenly mind proclaim thee,
Honour of all thy sex, let it be lawful
(And like a pilgrim thus I kneel to beg it,
Not with profane lips now, nor burnt affections,
But, reconciled to faith, with holy wishes,)
To kiss that virgin hand !

Cel. Take your desire, sir,
And in a nobler way, for I dare trust you ;
No other fruit my love must ever yield you,
I fear, no more ! Yet your most constant memory
(So much I am wedded to that worthiness)
Shall ever be my friend, companion, husband.
Farewell, and fairly govern your affections ;
Stand, and deceive me not !—Oh, noble young
man, *[Aside.*

I love thee with my soul, but dare not say it!—
Once more, farewell, and prosper! [*Exit.*]

Fran. Goodness guide thee!
My wonder, like to fearful shapes in dreams,
Has waken'd me out of my fit of folly,
But not to shake it off. A spell dwells in me,
A hidden charm, shot from this beauteous woman,
That fate can ne'er avoid, nor physic find ;
And, by her counsel strengthen'd, only this
Is all the help I have, I love fair Virtue.
Well, something I must do, to be a friend ;
Yet I am poor, and tardy : Something for her too,
Though I can never reach her excellence,
Yet but to give an offer at a greatness.

Enter VALENTINE, THOMAS, HYLAS, and SAM.

Val. Be not uncivil, Tom, and take your pleasure.

Tho. Do you think I am mad? You'll give me leave
To try her fairly?

Val. Do your best.

Tho. Why there, boy——

But where's the sick man?

Hylas. Where are the gentlewomen

That should attend him? there's the patient.

Methinks these women——

Tho. Thou think'st nothing else.

Val. Go to him, friend, and comfort him; I'll lead ye.—

Oh, my best joy, my worthiest friend, pray pardon me.

I am so overjoy'd I want expression:

I may live to be thankful. Bid your friends welcome!

[*Exit.*

Tho. How dost thou, Frank? how dost thou, boy? Bear up, man!

What, shrink i' th' sinews for a little sickness?

Diavolo, morte!

Fran. I am o' th' mending hand.

Tho. How like a flute thou speak'st! "O' th' mending hand," man?

"Gogs bores,"⁸ I am well!" Speak like a man of worship.

Fran. Thou art a mad companion; never staid, Tom?

Tho. Let rogues be staid that have no habitation;⁹

⁸ *Gogs bores.*] Possibly a corruption of the ancient oath—God's bones.

⁹ *Fra: Thou art a mad companion; never staid, Tom?*

Tho. Let rogues be staid, that have no habitation;

A gentleman may wander.] Thomas here quibbles on the word *staid*, and uses it in the common sense of stopped or arrested; alluding to the power vested in magistrates of stopping vagabonds.—*Mason.*

Seward could not comprehend this plain meaning, and completely reverses the text by reading—"that have *an* habitation." *Companion*, in the first line, is synonymous with our common phrase, fellow.

A gentleman may wander. Sit thee down, Frank,
And see what I have brought thee. Come, dis-
cover; [Draws out a bottle.

Open the scene, and let the work appear.

A friend, at need, you rogue, is worth a million.

Fran. What hast thou there? a julep?

Hylas. He must not touch it;

'Tis present death.

Tho. You are an ass, a twirepipe,¹

A Jeffery John Bo-peep! Thou minister?²

Thou mend a left-handed pack-saddle. Out,
puppy!—

My friend, Frank, but a very foolish fellow.

Dost thou see that bottle? View it well.

Fran. I do, Tom.

Tho. There be as many lives in't as a cat carries;
'Tis everlasting liquor.

Fran. What?

Tho. Old sack, boy,
Old reverend sack,³ which, for aught that I can
read yet,

¹ — *twire-pipe.*] I do not understand the precise import of this word, but it was probably a cant phrase of the times. The meaning of the verb *to twire*, may be gathered from the following passages. In *Women Pleased*:

“I saw the wench which *twir'd* and twinkled at thee;”

And in Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*, Act II. Scene III.:

“To see the common parent of us all,

Which maids will *twire* at through their fingers thus.”

² *Minister.*] So all the editions. The following words prove the propriety of our alteration.—Ed. 1778.

Minister means *administer*.—*Mason*.

³ *Old reverend sack, which, &c.*] Alluding to the grand elixir of the alchymists, which they pretended would restore youth, and confer immortality.—*Recd.*

Was that philosopher's stone the wise king Ptole-
meus

Did all his wonders by.

Fran. I see no harm, Tom,
Drink witha moderation.

Tho. Drink with sugar,⁴
Which I have ready here, and here a glass, boy.
Take me without my tools?

Sam. Pray, sir, be temperate;
You know your own state best.

⁴ Drink *with moderation*.

Tho. Drink *with sugar*.] Mason, very plausibly, would have us read, in both cases,—*drunk*, but there is no absolute necessity for alteration in either.

The fondness of the English for sweetening wine with sugar is often alluded to in old books, and was noticed by several travellers. Moryson particularly mentions it as remarkable, that the Scots "drinke pure wines, not with sugar as the English," and says that he never observed this practice in any other kingdom. A great deal of discussion has taken place what particular wine our ancestors designated by the term, *sack*: Johnson supposing it Sherry; Warburton, our present sack; Steevens, Rhenish, (because that wine is still used with sugar, which, however, is no strong argument, as we have just seen that formerly most wines were sweetened.) Mr Malone seems at first to be of the same opinion with Dr Johnson, and then declares it to be mountain Malaga; finally, Ritson, from the information of a very old gentleman, says that "the favourite beverage of Falstaff (sack and sugar) was a liquor compounded of sherry, cyder, and sugar." It should seem, however, from the following quotation made by Mr Reed, from Gervase Markham's *English House-wife*, 1631, p. 162, that the denomination *sack* was not confined to any particular wine, though all the wines mentioned are certainly sweet: "Your best sacks are of Seres [i. e. Xeres, vulgarly called sherry] in Spaine, your smaller of Galicia and Portugal; your strong sakes are of the islands of the Canaries and of Malligo; and your Muscadine and Malmseys are of many parts of Italy, Greece, and some speciall islands." See Shakspeare, ed. 1803, XI. 205, 281, 308; Dodsley's *Old Plays*, V. 50; and Douce's *Illustrations*, I. 416.

Fran. Sir, I much thank you,
And shall be careful : Yet a glass or two,
So fit I find my body, and that so needful——

Tho. Fill it, and leave your fooling. Thou
say'st true, Frank——

Hylas. Where are these women, I say ?

Tho. 'Tis most necessary ;
Hang up your juleps, and your Portugal possets,
Your barley broths, and sorrel sops ;⁵ they are
mangy,
And breed the scratches only : Give me sack !—
I wonder where this wench is though.—Have at
thee !

Hylas. So long, and yet no bolting ?

Fran. Do ; I'll pledge thee.

Tho. Take it off thrice, and then cry " heigh !"
like a huntsman,
With a clear heart ; and no more fits I warrant
thee :
The only cordial, Frank.

[*Physicians and Servants within.*]

1 *Phys.* Are the things ready ?
And is the barber come ?

Serv. An hour ago, sir.

1 *Phys.* Bring out the oils then.

Fran. Now or never, gentlemen,
Do me a kindness, and deliver me.

Tho. From whom, boy ?

Fran. From these things that talk within there ;

⁵ *Sorrel sops.*] These are now the green sauce used to green geese ; but, as this expression often occurs in our authors for some liquor drunk in sickness, it was probably a custom to make a sort of tea of sorrel, in feverish disorders.—*Seward.*

It is still the custom among the old women in England, and among physicians abroad.

Physicians, Tom, physicians, scow'ring-sticks :
They mean to read upon me.

Enter three Physicians, Apothecary, and Barber.

Hylas. Let 'em enter.

Tho. And be thou confident we will deliver thee.
For, look ye, doctor ; say the devil were sick now,
His horns saw'd off, and his head bound with a
biggen,⁶

Sick of a calenture, taken by a surfeit
Of stinking souls at his nephew's at St Dunstan's,⁷
What would you minister upon the sudden ?
Your judgment, short and sound.

1 Phys. A fool's head.

Tho. No, sir,

It must be a physician's, for three causes :
The first, because it is a bald-head likely,
Which will down easily without applepap.

3 Phys. A main cause !

Tho. So it is, and well consider'd.
The second, for 'tis fill'd with broken Greek, sir,
Which will so tumble in his stomach, doctor,
And work upon the crudities, (conceive me).
The fears and the fiddle-strings within it,
That those damn'd souls must disembogue again.

Hylas. Or meeting with the Stygian humour—

Tho. Right, sir.

Hylas. Forced with a cataplasm of crackers—

Tho. Ever.

⁶ *Biggen.*] A kind of cap now worn only by children. So in Ben Jonson's *Volpone*—

“Get you a *biggin* more, your brain breaks loose.”

⁷ *At his nephews and St Dunstons.*] The necessity of the slight change here must appear to every reader.—*Sew ard.*

Hylas. Scour all before him, like a scavenger.

Tho. Satisfecisti, domine. My last cause,
My last is, and not least, most learned doctors,
Because in most physicians' heads—I mean those
That are most excellent, and old withal,
And angry, though a patient say his prayers,
And Paracelsians that do trade with poisons,
We have it by tradition of great writers—
There is a kind of toad-stone bred,⁸ whose virtue,
The doctor being dried——

1 Phys. We are abused, sirs.

Hylas. I take it so, or shall be. For, say the
belly-ache,
Caused by an inundation of pease-porridge,
Are we therefore to open the port vein,
Or the port esquiline?

Sam. A learned question!
Or grant the diaphragma by a rupture,
The sign being then in the head of Capricorn—

Tho. Meet with the passion Hyperchondriaca,
And so cause a carnosity in the kidnies,
Must not the brains, being butter'd with this hu-
mour—

Answer me that.

Sam. Most excellently argued!

2 Phys. The next fit you will have, my most
fine scholar,
Bedlam shall find a salve for. Fare you well, sir!
We came to do you good, but these young doc-
tors

It seems have bored our noses.

3 Phys. Drink hard, gentlemen,
And get unwholesome drabs: 'Tis ten to one then

⁸ *Toad-stone.*] It is a well known superstition, not entirely ob-
solete at this day, that a stone of high medicinal qualities is bred
in the head of toads.

We shall hear further from ye, your note alter'd.
[*Exeunt Phys. Apoth. and Barber.*]

Tho. *And wilt thou be gone, says one?*

Hylas. *And wilt thou be gone, says t' other?* [They sing.]

Tho. *Then take the odd crown,
To mend thy old gown,*

Sam. *And we'll be gone all together.*

Fran. My learned Tom!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the young gentlewomen
Sent me to see what company you had with you;
They much desire to visit you.

Fran. Pray you thank 'em,
And tell 'em my most sickness is their absence:
You see my company.

Tho. Come hither, Crab;
What gentlewomen are these? my mistress?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Hylas. And who else?

Serv. Mistress Alice.

Hylas. Oh!

Tho. Hark you, sirrah,
No word of my being here, unless she know it.

Serv. I do not think she does.

Tho. Take that, and mum then.

Serv. You have tied my tongue up. [Exit.]

Tho. Sit you down, good Francis,
And not a word of me till you hear from me;
And, as you find my humour, follow it.
You two come hither, and stand close, unseen,
 boys,

And do as I shall tutor you.

Fran. What new work?

Tho. Pr'ythee no more, but help me now.

Hylas. I would fain
Talk with the gentlewomen.

Tho. Talk with the gentlewomen?
Of what, forsooth? whose maidenhead the last
masque
Suffer'd impression? or whose clyster wrought
best?

Take me as I shall tell thee.

Hylas. To what end?
What other end came we along?

Sam. Be ruled though.

Tho. Your weasel face must needs be ferreting
About the farthingale! Do as I bid you,
Or by this light——

Hylas. Come then.

Tho. Stand close, and mark me.

[They stand apart.]

Fran. All this forced foolery will never do it.

Enter ALICE and MARY.

Alice. I hope we bring you health, sir: How is't with you?

Mary. You look far better, trust me.—The fresh colour
Creeps now again into his cheeks.

Alice. Your enemy,
I see, has done his worst. Come, we must have
you

Lusty again, and frolic, man ; leave thinking.

Mary. Indeed it does you harm, sir.

Fran. My best visitants,
I shall be govern'd by you.

Alice. You shall be well then,
And suddenly, and soundly well.

Mary. This air, sir,

Having now season'd you, will keep you ever.

Tho. No, no, I have no hope! nor is it fit, friends,
(My life has been so lewd, my loose condition,
Which I repent too late, so lamentable)
That any thing but curses light upon me;
Exorbitant in all my ways!

Alice. Who's that, sir?
Another sick man?

Mary. Sure I know that voice well.

Tho. In all my courses cureless disobedience!⁹

Fran. What a strange fellow's this!

Tho. No counsel, friends,
No look before I leap'd.

Alice. Do you know the voice, sir?

Fran. Yes; 'tis a gentleman's that's much afflicted
In his mind: Great pity, ladies.

Alice. Now Heaven help him!

Fran. He came to me, to ask free pardon of me,
For some things done long since, which his dis-
temper

Made to appear like wrong, but 'twas not so.

Mary. Oh, that this could be truth!

Hylas. Persuade yourself!

Tho. To what end, gentlemen? when all is pe-
rish'd

Upon a wreck, is there a hope remaining
The sea, that ne'er knew sorrow, may be pitiful?
My credit's split, and sunk, nor is it possible,
Were my life lengthened out as long as——

Mary. I like this well.

Sam. Your mind is too mistrustful.

Tho. I have a virtuous sister, but I scorn'd her;
A mistress too, a noble gentlewoman,
For goodness all out-going——

⁹ Cureless disobedience.] Old quarto; other copies, CARELESS
disobedience.—Ed. 1778.

Alice. Now I know him.

Tho. Which these eyes, friends, my eyes, must never see more.¹

Alice. This is for your sake, Mary: Take heed, cousin;

A man is not so soon made.

Tho. Oh, my fortune!

But it is just, I be despised and hated.

Hylas. Despair not, 'tis not manly: One hour's goodness

Strikes off an infinite of ills.

Alice. Weep truly,

And with compassion, cousin.

Fran. How exactly

This cunning young thief plays his part! [*Aside.*

Mary. Well, Tom,

My Tom again, if this be truth.

Hylas. She weeps, boy.

Tho. Oh, I shall die!

Mary. Now Heaven defend!

Sam. Thou hast her.

Tho. Come, lead me to my friend, to take his farewell;

And then what fortune shall befall me, welcome!

How does it shew? [*Aside to HYLAS.*

Hylas. Oh, rarely well.

Mary. Say you so, sir?

Fran. Oh, you grand ass!

Mary. And are you there, my juggler?

Away; we are abused, Alice.

Alice. Fool be with thee!

[*Exeunt MARY and ALICE.*

¹ With *these eyes*.] I take *with*, here, to have been put for *whom*, or *which*. The former is more correct English, the latter nearer the trace of the letter; and the old English writers as often apply *which* to men and women as to inanimate things.—*Seaward.*

Tho. Where is she?

Fran. Gone; she found you out, and finely;
In your own noose she halter'd you: You must be
whispering,
To know how things shew'd; not content to fare
well,

But you must roar out roast meat. Till that sus-
picion,

You carried it most neatly; she believed too,
And wept most tenderly; had you continued,
Without doubt you had brought her off.

Tho. This was thy roguing,
For thou wert ever whispering: Fy upon thee!
Now could I break thy head.

Hylas. You spoke to me first.

Tho. Do not anger me,
For by this hand I'll beat thee buzzard-blind
then!²
She shall not 'scape me thus: Farewell for this
time.

Fran. Good-night! 'Tis almost bed time; yet
no sleep
Must enter these eyes, till I work a wonder.

[*Exit.*

Tho. Thou shalt along too, for I mean to plague
thee
For this night's sins; I'll ne'er leave walking of
thee

Till I have worn thee out.

Hylas. Your will be done, sir.

Tho. You will not leave me, Sam?

Sam. Not I.

² *I'll beat the buzzard blind then.*] We should not have made the variation here, (though slight) had it not been much for the better, and probably genuine.—Ed. 1778.

The buzzard, or bald kite, is one of the worst species of hawks.

Tho. Away then ;
 I'll be your guide. Now, if my man be trusty,
 My spiteful dame, I'll pipe you such a hunts-up
 Shall make you dance a tipvaes.³ Keep close to
 me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in Sebastian's House.

Enter SEBASTIAN and DOROTHEA.

Seb. Never persuade me ; I will marry again.
 What, should I leave my state to pins and poking-
 sticks,⁴
 To farthingales, and flounces ? To fore-horses,⁵

³ *Tipvaes.*] Perhaps we should read—*tiptoes*, unless there be some dance called *tipvaes* ; which, however, we never heard of.—Ed. 1778.

Hunts-up, in the preceding line, has been already explained, vol. V. p. 87.

⁴ *Poking-sticks.* “ *Poking-sticks*,” says Mr Steevens, “ were heated in the fire, and made use of to adjust the plaits of ruffs.” In Marston’s *Malecontent*, 1604, is the following instance:—“ There is such a deale of pinning these ruffs, when the fine clean fall is worth them all.” And again, “ If you should chance to take a nap in the afternoon, your falling band requires no *poking-stick* to recover his form,” &c. So in Middleton’s comedy of *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602 :—“ Your ruff must stand in print, and for that purpose get *poking-sticks* with fair long handles, lest they scorch your hands.”—*Note on Winter’s Tale.*—Ed. 1778.

⁵ ——— to fore-horses,

And an old leather bawdy-house behind ’em.] I read FOUR

And an old leathern bawdy-house behind 'em?
To thee?

Dor. You have a son, sir.

Seb. Where? what is he?

Who is he like?

Dor. Yourself.

Seb. Thou liest; thou hast marr'd him,
Thou, and thy prayer-books: I do disclaim him;
Did not I take him singing yesternight
A godly ballad, to a godly tune too,
And had a catechism in's pocket, damsel?
One of our dear disciples, I perceive it.
When did he ride abroad since he came over?
What tavern has he used to? what things done
That shews a man, and mettle? When was my
house

At such a shame before, to creep to bed
At ten o'clock, and twelve, for want of company?
No singing, nor no dancing, nor no drinking?
Thou think'st not of these scandals. When, and
where,

Has he but shew'd his sword of late?

Dor. Despair not,
I do beseech you, sir, nor tempt your weakness;
For, if you like it so, I can assure you,
He is the same man still.

Seb. 'Would thou wert ashes
On that condition! But, believe it, gossip,
You shall know you have wrong'd——

horses, viz. to a coach and four. Calling the former a leathern bawdy-house is quite in character.—*Seward*.

Perhaps the author intended *FORE horses* to stand in opposition to *leather bawdy-house BEHIND 'em*. *Fore-horses* occurs too in other plays of our authors.—Ed. 1778.

I apprehend, in the present instance, *Seward* is right, as the explanation of the last editors is certainly far-fetched.

Dor. You never, sir;
So well I know my duty. And, for Heaven sake,
Take but this counsel with you ere you marry;
(You were wont to hear me) take him, and confess him,

Search him to th' quick, and if you find him false,
Do as you please; a mother's name I honour.

Seb. He's lost and spoil'd; I am resolved my
roof

Shall never harbour him: And for you, minion,
I'll keep you close enough, lest you break loose,
And do more mischief. Get you in!—Who waits?

[*Exit DOROTHEA.*]

Enter Servant.

Serv. Do you call, sir?

Seb. Seek the boy, and bid him wait
My pleasure in the morning: Mark what house
He is in, and what he does; and truly tell me.

Serv. I will not fail, sir.

Seb. If you do, I'll hang you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Before the Residence of Mary. Night.

Enter THOMAS, HYLAS, and SAM.

Tho. Keep you the back-door there, and be sure
None of the servants enter, or go out.

If any woman pass, she's lawful prize, boys;
Cut off all convoys.

Hylas. Who shall answer this?

Tho. Why, I shall answer it, you fearful widgeon;
I shall appear to th' action.

Hylas. May we discourse too,
On honourable terms?

Tho. With any gentlewoman
That shall appear at window: You may rehearse
too,

By your commission safely, some sweet parcels
Of poetry to a chambermaid.

Hylas. May we sing too?
For there's my master-piece.

Tho. By no means; no, boys;
I am the man reserved for air, 'tis my part;
And if she be not rock, my voice shall reach her.
Ye may record a little,⁶ or ye may whistle,
As time shall minister; but, for main singing,
Pray ye satisfy yourselves. Away; be careful!

Hylas. But hark you; one word, Tom! we may
be beaten.

Tho. That's as you think good yourselves: If
you deserve it;
Why, 'tis the easiest thing to compass. Beaten?
What bugbears dwell in thy brains? who should
beat thee?

Hylas. She has men enough.

Tho. Art not thou man enough too?

⁶ *Ye may record a little.*] i. e. Play on the music; a recorder (as appears in Hamlet) signifying a pipe.—Ed. 1778.

To *record*, frequently signified to *sing*, which cannot apply here. The first essays of a bird are called *recording* among bird-fanciers at this day; so that Thomas probably means to tell his companions that they may sing very low, but that the *air*, or song, the "main singing," shall be reserved for himself.

Thou hast flesh enough about thee : If all that
mass

Will not maintain a little spirit, hang it,
And dry it too for dogs' meat. Get you gone ;
I have things of moment in my mind. That door,
Keep it as thou wouldst keep thy wife from a serving-man.

No more, I say : Away, Sam !

Sam. At your will, sir.

[*Exeunt* HYLAS and SAM.]

Enter LAUNCELOT and Fiddler.

Laun. I have him here ; a rare rogue. Good
sweet master,

Do something of some savour suddenly,
'That we may eat, and live ; I am almost starved :

*No point manieur, no point de vein, no Signieur,*⁷

Not by the virtue of my languages ;

Nothing at my old master's to be hoped for !

Oh, Signeur Du! nothing to line my life with,

But cold pies,⁸ with a cudgel, till you help us !

Tho. Nothing but famine frights thee. Come
hither, fiddler ;

⁷ *No point manieur, no point devein, no Signieur.*] Unless Launcelot may be here supposed to speak a sort of *Lingua Franca*, or medley of languages, these words are so ill wrote, that it may be difficult to tell what was the original.—*Seward*.

He is purposely represented as speaking barbarously, and the words plainly import, that "no wine or good cheer is to be had at his old master's."—*Ed.* 1778.

Launcelot means to say—*point manger, point de vin.* I suppose the error to lie in the printing. Launcelot might well have learned these few words in his travels.—*Mason*.

I believe Mr Mason is right ; but as the poet seems to have purposely put bad French into Launcelot's mouth, the mistakes in that language have not been corrected.

⁸ *Cold pies.*] i. e. Swords. The joke is a favourite one with Fletcher.

What ballads are you seen in best? Be short, sir.

Fid. Under your mastership's correction, I can sing

"The Duke of Norfolk;" or "the merry ballad Of Diverus and Lazarus;" "The Rose of England;"

"In Crete when Dedimus first began;"

"Jonas his Crying-out against Coventry"——

Tho. Excellent!

Rare matters all.

Fid. "Mawdlin the Merchant's Daughter;"

"The Devil, and ye dainty Dames"——

Tho. Rare still!

Fid. "The Landing of the Spaniards at Bow.

"With the Bloody Battle at Mile-End."

Tho. All excellent!

No tuning, as ye love me; let thy fiddle Speak Welch, or any thing that's out of all tune;

⁹ *Mawdlin, &c.]* Mawdlin, the Merchant's Daughter of Bristol. This, and several others before mentioned, are the titles of ballads, some of which have been lately reprinted.—*Reed.*

"The Duke of Norfolk" was probably a ballad relating the misfortunes of Thomas Duke of Norfolk, executed in 1571. The subject of the next, which seems to have been very popular, is well known, (probably an intentional corruption of Dives and Lazarus.) "The Rose of England" is undoubtedly either Thomas Deloney's Fair Rosamond, (printed by Percy, ed. 1794, II. 143.) or The Unfortunate Concubine; or Rosamond's Overthrow. (Evans's Ballads, 1810, II. 68.) The other ballads enumerated here I have not met with. "The Landing of the Spaniards at Bow, with the Bloody Battle at Mile-End," probably related to a mock-fight between the train-bands, (who were exercised at the latter place) which seems to be again alluded to in the following speech of Mrs Merrythought, in The Knight of the Burning Pestle: "I can assure thee, Michael, Mile-End is a goodly matter. There has been a pitch field, my child, between the naughty Spaniels and the Englishmen; and the Spaniels ran away, Michael, and the Englishmen followed."—Act II. sc. II. Another allusion to this action at Mile-End occurs in the Epilogue to A Wife for a Month, vol. VIII.

The viler still the better, like thyself,
For I presume thy voice will make no trees dance.

Fid. Nay truly, you shall have it even as homely.—

Tho. Keep ye to that key. Are they all a-bed, trow?

Laun. I hear no stirring any where, no light
In any window; 'tis a night for the nonce, sir.²

Tho. Come, strike up then, and say "The Merchant's Daughter;"

We'll bear the burthen: Proceed to incision, fiddler. [Song.]

Enter Servant, above.

Serv. Who's there? what noise is this? what rogue at these hours?

Tho. [Sings.] *Oh, what is that to you, my fool?*

Oh, what is that to you?

*Pluck in your face, you bawling
ass,*

Or I will break your brow.

Hey down, down, a-down.

A new ballad, a new, a new!

Fid. *The twelfth of April, on May-day,*

My house and goods were burnt away, &c.

² — *for the nonce.*] This, as Mr Henley observes, is still used in Suffolk to signify on purpose, for the turn. Mr Tyrwhitt, with some probability, derives the phrase from the Latin—*pro-nunc*. The frequent occurrence of it renders any accumulation of instances unnecessary. One, from Gascoigne's Supposes, may suffice:—"Step to him all at once, take him: and, with a cord that I have laid on the table *for the nonce*, bind him hand and foot."

Maid. [*Above.*] Why, who is this?

Laun. Oh, damsel dear,

Open the door, and it shall appear;

Open the door!

Maid. Oh, gentle squire,²

I'll see thee hang first; farewell, my dear!—

Enter MARY, above.

'Tis Master Thomas; there he stands.

Mary. 'Tis strange

That nothing can redeem him. Rail him hence,

Or sing him out in's own way; any thing

To be deliver'd of him.

Maid. Then have at him.

[*Sings.*

My man Thomas

Did me promise,

He would visit me this night.

Tho. I am here, love;

Tell me, dear love,

How I may obtain thy sight.

Maid. Come up to my window, love;

Come, come, come!

Come to my window, my dear;

The wind nor the rain

Shall trouble thee again,

But thou shalt be lodged here.³

² *Open the door,*

Oh, gentle 'squire.] We take *Oh, gentle 'squire*, to be part of the *Maid's* answer, who leaves off singing at—'Tis Master Thomas.—Ed. 1778.

Though Mason defends the old reading, the editors are most probably right, as these two hemistichs would otherwise have been written in one line; and we have very frequently had occasion to notice the erroneous removals of the names of the speakers in the old copies.

³ These lines are also quoted from some old ballad or song in *The Woman's Prize*, and in the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*.

Tho. And art thou strong enough?

Laun. Up, up; I warrant you.—

Mary. What dost thou mean to do?

Maid. Good mistress, peace;

I'll warrant you we'll cool him. *Madge!*

Madge. [*Above.*] I am ready.

Tho. *The love of Greece, and it tickled him so,*

That he devised a way to go.

Now, sing "The Duke of Northumberland."⁴

Fid. *And climbing to promotion,*

He fell down suddenly.

[*Enter, below, MADGE, with a devil's vizard, roaring, offers to kiss him, he falls down, and she exit.*

Maid. Farewell, sir!

Mary. What hast thou done? Thou hast broke his neck.

Maid. Not hurt him;

He pitch'd upon his legs like a cat.

Tho. Oh, woman!

Oh, miserable woman! I am spoil'd!

My leg, my leg, my leg! Oh, both my legs!

Mary. I told thee what thou hadst done; mischief go with thee!

Tho. Oh, I am lamed for ever! Oh, my leg,

Broken in twenty places! Oh, take heed,

Take heed of women, Fiddler! Oh, a surgeon,

A surgeon, or I die! Oh, my good people!

No charitable people? all despiteful?

Oh, what a misery am I in! Oh, my leg!

Laun. Be patient, sir, be patient: Let me bind it.

Enter SAM, and HYLAS with his head broken.

Tho. Oh, do not touch it, rogue.

⁴ *The Duke of Northumberland.*] Probably this was some bal-lad on the Earl (not Duke) of Northumberland, beheaded in 1572. The two lines quoted are, however, not in "Northumberland betrayed by Douglas," printed by Percy, (I. 295.)

Hylas. My head, my head !
Oh, my head's kill'd !

Sam. You must be courting wenches
Through key-holes, Captain Hylas ! Come, and
be comforted ;
The skin is scarce broke.

Tho. Oh, my leg !

Sam. How do you, sir ?

Tho. Oh, maim'd for ever with a fall. He's
spoil'd too ;

I see his brains.

Hylas. Away with me, for God's sake !
A surgeon !

Sam. Here's a night indeed.

Hylas. A surgeon !

[*Exeunt all but Fiddler and THOMAS.*]

Enter MARY and Servant, below.

Mary. Go, run for help.

Tho. Oh !

Mary. Run all, and all too little.
Oh, cursed beast that hurt him ! Run, run, fly,
He will be dead else !

Tho. Oh !

Mary. Good friend, go you too.

Fid. Who pays me for my music ?

Mary. Pox o' your music !
There's twelvepence for you.

Fid. There's two groats again, forsooth ;
I never take above, and rest you merry ! [*Exit.*]

Mary. A grease-pot gild your fiddle-strings !—
How do you ?

How is my dear ?

Tho. [*Rises.*] Why, well, I thank you, sweet-
heart.

Shall we walk in ; for now there's none to trouble us ?

Mary. Are you so crafty, sir ? I shall meet with you.— [Aside.

I knew your trick, and I was willing, my Tom,
Mine own Tom, now to satisfy thee. Welcome,
welcome !

Welcome, my best friend, to me ; all my dearest !

Tho. Now you are my noble mistress. We lose time, sweet.

Mary. I think they are all gone.

Tho. All ; you did wisely.

Mary. And you as craftily.

Tho. We are well met, mistress.

Mary. Come, let's go in then lovingly.—Oh,
my scarf, Tom !

I lost it thereabout ; find it, and wear it
As your poor mistress' favour.

[Exit into the house.]

Tho. I am made now ;

I see no venture is in no hand.—I have it.^s—

How now ? the door lock'd, and she in before ?

Am I so trimm'd ?

Mary. [Above.] One parting word, sweet Thomas :

Though, to save your credit, I discharged your
fiddler,

I must not satisfy your folly too, sir.

You are subtle ; but, believe it, fox, I'll find you.—
The surgeons will be here straight ; roar again,
boy,

^s *I see no venture is in no hand.]* Seward substitutes, according to the common proverb—*No venture, nothing have* ; a most “ un-warrantable liberty,” as he himself apprehended. The text was undoubtedly the manner in which the same proverb was frequently expressed ; and “ I have it,” certainly refers to the scarf which Thomas finds.

And break thy legs for shame ; thou wilt be sport
else.

Good night ! *[Exit from the window.]*

Tho. She says most true ; I must not stay : She
has bobb'd me ;

Which, if I live, I'll recompence, and shortly.

Now for a ballad to bring me off again : *[Sings.]*

All young men, be warn'd by me,

How you do go a-wooing ;

Seek not to climb, for fear ye fall,

Thereby comes your undoing, &c. [Exit.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in Valentine's House.

Enter VALENTINE, ALICE, and Servant.

Val. He cannot go, and take no farewell of me?
Can he be so unkind ? He's but retired
Into the garden or the orchard. See, sirs.

Alice. He would not ride there, certain ; those
were planted

Only for walks, I take it.

Val. Ride ? Nay then——
Had he a horse out ?

Serv. So the groom delivers,
Somewhat before the break of day.

Val. He's gone,
My best friend's gone, Alice! I have lost the noblest,
The truest, and the most man, I e'er found yet.

Alice. Indeed, sir, he deserves all praise.

Val. All, sister;
All, all, and all too little. Oh, that honesty,
That ermine honesty, unspotted ever,
That perfect goodness!

Alice. Sure he will return, sir;
He cannot be so harsh.

Val. Oh, never, never,
Neve return; thou know'st not where the cause
lies.

Alice. He was the worthiest welcome——

Val. He deserved it.

Alice. Nor wanted, to our knowledge——

Val. I will tell thee,
Within this hour, things that shall startle thee.
He never must return.

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Good morrow, signior.

Val. Good morrow, Master Michael.

Mich. My good neighbour,
Methinks you are stirring early, since your travel;
You have learnt the rule of health, sir. Where's
your mistress?

She keeps her warm, I warrant you, a-bed yet.

Val. I think she does.

Alice. 'Tis not her hour of waking.

Mich. Did you lie with her, lady?

Alice. Not to-night, sir,
Nor any night this week else.

Mich. When last saw you her?

Alice. Late yesternight.

Mich. Was she a-bed then?

Alice. No, sir :

I left her at her prayers. Why do you ask me?

Mich. I have been strangely haunted with a dream

All this long night, and, after many wakings,
The same dream still: Methought I met young
Cellidè

Just at St Katherine's gate, the nunnery,——

Val. Ha!

Mich. Her face slubber'd o'er with tears and troubles;

Methought she cried unto the lady abbess,
“For charity receive me, holy woman,
A maid that has forgot the world's affections,
Into thy virgin order;” methought she took her,
Put on a stole and sacred robe upon her,
And there I left her.

Val. Dream?

Mich. Good mistress Alice,
Do me the favour (yet to satisfy me)
To step but up, and see.

Alice. I know she's there, sir,
And all this but a dream.

Mich. You know not my dreams;
They are unhappy ones, and often truths:
But this, I hope yet——

Alice. I will satisfy you.

[*Exit.*

Mich. Neighbour, how does the gentleman?

Val. I know not.—

Dream of a nunnery?

Mich. How found you my words
About the nature of his sickness, Valentine?

Val. Did she not cry out 'twas my folly too

That forced her to this nunnery? did she not
curse me?

For God sake speak! did you not dream of me
too?

How basely, poorly, tamely, like a fool,
Tired with his joys——

Mich. Alas, poor gentleman!

You promised me, sir, to bear all these crosses.

Val. I bear 'em 'till I break again!

Mich. But nobly,

Truly to weigh——

Val. Good neighbour, no more of it;

You do but fling flax on my fire.—Where is she?

Enter ALICE.

Alice. Not yonder, sir, nor has not this night
certain

Been in her bed.

Mich. It must be truth she tells you;
And now I'll shew you why I came: This morn-
ing

A man of mine, being employed about business,
Came early home, who, at St Katharine's nunnery,
About day-peep, told me he met your mistress;
And, as I spoke it in a dream, so troubled,
And so received by the abbess, did he see her:
The wonder made me rise, and haste unto you,
To know the cause.

Val. Farewell! I cannot speak it.

[*Exit VALENTINE.*

Alice. For Heaven sake, leave him not!

Mich. I will not, lady.

Alice. Alas, he's much afflicted.

Mich. We shall know shortly more. Apply
your own care

At home, good Alice, and trust him to my counsel.
Nay, do not weep ; all shall be well, despair not.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Sebastian's House.

Enter SEBASTIAN and a Servant.

Seb. At Valentine's house so merry ?

Serv. As a pie, sir.

Seb. So gamesome, dost thou say ?

Serv. I am sure I heard it.

Seb. Ballads, and fiddles too ?

Serv. No, but one fiddle ;
But twenty noises.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Seb. Did he do devises ?

Serv. The best devises, sir. Here's my fellow
Launcelot,

He can inform you all ; he was among 'em,
A mad thing too ; I stood but in a corner.

Seb. Come, sir ; what can you say ? Is there
any hope yet
Your master may return ?

Laun. He went far else :
I will assure your worship, on my credit,
By the faith of a traveller, and a gentleman,
Your son is found again, the son, the Tom.

Seb. Is he the old Tom?

Laun. The old Tom.

Seb. Go forward.

Laun. Next, to consider how he is the old Tom.

Seb. Handle me that.

Laun. I would ye had seen it handled

Last night, sir, as we handled it : *Cap-a-pie* !

Foutra for leers and leerings !⁶ Oh, the noise,

The noise we made !

Seb. Good, good !

Laun. The windows clattering,

And all the chambermaids in such a whobub,⁷

One with her smock half off, another in haste

With a serving-man's hose upon her head——

Seb. Good still !

Laun. A fellow railing out of a loop-hole there,

And his mouth stopt with dirt——

Seb. I'faith, a fine boy !

Laun. Here one of our heads broke——

Seb. Excellent good still !

Laun. The gentleman himself, young Master
Thomas,

(Environ'd with his furious myrmidons,

The fiery Fiddler, and myself) now singing,

⁶ *For leers and leerings.*] The word *leer* occurs in the New Inn, by Ben Jonson, act IV. scene III. Lovel says——

—— “ I'll to bed, and sleep,

If th' house, and your *leer drunkards* let me.”

And also in Bartholomew Fair.—“ The Author doth promise a strutting horse-courser, with a *leer drunkard*, two or three to attend him in as good equipage as you would wish.” Upon both which passages, Mr Whalley observes, that though the meaning of the word *leer* cannot very easily be settled, the expression seems in both places to denote *noisy, laughing, roaring drunkards.*—*Reed.*

⁷ *Whobub.*] An old manner of spelling *hubbub* ; which also occurs in *Women Pleased*, and in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*.

Now beating at the door, there parleying,
 Courting at that window, at the other scaling,
 And all these several noises to two trenchers,
 Strung with a bottom of brown thread, which
 shew'd admirable.

Seb. There; eat, and grow again: I am pleased.
[Gives him money.]

Laun. Nor here, sir,
 Gave we the frolic over, though at length
 We quit the lady's sconce^a on composition;
 But to the silent streets we turn'd our furies:
 A sleeping watchman here we stole the shoes from,
 There made a noise, at which he wakes, and fol-
 lows;

The streets are dirty, takes a Queenhithe cold,^b
 Hard cheese, and that, chokes him o' Monday
 next:

Windows and signs we sent to Erebus:
 A crew of bawling curs we entertain'd last,
 When having let the pigs loose in out-parishes,
 Oh, the brave cry we made as high as Aldgate!
 Down comes a constable, and the sow his sister
 Most traitorously tramples upon authority:
 There a whole stand of rug gowns routed manly,
 And the king's peace put to flight: A purblind
 pig here

Runs me his head into the admiral's lanthorn;^c
 Out goes the light, and all turns to confusion:
 A potter rises, to inquire this passion;

^a *Sconce.*] A petty fortification.—*Schantze.* Germ.

^b *Queenhithe-cold.*] The inhabitants near Queenhithe, which is situated at the bottom of Queen-street, Cheapside, and where a square piece of ground is still left muddy and damp at the ebbing of the tide, were not unlikely to be peculiarly subject to agues and severe catarrhs.

^c *Into the admirable lanthorn.*] Former editions.—*Seward.*

A boar imbo² takes sanctuary in his shop,
 When twenty dogs rush after, we still cheering;
 Down go the pots, and pipkins, down the pud-
 ding-pans,
 The cream-bowls cry revenge here, there the
 candlesticks!

SEB. [*Sings.*]

*If this be true, thou little tiny page,
 This tale that thou tell'st me,
 Then on thy back will I presently hang
 A handsome new livery;*

*But if this be false, thou little tiny page,
 As false it well may be,
 Then with a cudgel of four foot long
 I'll beat thee from head to toe.³*

Enter Servant.

Seb. Will the boy come?

Serv. He will, sir.

² *A boar imbo².*] A deer, when hunted hard, and when he foams at the mouth, is said to be *embo²*; and the same is said of a dog in a similar situation. From the text, it seems probable the term was applied to any animal.

³ *If this be true, &c.*] In Dr Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. III. p. 67, is an old ballad, entitled, *Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard*, from which we shall extract two stanzas, which Sebastian seems to have intended to imitate:

"If it be trewe, thou tiney foot-page,
 This tale thou hast told to mee,
 Then all my lands in Bucklesford Bury
 I freelye will give to thee.

"But if it be a lye, thou tiney foot-page,
 This tale thou hast told to mee,
 On the highest tree in Bucklesford Bury
 All hanged shalt thou bee."

Reed.

Enter THOMAS.

Seb. Time tries all then.

Laun. Here he comes now himself, sir.

Seb. To be short, Thomas,

Because I feel a scruple in my conscience
Concerning thy demeanour, and a main one,
And therefore, like a father, would be satisfied,
Get up to that window there, and presently,
Like a most complete gentleman, come from Tri-
poly.⁴

Tho. Good lord, sir, how are you misled! What
fancies—

Fitter for idle boys and drunkards, let me speak't,
And with a little wonder, I beseech you—
Choke up your noble judgment!

Seb. You rogue, Launcelot,
You lying rascal!

Laun. Will you spoil all again, sir?
Why, what a devil do you mean?

Tho. Away, knave!—
You keep a company of saucy fellows,
Debosh'd, and daily drunkards, to devour you;
Things, whose dull souls tend to the cellar only:
You are ill advised, sir, to commit your credit—

Seb. Sirrah, sirrah!

Laun. Let me never eat again, sir,

⁴ *Come from Tripoly.*] In Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, act V. scene I., La-Foole says, "I protest, Sir John, you come as high from *Tripoly* as I do every whit, &c." Upon which passage Mr Whalley observes, that, *To come as high from Tripoly*, was a phrase then in use, to signify doing feats of activity and strength, and that *Tripoly* was famous for the jousts and tournaments held there in the days of chivalry; and from those feats the phrase was perhaps derived.—*Reed.*

Nor feel the blessing of another blue coat,⁵
 If this young gentleman, sweet Master Thomas,
 Be not as mad as heart can wish, your heart, sir :
 If yesternight's discourse—Speak, fellow Robin ;
 And if thou speakest less than truth——

Tho. 'Tis strange these varlets——

Serv. By these ten bones,⁶ sir, if these eyes and
 ears

Can hear and see——

Tho. Extreme strange !—Should thus boldly
 Bud in your sight, unto your son.⁷

Laun. Oh, *Deu guin* !⁸

Can you deny you beat a constable
 Last night ?

Tho. I touch authority, ye rascal ?

I violate the law ?

Laun. Good Master Thomas !

Serv. Did you not take two wenches from the
 watch too,

And put 'em into Pudding-Lane ?

⁵ —— *blue coat.*] Blue was the usual colour in which servants were dressed at the time. So in the second part of the *Honest Whore*, by Dekkar, Orlando says to the serving-men—" You proud varlets, you need not be ashamed to wear *blue*, when your master is one of your fellows."

⁶ *By these ten bones*—] That is, the fingers, a usual adjuration in Fletcher's days.

⁷ *'Tis strange these varlets*
 —— *should thus boldly*

Bud in your sight unto your son.] Mason observes, "*Bouder*, in French, is to pout or look gruffly; perhaps our authors formed an English verb from it, and that we ought to read *boude*, instead of *bud*." The existence of such a verb I have questioned before, (vol. III. p. 407,) and that our authors coined the word is still less likely. I have, however, nothing better to offer. But the sense is sufficiently obvious, meaning to upbraid or calumniate.

⁸ *Deu guin.*] Mr Seward, with his accustomed fidelity, reads, *Dieu garde*; apprehending, no doubt, that "it either was or

Laun. We mean not
Those civil things you did at Master Valentine's,
The fiddle, and the *fa las*.⁹

Tho. Oh, strange impudence!—
I do beseech you, sir, give no such licence
To knaves and drunkards, to abuse your son thus:
Be wise in time, and turn 'em off. We live, sir,
In a state govern'd civilly, and soberly,
Where each man's actions should confirm the law,
Not crack, and cancel it.

Seb. Launcelot du Lake,
Get you upon adventures! cast your coat,
And make your exit.

Laun. *Pour l'amour de Dieu!*

Seb. *Pur* me no *purs*; but *pur* at that door;
out, sirrah! [*Beats him.*]

I'll beat ye *purblind* else; out, ye eight languages!

Laun. My blood upon your head! [*Exit.*]

Tho. Purge me 'em all, sir.

Seb. And you too, presently.

Tho. Even as you please, sir.

Seb. Bid my maid-servants come,^{*} and bring
my daughter;

I will have one shall please me. [*Exit Servant.*]

Tho. 'Tis most fit, sir.

Seb. Bring me the money there. Here, Master
Thomas!

⁹ ought to have been so wrote;" and, classing it among those variations which are "too self-evident to require a note," says nothing about it. *Duw guin* is the Welch ejaculation here designed, meaning literally, *white God*—Ed. 1778.

⁹ — the *fa las*.] From the musical scale of *sol fa la*. Petruccio, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, says to Grumio,

"Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it;

• I'll try how you can *sol fa*, and sing it."

^{*} *Bid my maid servant come.*] Former editions.—Seward.

Enter two Servants, with two bags.

I pray sit down ; you are no more my son now ;
Good gentleman, be cover'd.

Tho. At your pleasure.

Seb. This money I do give ye, because of whilom

You have been thought my son, and by myself too,

And some things done like me : Ye are now another.

There is two hundred pound, a civil sum
For a young civil man : Much land and lordship
Will, as I take it, now but prove temptation
To dread ye² from your settled and sweet carriage.

Tho. You say right, sir.

Seb. Nay, I beseech you cover.

Tho. At your dispose. And I beseech you too, sir,

For the word civil, and more settled course,
It may be put to use,³ that on the interest,
Like a poor gentleman——

Seb. It shall, to my use,

To mine again ; do you see, sir ; good fine gentleman,

I give no brooding money for a scrivener ;
Mine is for present traffic, and so I'll use it.

² *To dread you.*] i. e. *To frighten you.* If the reader does not admit this uncommon use of the word (which seemed designedly affected by the authors) he may perhaps prefer, *draw* or *drive*, or *drag*, either of which may stand in its room.—*Seward.*

The old text is right. *To dread*, as well as *to fear*, was used as a verb active.

³ *Use.*] This word was continually used for *interest* ; and Sebastian quibbles upon this and the customary sense in his next speech.

Tho. So much for that then.

Enter DOROTHY, and four Maids.

Seb. For the main cause, Monsieur,
I sent to treat with you about, behold it;
Behold that piece of story-work, and view it.
I want a right heir to inherit me;
Not my estate alone, but my conditions,
From which you are revolted, therefore dead,
And I will break my back, but I will get one.

Tho. Will you choose there, sir?

Seb. There, among those damsels,
In mine own tribe: I know their qualities,
Which cannot fail to please me. For their beauties,
A matter of a three farthings makes all perfect,
A little beer, and beef-broth; they are sound too.
Stand all a-breast. Now, gentle Master Thomas,
Before I choose, you having lived long with me,
And happily sometimes with some of these too,
(Which fault I never frown'd upon) pray shew me
(For fear we confound our genealogies)
Which have you laid aboard; speak your mind
freely:

Have you had copulation with that damsel?

Tho. I have.

Seb. Stand you aside then. How with her, sir?

Tho. How, is not seemly here to say.

Dor. Here's fine sport!

Seb. Retire you too. Speak forward, Master
Thomas.

Tho. I will, and to the purpose; even with all,
sir.

Seb. With all? that's somewhat large.

Dor. And yet you like it.

Was ever sin so glorious?⁴

⁴ Was ever sin so glorious.] Glorious is here used in the French

Seb. With all, Thomas?

Tho. All surely, sir.

Seb. A sign thou art mine own yet!
In again all, and to your several functions!

[*Exeunt Maids.*

What say you to young Luce, my neighbour's daughter?

She was too young, I take it, when you travell'd;
Some twelve years old.

Tho. Her will was fifteen, sir.

Seb. A pretty answer, to cut off long discourse,
For I have many yet to ask you of,
Where I can choose, and nobly. Hold up your finger

When you are right: What say you to Valeria,
Whose husband lies a-dying now?—Why two,
And in that form?

Tho. Her husband is recover'd.

Seb. A witty moral! Have at ye once more,
Thomas;
The sisters of St Albans?—All five? Dat boy!
Dat's mine own boy!

Dor. Now out upon thee, monster!

Tho. Still hoping of your pardon.

Seb. There needs none, man;
A straw on pardon! pr'ythee, need no pardon.
I'll ask no more, nor think no more of marriage,
For o' my conscience I shall be thy cuckold.—
There's some good yet left in him.—Bear yourself well,

You may recover me. There's twenty pound, sir;
I see some sparkles which may flame again.

You may eat with me when you please; you know me.

[*Exit SEBASTIAN.*

sense of *glorieux*, proud, boastful; as in many other passages of these plays.

Dor. Why do you lie so damnably, so foolishly?

Tho. Dost thou long to have thy head broke?

Hold thy peace,

And do as I would have thee, or by this hand

I'll kill thy parrot, hang up thy small hound,^s

And drink away thy dowry to a penny.

Dor. Was ever such a wild ass?

Tho. Pr'ythee be quiet!

Dor. And dost thou think men will not beat
thee monstrously,

For abusing their wives and children?

Tho. And dost thou think

Men's wives and children can be abused too much?

Dor. I wonder at thee.

Tho. Nay, thou shalt adjure me

Before I have done.

Dor. How stand you with your mistress?

Tho. I shall stand nearer

Ere I be twelve hours older: There's my business.

She's monstrous subtle, Doll.

Dor. The devil, I think,

Cannot out-subtle thee.

Tho. If he play fair play.

Come, you must help me presently.

Dor. I discard you.

Tho. Thou shalt not sleep nor eat!

Dor. I'll no hand with you,

No bawd to your abuses.

Tho. By this light, Doll,

Nothing but in the way of honesty!

^s ——— by this hand

I'll kill thy parrot, hang up thy small hand.] Here the word *hand*, by accident, has been repeated at the end of the second line, and expelled the true word. The sense plainly leads us to a lap-dog, or a monkey, and the epithet *small* makes the former most probable; I read therefore *small hound*.—*Seward*.

Dor. Thou never knew'st that road: I hear
your vigils.

Tho. Sweet honey Doll—If I don't marry her,
Honestly marry her; if I mean not honourably—
Confe, thou shalt help me—Take heed how you
vex me!

I'll help thee to a husband too, a fine gentleman,
(I know thou'rt mad) a tall young man, a brown
man;

I swear he has his maidenhead; a rich man——

Dor. You may come in to dinner, and I'll an-
swer ye.

Tho. Nay, I'll go with thee, Doll.—Four Hun-
dred a-year, wench! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter MICHAEL and VALENTINE.

Mich. Good sir, go back again, and take my
counsel:

Sores are not cured by sorrows, nor time broke
from us

Pull'd back again by sighs.

Val. What should I do, friend?

Mich. Do that that may redeem you, go back
quickly:

Sebastian's daughter can prevail much with her;
The abbess is her aunt too.

Val. But my friend then,
Whose love and loss is equal tied?

Mich. Content you;
That shall be my task. If he be alive,
Or where my travel and my care may reach him,
I'll bring him back again.

Val. Say he come back
To piece his poor friend's life out, and my mistress
Be vow'd for ever a recluse?

Mich. So suddenly
She cannot; haste you therefore instantly away,
sir,

To put that danger by. First, as to a father,
Then as a friend, she was committed to you,
And all the care she now has: By which privilege
She cannot do herself this violence,
But you may break it, and the law allows you.

Val. Oh, but I forced her to it.

Mich. Leave disputing
Against yourself: If you will needs be miserable,
Spite of her goodness, and your friend's persua-
sions,
Think on, and thrive thereafter.

Val. I will home then,
And follow your advice; and, good, good Mi-
chael—

Mich. No more; I know your soul's divided;
Valentine:
Cure but that part at home with speedy marriage,
Ere my return; for then those thoughts that vex'd
her,

While there ran any stream for loose affections,
Will be stopt up, and chaste-eyed honour guide her.
Away, and hope the best still! I'll work for you,
And pray too, heartily. Away; no more words!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Street.

Enter HYLAS and SAM.

Hylas. I care not for my broken head.
But that it should be his plot, and a wench too,
A lousy, lazy wench prepared to do it!

Sam. Thou hadst as good be quiet; for o' my
conscience
He'll put another on thee else.

Hylas. I am resolved
To call him to account. Was it not manifest
He meant a mischief to me, and laugh'd at me,
When he lay roaring out his leg was broken,
And no such matter? Had he broke his neck,
Indeed 'twould ne'er have grieved me. Gallows
gall him!

Why should he choose out me?

Sam. Thou'rt ever ready
To thrust thyself into these she-occasions,
And he as full of knavery to accept it.

Hylas. Well, if I live, I'll have a new trick for
him.

Sam. That will not be amiss, but to fight with
him

Is to no purpose: Besides, he's truly valiant,
And a most deadly hand; thou never fought'st
yet,
Nor o' my conscience, hast no faith in fighting.

Hylas. No, no, I will not fight.

Sam. Besides, the quarrel,

Which has a woman in't, to make it scurvy,
Who would lie stinking in a surgeon's hands,
A month or two this weather? for, believe it;
He never hurts under a quarter's healing.

Hylas. No; upon better thought, I will not
fight, Sam,

But watch my time.

Sam. To pay him with a project;
Watch him too, I would wish you. Pr'ythee tell
me,

Dost thou affect these women still?

Hylas. Yes 'faith, Sam,
I love 'em even as well as e'er I did;
Nay, if my brains were beaten out, I must to 'em.

Sam. Dost thou love any woman?

Hylas. Any woman,
Of what degree or calling.

Sam. Of any age too?

Hylas. Of any age, from fourscore to fourteen,
boy;
Of any fashion.

Sam. And defect too?

Hylas. Right;
For those I love, to lead me to repentance.
A woman with no nose, after my surquedry,⁶

⁶ *A woman with no nose, after my surquedry.] Surquedry is pride or presumption; the original French word signifies overthinking, and in that sense it is here used,—After my surquedry, or according to my profound judgment.—Seward.*

In the first part of Marston's Antonio and Mellida, act III., this word occurs:

———"I will confesse plaine troth,
I envy nothing but the Travense light.

• O, had it eyes, and eares, and tongues, it might

Shews like King Philip's moral, *Memento mori* ;
And she that has a wooden leg demonstrates,
" Like hypocrites, we halt before the gallows ;"
An old one, with one tooth, seems to say to us,
" Sweet meats have sour sauce ;" she that's full of
aches,

" Crumb not your bread before you taste your
porridge :"

And many morals we may find.

Sam. 'Tis well, sir,
You make so worthy uses. But, *quid igitur* ?
What shall we now determine ?

Hylas. Let's consider
An hour or two how I may fit this fellow.

Sam. Let's find him first ; he'll quickly give oc-
casion :

But take heed to yourself, and say I warn'd you ;
He has a plaguy pate.

Hylas. That at my danger. [Exeunt.

See sport, heare speech of most strange *surquedries*.
O, if that candle light were made a poet,
He would prove a rare firking satyrist,
And draw the core forth of imposthum'd sinne."

The word is also used by Spenser, and the glossary to that writer explains it in the same manner as Mr Seward.—*Reed.*

SCENE V.

The Harbour.

Enter Sailors singing ; to them, MICHAEL and FRANCISCO severally.

Sail. Aboard, aboard ! the wind stands fair.

Mich. These call for passengers ; I'll stay and see

What men they take aboard.

Fran. A boat, a boat, a boat !

Sail. Away then.

Fran. Whither are ye bound, friends ?

Sail. Down to the Streights.

Mich. Ha ! 'tis not much unlike him.

Fran. May I have passage for my money ?

Sail. And welcome too.

Mich. 'Tis he ; I know 'tis he now.

Fran. Then, merrily aboard. And, noble friend,
Heaven's goodness keep thee ever, and all virtue
Dwell in thy bosom, Cellidè ! my last tears
I leave behind me thus, a sacrifice !

For I dare stay no longer to betray you.

Mich. Be not so quick, sir.—Sailors, I here
charge ye,

By virtue of this warrant, as you'll answer it,
(For both your ship and merchant I know perfectly)

Lay hold upon this fellow !

Fran. Fellow?

Mich. Ay, sir.

Sail. No hand to sword, sir; we shall master you.

Fetch out the manacles!

Fran. I do obey ye.

But, I beseech you, sir, inform me truly
How I am guilty.

Mich. You have robb'd a gentleman,
One that you are bound to for your life and being;
Money and horse unjustly you took from him,
And something of more note; but for you're a
gentleman——

Fran. It shall be so; and here I'll end all mi-
series,

Since friendship is so cruel!—I confess it,
And, which is more, a hundred of these robberies:
This ring I stole too from him, and this jewel,
The first and last of all my wealth.—Forgive me,

[*Aside.*

My innocence and truth, for saying I stole 'em,
And may they prove of value but to recompence
The thousandth part of his love, and bread I have
eaten!—

Pray see 'em render'd, noble sir; and so
I yield me to your power.

Mich. Guard him to th' water,
I charge you, sailors; there I will receive him,
And back convey him to a justice.

Sail. Come, sir;

Look to your neck; you are like to sail i' th' air
now.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

*A Room in Sebastian's House.**Enter THOMAS, in woman's clothes, DOROTHY, and Maid.*

Tho. Come, quickly, quickly, quickly; paint
 me handsomely;
 Take heed my nose be not in grain too.⁷
 Come, Doll, Doll, dizen me.

Dor. If you should play now
 Your devil's parts again——

Tho. “Yea and nay,” Dorothy.⁸

⁷ *Take heed my nose be not in grain too.*] Dyed in grain. This passage seems to confirm Dr Johnson's explanation of the following passage in Hamlet, disputed by Steevens:

“Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
 And there I see such black and *grained* spots,
 As will not leave their tinct.”

The last word might have convinced Steevens that *grained* cannot here have the same meaning as in another passage in The Comedy of Errors, viz. *indented*.

⁸ Yea and nay, *Dorothy.*] The humour of this seems lost in the former editions. Tom seems to use the expression *yea and nay* as an adjective, *yea-and-nay* Dorothy; i. e. *Puritanical* Dorothy.—*Seward.*

Mr Seward is wrong, though the comma after *yea and nay* might have kept him right. Tom does not call her *puritanical*, but, by a droll imitation of the fanatics of our author's time, intimates that his designs are as chaste as those of the religionists.

Dor. If ye do any thing, but that ye have sworn to,

Which only is access——

Tho. As I'm a gentleman!

Out with this hair, Doll, handsomely.

Dor. You have your breeches?

Tho. I pr'ythee away; thou know'st I'm monstrous ticklish:

What, dost thou think I love to blast my buttocks?

Dor. I'll plague you for this roguery; for I know well

What you intend, sir.

[*Aside.*

Tho. On with my muffler!⁹

Dor. You're a sweet lady! Come, let's see you curtsy:

What, broke i' th' bum? Hold up your head.

Tho. Plague on't,

I shall be piss my breeches if I cower thus!¹²

Come, am I ready?

Maid. At all points as like, sir,

As if you were my mistress.

Dor. Who goes with you?

Tho. None but my fortune and myself. [*Exit.*

Dor. Bless you!—

Now run thou for thy life, and get before him,
(Take the bye-way) and tell my cousin Mary

whose conversation was *Yea, yea*, and *nay, nay*. He makes use of the same expression at his first meeting with Hylas and Sam:

Do not you see me alter'd? “*Yea and nay,*” gentlemen;
A much-converted man.—Ed. 1778.

⁹ *Muffler.*] “The muffler,” observes Mr Douce, “was a part of female attire which only covered the lower half of the face.”

¹² *If I cower thus.*] i. e. Bend, stoop, or shrink.

“As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold
Approaching two and two, these *cowering* low
With blandishment, each bird stoop'd on his wing.”

Paradise Lost, b. viii. l. 349.

Reed.

In what shape he intends to come to cozen her ;
I'll follow at thy heels myself. Fly, wench !

Maid. I'll do it. [Exit.

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* THOMAS.

Dor. My father has met him ; this goes excellent !

And I'll away in time. Look to your skin, Thomas ! [Exit.

Seb. What, are you grown so corn-fed, goody Gillian,

You will not know your father ? What vagaries
Have you in hand ? what out-leaps, dirty heels,
That at these hours of night you must be gadding,
And through the orchard take your private passage ?

What, is the breese² in your breech ? Or has your brother

Appointed you an hour of meditation
How to demean himself ? Get you to bed, drab,
Or I'll so crab your shoulders³—You demure slut,
You civil dish of sliced beef, get you in !

Tho. I wi' not, that I wi' not.

Seb. Is it even so, dame ?

Have at you with a night-spell then !

Tho. Pray hold, sir !

Seb. *St George, St George, our lady's knight,*
He walks by day, so does he by night ;
And when he had her found,
He her beat and her bound,

² *Breese.*] The gad-fly, which is very troublesome to cattle. The abbess makes an allusion in the fifth act to the same insect.

³ *Or I'll so crab your shoulders.*] That is, beat them with a crab-stick.—*Mason.*

*Until to him her troth she plight,
She would not stir from him that night.**

Tho. Nay then, have at you with a counter spell:

*From elves, hobs,⁵ and fairies,
That trouble our dairies,
From fire-drakes and fiends,
And such as the devil sends,
Defend us, good Heaven!*

[Knocks down SEBASTIAN, and exit.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Bless my master! Look up, sir, I beseech you!

* This was a celebrated spell against the night-mare, and is introduced, with little variation, by Reginald Scott:—"If any hear the groaning of the party, speak unto him; so as he wake him, he is presently relieved. Howbeit, there are magical cures for it; as, for example—

*S. George, S. George, our ladies knight,
He walkt by day, so did he by night:
Until such time as he her found,
He her beat and he her bound,
Until her troth she to him plight,
He would not come to her that night.*

Whereas S. George, our ladies knight, was named three times S. George."—Discovery of Witchcraft, Lond. 1665, fol. p. 48. Shakspeare has the same spell, with some variations, in King Lear:

*"St Withold footed thrice the wold
He met the night-mare and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And aroint thee witch, aroint thee."*

The spell against elves and goblins, which follows in the text, has the appearance of being Fletcher's own composition.

⁵ *Hobs.*] Equivalent to hobgoblins.

Up with your eyes to Heaven !

Seb. Up with your nose, sir !

I do not bleed. 'Twas a sound knock she gave me ;
A plaguy mankind girl !⁶ How my brains totter !
Well, go thy ways ; thou hast got one thousand
pound more

With this dog trick. Mine own true spirit in her
too.

Laun. In her ? Alas, sir,

Alas, poor gentlewoman, she a hand so heavy,
To knock you like a calf down, or so brave a cou-
rage

To beat her father ? If you could believe, sir——

Seb. Who wouldst thou make me believe it
was ? the devil ?

Laun. One that spits fire as fast as he some-
times, sir,

And changes shapes as often ; your son Thomas.
Never wonder ; if it be not he, straight hang me.

⁶ *A plaguy mankind girl.*] Dr Johnson says that a *mankind wo-*
man is yet used, in the midland counties, for a woman violent, fe-
rocious, and mischievous.—*Reed.*

The word *mankind* may possibly, in some counties, signify fe-
rocious or mischievous ; but in this place it means only *mascu-*
line ; and in this sense it is continually used in all the old dramatic
writers. Launcelot, speaking afterwards of this very exploit, says,

——“ In a son now

’Tis nothing of no mark, every one does it ;

But to beget a daughter, a *man-maiden*,

That reaches at these high exploits, is admirable.”

What Launcelot calls a *man-maiden*, Sebastian calls a *mankind-*
girl. In Massinger’s *Guardian*, Jolante says——

“ I keep no *mankind* servant in my house ;”

that is, no male-servant. Shakspeare uses the word *mankind* in
the same sense in his *Winter’s Tale* ; and Jonson, in one of his
sonnets——

“ Pallas ! now thee I call on, *mankind-maid*.”

Mason.

Seb. He? If it be so,
I'll put thee in my will; and there's an end on't.

Laun. I saw his legs; he has boots on like a
player,⁷

Under his wench's clothes; 'tis he, 'tis Thomas,
In his own sister's clothes, sir, and I canvast him.*

Seb. No more words then; we'll watch him.

Thou'lt not believe, Launce,

How heartily glad I am.

Laun. May you be gladder!

But not this way, sir.

Seb. No more words, but watch him. [*Exeunt.*

⁷ *He has boots on like a player.*] It should be recollected that the female characters were at that time performed by men, who were perhaps not always very precise in attiring every part of their body in women's attire.

* *In his own sister's clothes, sir, and I can wast him.*] The variation is Mr Seward's, who says he at first proposed reading *canvast*, i. e. searched or inquired into him; but that, by Sebastian's answer, *We'll watch him*, the word *watch* seems the more probable reading.—Ed. 1778.

As Thomas's saying—I can *watch him*, conveys no information which we did not know before, I have preferred Seward's first reading, as being near the trace of the letters, and well according with the phraseology of the day. To *canvas* was often used (not for search or inquire, but) in the sense of to *sift*, to examine, which exactly suits the meaning required in the text: Nor is this sense entirely obsolete at present.

SCENE VII.

A Room in the Residence of Mary.

Enter MARY, DOROTHY, and Maid.

Mary. When comes he?

Dor. Presently.

Mary. Then get you up, Doll;
Away; I'll straight come to you. Is all ready?

Maid. All.

Mary. Let the light stand far enough.

Maid. 'Tis placed so.

Mary. Stay you to entertain him to his chamber:
But keep close, wench; he flies at all.

Maid. I warrant you.

Mary. You need no more instruction?

Maid. I am perfect. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VIII.

The Street before the same House.

Enter VALENTINE and THOMAS.

Tho. More stops yet? Sure the fiend's my ghost-
ly father.

Old Valentine ! what wind's in his poop ?

Val. Lady,

You are met most happily. Oh, gentle Doll,
You must now do me an especial favour.

Tho. What is it, Master Valentine ? I am sorely
troubled

With a salt rheum fallen i' my gums.

Val. I'll tell you,

And let it move you equally : My blest mistress,
Upon a slight occasion taking anger,
Took also (to undo me) your aunt's nunnery,
From whence, by my persuasion, to redeem her
Will be impossible ; nor have I liberty
To come and visit her. My good, good Dorothy,
You are most powerful with her, and your aunt
too,

And have access at all hours liberally ;
Speak now or never for me.

Tho. In a nunnery ?

That course must not be suffer'd, Master Valen-
tine ;

Her mother never knew it.—Rare sport for me !

[*Aside.*
Sport upon sport !—By the break of day I'll meet
ye ;

And fear not, man ; we'll have her out, I warrant ye.
I cannot stay now.

Val. You'll not break ?

Tho. By no means.

Good night.

Val. Good night, kind mistress Doll. [*Exit.*

Tho. This thrives well ;

Every one takes me for my sister ; excellent !
This nunnery's fallen so pat too, to my figure,
Where there be handsome wenches, and they
shall know it,

If once I creep in, ere they get me out again.
Stay, here's the house, and one of her maids.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Who's there?

Oh, Mistress Dorothy! You are a stranger.

Tho. Still Mistress Dorothy? This geer will
cotton.⁹ [*Aside.*

Maid. Will you walk in, forsooth?

Tho. Where is your mistress?

Maid. Not very well; she's gone to bed: I am
glad

You are come so fit to comfort her.

Tho. Yes, I'll comfort her.

Maid. 'Pray make not much noise, for she's sure
asleep.

You know your side; creep softly in; your com-
pany

Will warm her well.

Tho. I warrant thee I'll warm her.

Maid. Your brother has been here; the stran-
gest fellow!

Tho. A very rogue, a rank rogue!

⁹ *This geer will cotton.*] This seems to have been a cant expression, understood at the time. In Lily's *Campaspe*, an old play in Dodsley's Collection, vol. II., Alexander says—"Now, Hephestion, doth not this matter *cotton* as I would? *Campaspe* looketh pleasantly, liberty will encrease her beautie, and my love shall advance her honour;" by which it appears that the matter is said to *cotton* from the concurrence of all these circumstances. So here, from the number of successful tokens, Thomas says—"This geer will *cotton*." In the same sense, we still say—that "things *cotton* together."—Ed. 1778.

The phrase occurs in the very words of the text, in Green's *Tu Quoque*, a comedy by Cooke: "Uds foot, I must take some pains, I see, or we shall never have this *geer cotton*."

Maid. I'll conduct you
Even to her chamber-door, and there commit you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Before the House of Michael.

Enter MICHAEL, FRANCISCO, and Officers.

Mich. Come, sir, for this night I shall entertain you,
And like a gentleman, howe'er your fortune
Hath cast you on the worst part.

Fran. How you please, sir :
I am resolved ; nor can a joy or misery
Much move me now.

Mich. I am angry with myself now [Aside.
For putting this forced way upon his patience ;
Yet any other course had been too slender.
Yet what to think I know not ; for most liberally
He hath confess'd strange wrongs, which, if they
prove so,
Howe'er the other's long love may forget all,
Yet 'twas most fit he should come back, and this
way.—

Drink that ; and now to my care leave your prisoner ;

I'll be his guard for this night.

Offi. Good night to your worship. [Exeunt.

Mich. Good night, my honest friends. Come,
sir, I hope

There shall be no such cause of such a sadness
As you put on.

Fran. 'Faith, sir, my rest is up,¹

And what I now pull shall no more afflict me
Than if I play'd at span-counter; nor is my face
The map of any thing I seem to suffer;
Lighter affections seldom dwell in me, sir.

Mich. A constant gentleman.—'Would I had
taken

A fever, when I took this harsh way to disturb
him!—

Come, walk with me, sir; ere to-morrow night
I doubt not but to see all this blown over.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ 'Faith, sir, my rest is up,

And what I now pull shall no more afflict me

Than if I play'd at span-counter.] This seems to refer both
to the rest of an ancient musket, and to the phrase at primero and
other games—*my rest is up*. Both phrases have been already
fully explained; the latter, vol. II. p. 185, and the former, vol.
V. p. 274.

ACT V. SCENE I.²

Night. The Street before Valentine's House.

Enter HYLAS.

Hylas. I have dogg'd his sister, (sure 'twas she)
And I hope she will come back again this night
too ;

Sam I have lost of purpose : Now if I can,
With all the art I have, as she comes back,
But win a parley for my broken pate,
Off goes her maidenhead, and there's *vindicta* !
They stir about the house ; I'll stand at distance.
[*Exit.*]

² The quarto begins this act with *Scena Quarta*, and so counts forwards to *Scena Undecima*. It is possible that three previous scenes may have been omitted in the representation ; and, being torn out of the prompter's book, may have been lost altogether. There is, however, no break in the action discoverable. All the editions hitherto join this short scene to the next ; but it is evident that the one is transacted in the street, the other in a bedroom.

SCENE II.

A Bed-chamber in the same. A Black-Moor discovered lying in the bed.

Enter MARY and DOROTHY, and then THOMAS and Maid.

Dor. Is he come in?

Mary. Speak softly;

He is, and there he goes.

Tho. Good night, good night, wench!

Maid. As softly as you can.

[*Exit.*

Tho. I'll play the mouse, Nan.—

How close the little thief lies!

Mary. How he itches!

[*DOROTHY and MARY stand apart.*

Dor. What would you give now to be there,
and I

At home, Mall?

Mary. Peace; for shame!

Tho. In what a figure

The little fool has pull'd itself together!

'Anon you will lie straighter; ha! there's rare circumstance

Belongs to such a treatise. Do you tumble?

I'll tumble with you straight, wench. She sleeps soundly.

Full little think'st thou of thy joy that's coming,
The sweet, sweet joy! full little of the kisses;
But those unthought-of things come ever happiest.

How soft the rogue feels ! Oh, you little villain,
You delicate coy thief, how I shall thrum you !
Your "Fy ! away, good servant ! as you are a gentleman !"——

Mary. Pr'ythee leave laughing.

Tho. " Out upon you, Thomas !

What do you mean to do ? I'll call the house up !
Oh, God, I am sure you will not !" shall not serve
you,

For up you go now, an you were my father.

Mary. Your courage will be cool'd anon.

Tho. If I do hang for't,

Yet I'll be quarter'd here first.

Dor. Oh, fierce villain !

Mary. What would he do indeed, Doll ?

Dor. You had best try him.

Tho. I'll kiss thee ere I come to bed, sweet :
Mary——

Mary. Pr'ythee, leave laughing.

Dor. Oh, for gentle Nicholas !

Tho. And view that stormy face that has so
thunder'd me.

A coldness crept over't now ? By your leave,
candle,

And next, door, by yours too ! So ; a pretty,
pretty——

Shall I now look upon ye ? By this light it moves
me.

Mary. Much good may it do you, sir !

Tho. Holy saints defend me !

The devil, devil, devil, devil ! oh, the devil !

Mary. *Dor.* Ha, ha, ha, ha ! The devil ! oh, the
devil !

Tho. I am abused most damnedly, most beastly !
Yet, if it be a she-devil—but the house is up,
And here's no staying longer in this cassock.—
Woman, I here disclaim thee ! and, in vengeance,

I'll marry with that devil, but I'll vex thee !

Mary. By'r lady, but you shall not, sir ; I'll watch ye.

Tho. Plague o' your Spanish leather hide ! I'll waken you. [*Beats the Moor.*]

Devil, good night ! Good night, good devil !

Moor. Oh !

Tho. Roar again, devil, roar again. [*Exit.*]

Moor. Oh, oh, sir !

Mary. Open the doors before him ; let him vanish :

Now, let him come again, I'll use him kinder.—
How now, wench ?

Moor. 'Pray lie here yourself next, mistress,
And entertain your sweetheart.

Mary. What said he to thee ?

Moor. I had a soft bed, and I slept out all
But his kind farewell : You may bake me now,
For, o' my conscience, he has made me venison.

Mary. Alas, poor Kate ! I'll give thee a new
petticoat.

Dor. And I a waistcoat, wench.

Mary. Draw in the bed, maids,
And see it made again ; put fresh sheets on too,
For Doll and I. Comè, wench, let's laugh an hour
now.

To-morrow, early, will we see young Cellidè ;
They say she has taken sanctuary : Love and hay³
Are thick sown, but come up so full of thistles !

Dor. They must needs, Mall, for 'tis a pricking
age grown.

Pr'ythee, to bed, for I am monstrous sleepy.

Mary. A match ; but art not thou thy brother ?

³ *Love and they — are thick sown, &c.]* That this is corrupt needs no proof : I read *love and hay*, i. e. *Hay-seeds are thick sown*, &c.—*Seward.*

Dor. 'Would I were, wench!
You should hear further.

Mary. Come; no more of that, Doll!
[*The scene shuts.*]

SCENE III.

Before the same House.

Enter THOMAS from the house; HYLAS at the door.

Hylas. I heard the doors clap; now, an't be thy
will, wench——

By th' mass, she comes.—You are fairly met,⁴ fair
gentlewoman!

I take it, Mistress Doll, Sebastian's daughter.

Tho. You take [it] right,⁵ sir.—Hylas, are you
ferreting? [*Aside.*]

I'll fit you with a penny-worth presently.

Hylas. How dare you walk so late, sweet, so
weak guarded?

Tho. 'Faith, sir, I do no harm, nor none I look
for;

Yet I am glad I have met so good a gentleman,
Against all chances; for though I never knew you,
Yet I have heard much good spoke of you.

Hylas. Hark you;
What if a man should kiss you?

⁴ *You're surely met.*] Former editions all read thus.—Ed. 1778.

⁵ *Tho.* I take right, *sir.*] The sense and measure both are improved by the change made in this reading.—*Seward.*

Tho. That's no harm, sir.—

'Pray God he 'scapes my beard! there lies the mischief.

Hylas. Her lips are monstrous rugged; but that surely

[*Kisses him.*

Is but the sharpness of the weather.—Hark ye, once more,

And in your ear, sweet mistress, (for you are so, And ever shall be from this hour, I have vow'd it)——

Enter SEBASTIAN and LAUNCELOT, and stand apart.

Seb. Why, that's my daughter, rogue; dost thou not see her

Kissing that fellow there, there in that corner?

Laun. Kissing?

Seb. Now, now; now they agree o' th' match too.—

Tho. Nay then, you love me not.

Hylas. By this white hand, Doll!

Tho. I must confess, I have long desired your sight, sir.—

Laun. Why, there's the boots still, sir.

Seb. Hang boots, sir!

Why, they'll wear breeches too.—

Tho. Dishonest me?⁶

Not for the world.—

Seb. Why, now they kiss again; there!

I knew 'twas she, and that her crafty stealing Out the back way must needs have such a meaning.

Laun. I am at my small wits' end.—

Tho. If you mean honourably——

⁶ *Dishonest.*] This is a singular use of this word as a verb.

Laun. Did she ne'er beat you before, sir?

Seb. Why dost thou follow me?

Thou rascal slave, hast thou not twice abused me?
Hast thou not spoil'd the boy? By thine own co-
venant,

Would'st thou not now be hang'd?

Laun. I think I would, sir;

But you are so impatient! Does not this shew,
sir,—

I do beseech you speak, and speak with judgment,
And let the case be equally consider'd—

Far braver in your daughter? In a son now,

'Tis nothing, of no mark, every man does it;

But to beget a daughter, a man-maiden,

That reaches at these high exploits, is admirable!

Nay, she goes far beyond him; for when durst he,

But when he was drunk, do any thing to speak of?

This is Sebastian truly.

Seb. Thou say'st right, Launce;

And there's my hand once more.—

Tho. Not without marriage.

Seb. Didst thou hear that?

Laun. I think she spoke of marriage.

Seb. And he shall marry her (for it seems she
likes him)

And their first boy shall be my heir.

Laun. Ay, marry,

Now you go right to work.—

Tho. Fy, fy, sir!

Now I have promised you this night to marry,

Would you be so intemperate? are you a gentle-
man?

Hylas. I have no maw to marriage, yet this
rascal

[*Aside.*

Tempts me extremely.—Will you marry presently?

Tho. Get you afore, and stay me at the chapel,

Close by the nunnery; there you shall find a
night-priest,
Little Sir Hugh,⁷ and he can say the matrimony
Over without book; for we must have no com-
pany,
Nor light, for fear my father know, which must
not yet be:

And then to-morrow night——

Hylas. Nothing to-night, sweet?

Tho. No, not a bit. I am sent of business,
About my dowry, sweet; do not you spoil all
now;
'Tis of much haste.—I can scarce stay the mar-
riage!

Now, if you love me, get you gone!

Hylas. You'll follow?

Tho. Within this hour, my sweet chick.

Hylas. Kiss.

Tho. [*Aside.*] A rope kiss you!—

Come, come; I stand o' thorns.

Hylas. Methinks her mouth still
Is monstrous rough; but they have ways to mend
it.—

Farewell!

[*Exit.*

Tho. Farewell!—I'll fit you with a wife, sir.

[*Exit.*

Seb. Come, follow close; I'll see the end she
aims at,

And if he be a handsome fellow, Launcelot,

Fiat! 'tis done, and all my state is settled.

[*Exeunt.*

⁷ *Sir Hugh.*] This title was given to clergymen even as late as the reign of William and Mary. (See Shakspeare, 1803, vol. VII.) So in Ulpian Fulwell's "Eighth Liberall Science, entituled, *Ars Adulandi; The Art of Flattery.*" Lond. 1596, 4to. "On mee attendeth simple *Sir John*, (a chaplaine more meete to serue a thatcher then in the church) who is made a doulte and a dogbolte of euery seruing-man."

SCENE IV.

The Abbey of St Katherine's.

Enter Abbess, CELLIDE, and Nuns.

Abbess. Come, to your matins, maids!—These
early hours,
My gentle daughter, will disturb a while
Your fair eyes, nurtured in ease.

Cel. No, virtuous mother,
'Tis for my holy health, to purchase which
They shall forget the child of ease, soft slumbers.
Oh, my afflicted heart, how thou art tortured!

[*Asidē.*

And, Love, how like a tyrant thou reign'st in me,
Commanding and forbidding at one instant!

Why came I hither, that desire to have
Only all liberty to make me happy?
Why didst thou bring that young man home, oh,
Valentine,

That virtuous youth? Why didst thou speak his
goodness,

In such a phrase as if all tongues, all praises,
Were made for him? Oh, fond and ignorant!

Why didst thou foster my affection
Till it grew up to know no other father,
And then betray it?

Abbess. Can you sing?

Cel. Yes, mother,
My sorrows only.

Abbess. Be gone, and to the choir then.

[*Exeunt. Music, singing.*

SCENE V.

A Room in Michael's House.

Enter MICHAEL and Servant, and FRANCIS.

Mich. Hast thou inquired him out?

Serv. He's not at home, sir;

His sister thinks he's gone to th' nunnery.

Mich. Most likely; I'll away. An hour hence,
sirrah,

Come you along with this young gentleman;
Do him all service, and fair office.

Serv. Yes, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Street.

Enter HYLAS and SAM.

Sam. Where hast thou been, man?

Hylas. Is there ne'er a shop open?

I'll give thee a pair of gloves, Sam.

Sam. What's the matter?

Hylas. What dost thou think?

Sam. Thou art not married?

Hylas. By th' mass but I am, all to be married;⁸
I am i' th' order now, Sam.

Sam. To whom, pr'ythee?
I thought there was so much trick in't, you stole
from me.

But who, for Heaven's sake?

Hylas. Even the sweetest woman,
The rarest woman, Samuel, and the lustiest;
But wond'rous honest, honest as the ice, boy,
Not a bit beforehand, for my life, sirrah;
And of a lusty kindred!

Sam. But who, Hylas?

Hylas. The young gentleman and I are like to
be friends again;
The fates will have it so.

Sam. Who, Monsieur Thomas?

Hylas. All wrongs forgot.

Sam. Oh, now I smell you, Hylas;
Does he know of it?

Hylas. No, there's the trick I owe him;
'Tis done, boy; we are fast, 'faith! My youth now
Shall know I am aforehand, for his qualities.

Sam. Is there no trick in't?

⁸ *All to be married.*] We should either read, *All but to be married*; or, *All to being married.*—Ed. 1778.

Neither [the old reading nor the alterations] can be right: For Hylas thinks he is actually married, and says he is now in the order, that is, the order of husbands. We should probably read—*Altogether married.*—Mason.

None of these conjectures are satisfactory.—Perhaps an omission has taken place, which is more likely to have happened than the corruption which Mason supposes; and the line may have stood thus:

By th' mass but I am; all *now* are to be married.

But as I have no great faith in this conjecture, I have not intruded it into the text, but left the reader to adopt any variation which pleases him best.

Hylas. None, but up and ride, boy.
I have made her no jointure neither; there I have paid him.

Sam. She's a brave wench.

Hylas. She shall be, as I'll use her;
And, if she anger me, all his abuses
I'll clap upon her cassock.

Sam. Take heed, *Hylas*!

Hylas. 'Tis past that, *Sam.* Come, I must meet
her presently,
And thou⁹ shalt see me a most glorious husband.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Before the Gates of the Nunnery.

Enter DOROTHY, MARY, and VALENTINE.

Dor. In troth, sir, you ne'er spoke to me.

Val. Can you forget me?

Did not you promise all your help and cunning
In my behalf, but for one hour to see her?
Did you not swear it? By this hand, no strictness
Nor rule this house holds, shall by me be broken.

Dor. I saw you not these two days.

Val. Do not wrong me!

I met you, by my life, just as you enter'd
This gentle lady's lodge, last night, thus suited,
About eleven o'clock.

⁹ *And now shalt.] Former editions.—Seward.*

Dor. 'Tis true, I was there;
But that I saw or spoke to you——

Mary. I have found it; [*Apart to DOROTHY.*
Your brother Thomas, Doll!

Dor. Pray, sir, be satisfied,
And wherein I can do you good, command me.—
What a mad fool is this!—Stay here a while, sir,
Whilst we walk in, and make your peace.

Val. I thank you.

[*A squeak within.*

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE VIII.

*A Hall within the Nunnery.*¹

Enter Abbess.

Abbess. Why, what's the matter there among
these maids?

Now, *benedicite*! Have you got the breeze there?²
Give me my holy sprinkle!

Enter two Nuns.

1 Nun. Oh, madam,

¹ This scene is not separated from the former in any of the preceding copies, the editors having thought this most necessary branch of the editorial functions beneath their notice. It is evident that Valentine cannot be present during the conversation between the Abbess, Cellidè, and Thomas, as he was well acquainted with every one of them.

² *Have ye got the breeze there?*] See p. 519.

There is a strange thing like a gentlewoman,
Like Mistress Dorothy, (I think the fiend)
Crept into the nunnery, we know not which way,
Plays revel-rout among us.

Abbess. Give me my holy water-pot!

1 Nun. Here, madam.

Abbess. [*Sprinkling the ground.*] Spirit of earth
or air, I do conjure thee,

Of water, or of fire—— [*Squeak within.*]

1 Nun. Hark, madam, hark!

Abbess. Be thou ghost that cannot rest,
Or a shadow of the bless'd,
Be thou black, or white, or green,
Be thou heard, or to be seen——

Enter THOMAS and CELLIDE.

2 Nun. It comes, it comes!

Cel. What are you? speak, speak gently;
And next, what would you with me?

Tho. Any thing you'll let me.

Cel. You are no woman, certain.

Tho. Nor you no nun,
Nor shall not be.

Cel. What make you here?

Tho. I am a holy friar.

Abbess. Is this the spirit?

Tho. Nothing but spirit, aunt.

Abbess. Now out upon thee!

Tho. Peace, or I'll conjure too, aunt.

Abbess. Why come you thus?

Tho. That's all one; here's my purpose.³
Out with this nun; she is too handsome for ye.
I'll tell thee, aunt, and I speak it with tears to
thee,

³ Here's *my purpose*.] The old quarto reads, HER'S *my purpose*,—evidently a typographical error.

If thou keep'st her here, as yet I hope thou art
wiser,

Mark but the mischief follows !

Abbess. She's but a votress.

Tho. Let her be what she will, she will undo
thee.

Let her but one hour out, as I direct you,
Or have among your nuns again !

Abbess. You have no project
But fair and honest ?

Tho. As thine eyes, sweet Abbess.

Abbess. I will be ruled then.

Tho. Thus then, and persuade her—

But do not juggle with me ; if you do, aunt—

Abbess. I must be there myself.

Tho. Away, and fit her.

Abbess. Come, daughter, you must now be
ruled, or never.

Cel. I must obey your will.

Abbess. That's my good daughter. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IX.

The Street.

Enter DOROTHY and MARY.

Mary. What a coil has this fellow kept i' th'
nunnery !

Sure he has run the Abbess out of her wits.

Dor. Out of the nunnery, I think; for we can
neither see her

Nor the young Cellidè.

Mary. Pray Heavens, he be not teasing!

Dor. Nay, you may thank yourself; 'twas your
own structures.⁴

Enter HYLAS and SAM.

Sam. Why, there's the gentlewoman.

Hylas. Mass, 'tis she indeed.

How smart the pretty thief looks!—'Morrow, mis-
tress!

Dor. Good morrow to you, sir!

Sam. How strange she bears it!

Hylas. Maids must do so at first.

Dor. Would you aught with us, gentlemen?

Hylas. Yes, marry, would I,

A little with your ladyship.

Dor. Your will, sir?

Hylas. Doll, I would have you presently pre-
pare

Yourself and those things you would have with
you;

For my house is ready.

Dor. How, sir?

Hylas. And this night not to fail, you must
come to me;

My friends will all be there too. For trunks, and
those things,

And household-stuff, and clothes, you would have
carried,

To-morrow, or the next day, I'll take order:

⁴ ——— 'twas your own structures.] i. e. Contrivances. Mason wishes to read, more grammatically, *structure*; whereby he proves his entire ignorance of the language of the time.

Only what money you have, bring away with you,
And jewels.

Dor. Jewels, sir?

Hylas. Ay, for adornment.

There's a bed up to play the game in, Dorothy :
And now, come kiss me heartily !

Dor. Who are you ?

Hylas. This lady shall be welcome too.

Mary. To what, sir ?

Hylas. Your neighbour can resolve you.

Dor. The man's foolish !—

Sir, you look soberly : Who is this fellow,
And where's his business ?

Sam. By Heaven, thou art abused still.

Hylas. It may be so.—Come, ye may speak
now boldly ;

There's none but friends, wench.

Dor. Came you out of Bedlam ?—

Alas, 'tis ill, sir, that you suffer him
To walk i' th' open air thus ; 'twill undo him.

A pretty handsome gentleman : Great pity !

Sam. Let me not live more, if thou be'st not
cozen'd.

Hylas. Are not you my wife ? Did not I marry
you last night,
At St Michael's Chapel ?

Dor. Did not I say he was mad ?

Hylas. Are not you Mistress Dorothy, Thomas's
sister ?

Mary. There he speaks sense ; but I'll assure
you, gentleman,

I think no wife of yours. At what hour was it ?

Hylas. 'Sprecious, you'll make me mad ! Did
not the priest,

Sir Hugh, that you appointed, about twelve o'clock
Tie our hands fast ? Did not you swear you loved
me ?

id not I court ye, coming from this gentlewo-
man's?

Mary. Good sir, go sleep; for, if I credit have,
he was in my arms then a-bed.

Sam. I told you.

Hylas. Be not so confident!

Dor. By th' mass, she must, sir;
or I'll no husband here, before I know him:
and so good morrow to ye!—Come, let's go seek
'em.

Sam. I told you what you had done.

Hylas. Is the devil stirring?
Well, go with me; for now I will be married.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

An Apartment in Valentine's House.

Enter MICHAEL, VALENTINE, and ALICE.

Mich. I have brought him back again.

Val. You have done a friendship,
worthy the love you bear me.

Mich. 'Would he had so too!

Val. Oh, he's a worthy young man.

Mich. When all's tried,
fear you'll change your faith. Bring in the
gentleman.

*Enter FRANCISCO and Servant, Abbess and
CELLIDE, severally.*

Val. My happy mistress too? Now, Fortune,
help me!

And all you stars that govern chaste desires,
Shine fair, and lovely!

Abbess. But one hour, dear daughter,
To hear your guardian, what he can deliver
In love's defence, and his; and then your pleasure.

Cel. Though much unwilling, you have made
me yield,—
More for his sake I see:⁶ How full of sorrow,
[*Aside.*

Sweet catching sorrow, he appears! Oh, Love,
That thou but knew'st to heal, as well as hurt us!

Mich. Be ruled by me: I see her eye fast on
him:

And what you heard believe; for 'tis so certain
He neither dared, nor must oppose my evidence:
And be you wise, young lady, and believe too.
This man you love, sir?

Val. As I love my soul, sir.

Mich. This man you put into a free possession
Of what his wants could ask, or yourself render?

Val. And shall do still.

Mich. Nothing was barr'd his liberty
But this fair maid: That friendship first was broken,

And you and she abused; next, (to my sorrow
So fair a form should hide so dark intentions)
He hath himself confess'd (my purpose being

⁶ *More for his sake I see.*] That is, for the sake of Francisco, whom she then perceives.

Only to stop his journey, by that policy
Of laying felony to his charge, to fright the sail-
ors)

Divers abuses done, thefts often practised,
Monies and jewels too, and those no trifles.

Cel. Oh, where have I bestow'd my faith? in
neither—

Let's in for ever now—there is virtue!

Mich. Nay, do not wonder at it; he shall say it.
Are you not guilty thus?

Fran. Yes.—Oh, my fortune!

Mich. To give a proof I speak not enviously,
Look here: Do you know these jewels?

Cel. In, good mother!

Val. These jewels I have known.

*Enter THOMAS, DOROTHY, and MARY; then SE-
BASTIAN and LAUNCELOT.*

Dor. You have made brave sport!

Tho. I'll make more, if I live, wench.

Nay, do not look on me; I care not for you.

Laun. Do you see now plain? That's Mistress
Dorothy,

And that's his mistress.

Seb. Peace; let my joy work easily.—

Ha, boy! art there, my boy? mine own boy, Tom,
boy!—

Home, Launce, and strike a fresh piece of wine;⁷
the town's ours!—

Val. Sure, I have known these jewels.

⁷ *Strike a fresh piece of wine.*] The sense of the word *strike*, in this passage, is evidently—to tap; and this is undoubtedly the meaning of Antony's exclamation in act II. scene VII. of Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra, (ed. 1803, vol. XVII. p. 126.)—*Strike the vessels, ho!* This has never been satisfactorily explained by any of the commentators.

Alice. They are they, certain.

Val. Good Heaven, that they were!

Alice. I'll pawn my life on't;

And this is he.—Come hither, Mistress Dorothy,
And Mistress Mary: Who does that face look
like?

And view my brother well.

Dor. In truth, like him.

Mary. Upon my troth, exceeding like.

Mich. Beshrew me,

But much, and main resemblance, both of face
And lineaments of body: Now Heaven grant it!

Alice. My brother's full of passion.* I'll speak
to him.—

Now, as you are a gentleman, resolve me,
Where did you get these jewels?

Fran. Now I'll tell you,

Because blind Fortune yet may make me happy.
Of whom I had 'em, I have never heard yet,
But, from my infancy, upon this arm
I ever wore 'em.

Alice. 'Tis Francisco, brother;

By Heaven, I tied 'em on!—A little more, sir,
A little, little more; what parents have you?

Fran. None,

That I know yet, the more my stubborn fortune;
But, as I heard a merchant say that bred me,
Who, to my more affliction, died a poor man,
When I reach'd eighteen years——

Alice. What said that merchant?

Fran. He said an infant in the Genoa gallies,
(But from what place he never could direct me)
I was taken in a sea-fight, and from a mariner,
Out of his manly pity, he redeem'd me.

* *My brother's full of passion.*] That is, full of sorrow; a very usual acceptation of the word in old writers.

SCENE X.] MONSIEUR THOMAS.

549

He told me of a nurse that waited on me,
But she, poor soul, he said, was kill'd :
A letter, too, I had inclosed within me,
To one Castruccio, a Venetian merchant,
To bring me up : The man, when years allow'd me,
And want of friends compell'd, I sought, but found
him

Long dead before, and all my hopes gone with him.
The wars was my retreat then, and my travel,
In which I found this gentleman's free bounty,
For which Heaven recompence him !² Now ye
have all.

Val. And all the worldly bliss that Heaven can
send me,

And all my prayers and thanks !

Alice. Down o' your knees, sir !

For now you have found a father, and that father
That will not venture you again in gallies.

Mich. 'Tis true, believe her, sir ; and we all joy
with you.

Val. My best friend still, my dearest ! Now
Heaven bless thee,

And make me worthy of this benefit !—

Now, my best mistress.

Cel. Now, sir, I come to you——

Abbess. No, no ; let's in, wench.

Cel. Not for the world, now, mother.—

And thus, sir, all my service I pay to you,

And all my love to him.

Val. And may it prosper !—

Take her, Francisco, now no more young Calli-
don,

² For which Heaven recompenced him.] Former editions.—Se-
ward.

³ Take her, Francisco, now no more young Callidon.] There is
an inaccuracy in this play ; Frank had never been called Callidon

And love her dearly ; for thy father does so.

Fran. May all hate seek me else ! and thus I
seal it. [Kisses her.

Val. Nothing but mirth now, friends.

Enter HYLAS and SAM.

Hylas. Nay, I will find him.

Sam. What do all these here ?

Tho. You are a trusty husband,
And a hot lover too.

Hylas. Nay then, good morrow !
Now I perceive the knavery.

Sam. I still told you !

before, but by his own name. Thus, in the second act, Thomas
says—

What young Frank ?

The only temper'd spirit, &c.

But it is very probable that this was the actor's or printer's mistake, who seeing him called *Frank* in the *Persons of the Drama*, might call him so here without attending to the sequel ; without which, the name *Callidon* in that place would not have been intelligible.—*Seward.*

We see no way of clearing the author of this inaccuracy, probably the effect of hasty composition.—Ed. 1778.

Both Seward and the last editors accuse the poets of inadvertency in this passage, and with much appearance of justness ; for the young man is always called Frank, throughout the play, and never by the name of Callidon. It also appears from what Alice says in the preceding page—

— “ 'Tis Francisco, brother.
By Heaven ! I tied them on.”

that Francisco was the name of the son Valentine had lost, and of course the name that he is still to retain. The only way of solving the difficulty is by supposing that Francisco had assumed, in his travels, the surname of Callidon, though he is not called so by it in the play, and that Valentine now tells him he is to keep that name no longer. His travelling name was Francisco Callidon.—

Mason.

Tho. Stay, or I'll make you stay. Come hither,
sister.

Val. Why, how now, Mistress Thomas?

Tho. Peace a little!—

Thou wouldst fain have a wife?

Hylas. Not I; by no means.

Tho. Thou shalt have a wife,
And a fruitful wife; for I find, *Hylas*,
That I shall never be able to bring thee children.

Seb. A notable brave boy! 'nown son again!

Hylas. I am very well, sir.

Tho. Thou shalt be better.

Hylas, thou hast seven hundred pounds a-year,
And thou shalt make her three hundred jointure.

Hylas. No.

Tho. Thou shalt, boy, and shalt bestow
Two hundred pounds in clothes. Look on her;
A delicate lusty wench; she has fifteen hundred,
And feasible: Strike hands, or I'll strike first.

Dor. You'll let me like?

Mary. He's a good handsome fellow;
Play not the fool.

Tho. Strike, brother *Hylas*, quickly.

Hylas. If you can love me, well.

Dor. If you can please me.

Tho. Try that out soon: I say, my brother
Hylas.

Sam. Take her, and use her well; she's a brave
gentlewoman.

Hylas. You must allow me another mistress.

Dor. Then you must allow me another servant.

Hylas. Well, let's together then. A lusty kin-
dred!

² *A notable brave boy.* KNOWN son again.] So old quarto.
The later editions leave out the three last words; which, however,
we do not doubt were genuine, (except the orthographical mis-
take) and spoken by the actor.—Ed. 1778.

MONSIEUR THOMAS. [Act V.]

Seb. I'll give thee five hundred pounds more
for that word.

Mary. Now, sir, for you and I to make the
feast full.

Tho. No, not a bit; you are a virtuous lady,
And love to live in contemplation.

Mary. Come, fool; I am friends now.

Tho. The fool shall not ride you.

There lie, my woman! now my man again!
And now for travel once more!

Seb. I'll bar that first.

Mary. And I next.

Tho. Hold yourself contented; for I say I will
travel:

And so long I will travel, till I find a father
That I never knew, and a wife that I never look'd
for,

And a state without expectation:
So rest you merry, gentlemen!

Mary. You shall not!

Upon my faith, I love you now extremely,
And now I'll kiss you.

Tho. This will not do it, mistress.

Mary. Why, when we are married we'll do more.

Seb. There's all, boy,

The keys of all I have. Come, let's be merry!
For now I see thou art right.

Tho. Shall we to church straight?

Val. Now, presently; and there with nuptial
The holy priest shall make ye happy all.

Tho. Away then, fair, afore!

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF VOLUME SIXTH.

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